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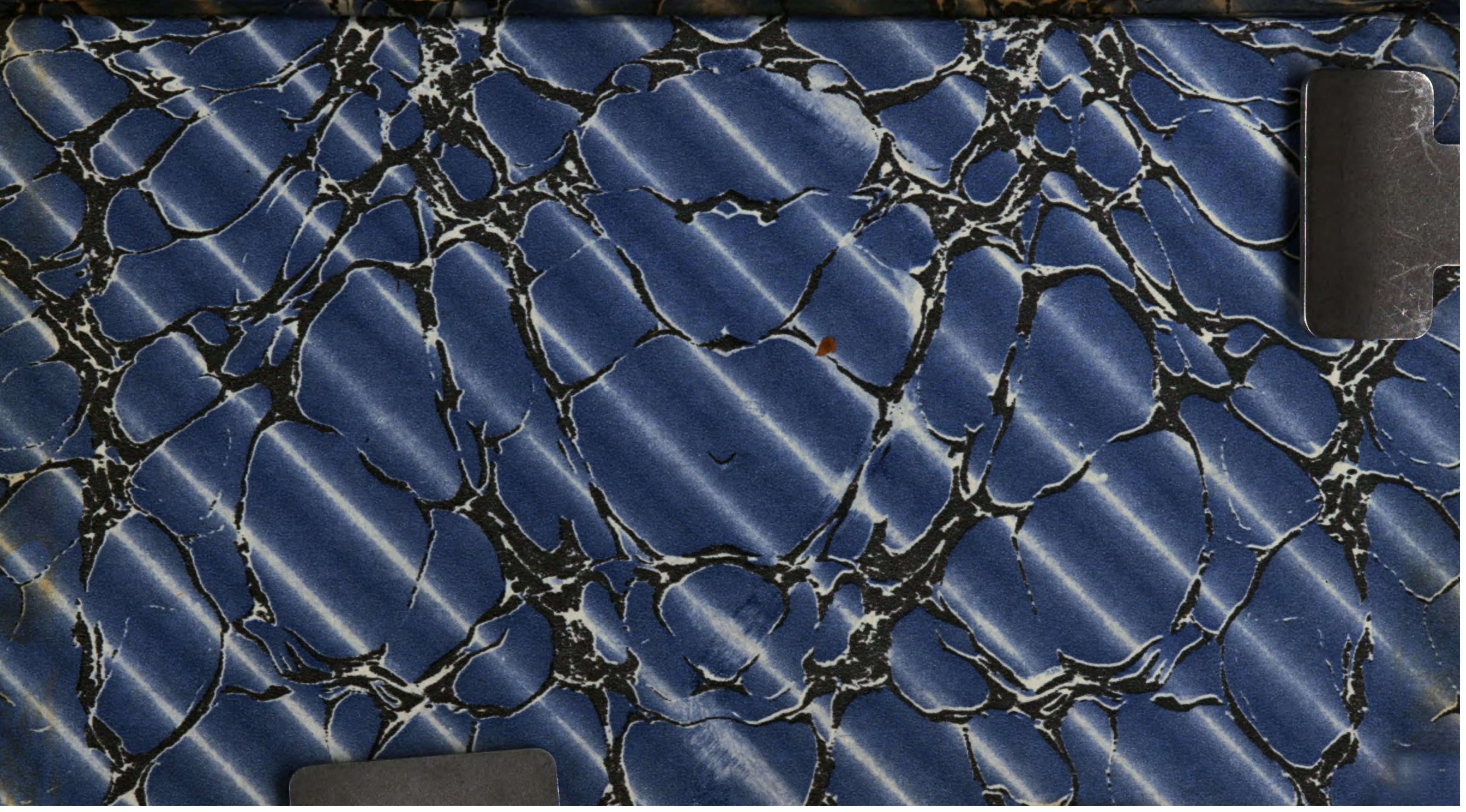

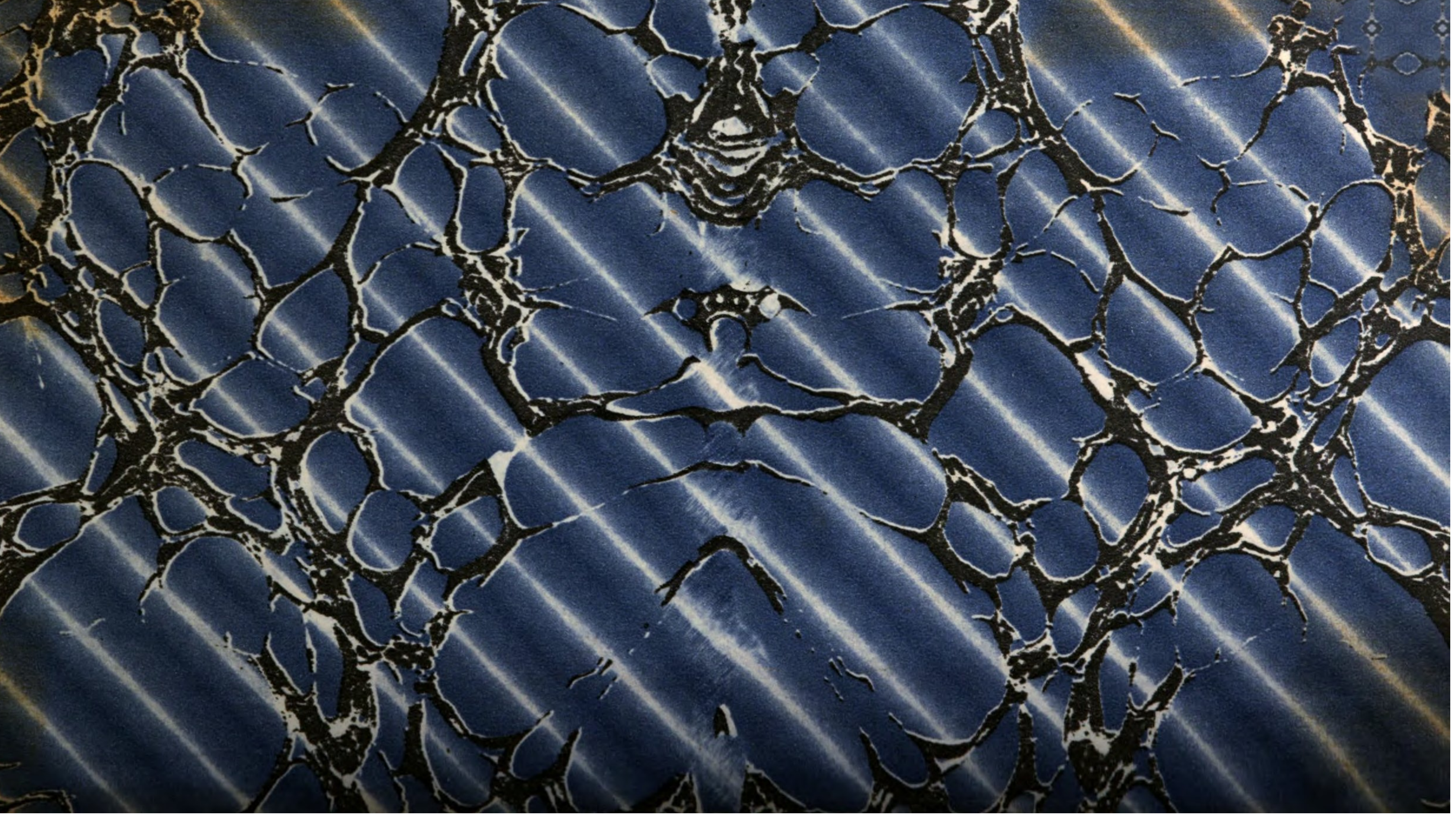

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KOSSIER

ROUTE

OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR MILES NIGHTINGALL, K.C.B.

Overland

FROM INDIA.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

FROM

CAPTAIN HANSON,

LATE ASSISTANT QUARTER-MASTER-GENERAL WITH THE FIELD ARMY OF THE MADRAS ESTABLISHMENT.

London:

PRINTED FOR T. BAKER, FINSBURY-PLACE.

1820.

W64/69/64

ROUTE

OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

PREFACE.

SIR MILES NIGHTINGALL, K.C.B.

WARNING

THE reader is anxiously solicited to remember, that the following Letters were intended by Captain Hanson to convey useful information to several of his friends in India, who proposed returning to England by the same route, at no very distant period; and as the certain, or probable, difficulties of the Voyage—the necessaries required for the Journey across the Desert—the deep pettiness of those on whom the stranger must rely; and, indeed, every detail of this nature, is valuable only to a Traveller; it is highly probable the

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

FROM CAPTAIN HANSON,

LATE OF THE MADRAS ESTABLISHMENT.

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Barnard and Farley, Skinner Street, London.

PREFACE.

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neral reader, be considered uninteresting and superfluous.

Under these circumstances, he is anxious to arrest his attention for one moment, and explain to him, that the Correspondence in question, would never have been given to the press, if the circumstance of a Lady having accomplished this arduous and hazardous enterprise, had not in itself excited a degree of interest and solicitude, that would never have been bestowed upon the journey of a male traveller.

On the arrival of Captain Hanson in England, he was solicited by so many of her Ladyship's friends, to present them with copies of his Journal, that he found himself totally unable to comply with their wishes, except he consented to print the Correspondence, and give it a wider circulation than he at first intended. In doing this he makes no pretensions what-

ever to literary fame—he professes only to relate the particulars of what he saw and heard during his journey; and as his motives are altogether exempt from the vanity of becoming an author, he trusts this Journal will escape the severe criticism so frequently bestowed on productions of this nature.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

1. Ancestry.—My father, Thomas Jefferson, was born on the 27th of April, 1708, at Shadwell, in Albemarle county, Virginia. He was the third child and eldest son of a family of ten children of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. Peter Jefferson was the son of Thomas Jefferson, who emigrated to Virginia from Wales in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled on the south bank of James river, at the mouth of Powhatan creek, in Chesterfield county, where he died and was buried. Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph, daughter of Isham Randolph, one of seven brothers of that name who emigrated from England or Scotland, and settled in Virginia, Henrico county, early in the eighteenth century. Peter Jefferson died in August, 1757, and was buried at Shadwell, where a handsome monument marks his grave. He was a man of powerful frame and great muscular strength, as well as of remarkable courage and force of character. He was a surveyor by profession, and was appointed, with Joshua Fry, professor of mathematics in William and Mary college, to complete the map of Virginia, which Joshua Fry and Jefferson Hunt had begun. He was also one of the first justices of Albemarle county appointed after the separation from Henrico, and colonel of the county militia. He was a member of the House of Burgesses for many years, and was intimately associated with the leading men of the province, among whom were Randolphs, Pages, Byrds, Lewises, Burwells, Carys, Nicholases, Bollings, Flemings, and others connected with him by marriage or descent. He left a considerable landed estate, and a family of seven children, to his widow, one of whom died young. His children who reached maturity were Jane, born April 3, 1740; Mary, born August 1, 1741; Thomas, the subject of this memoir; Elizabeth, born 1744; Peter Field, born 1746; Lucy, born 1752; and Randolph, born 1755. Jane died unmarried in 1765. Mary married Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, and died in 1803. Elizabeth married Dabney Carr, and died in 1773. Peter Field died unmarried in 1775. Lucy married Col. Charles Lilburne Lewis, and died in 1811. Randolph married Miss Mary Randolph, and died in 1815.

2. Mother's family.—My mother was Jane Randolph, second daughter of Isham Randolph, of Dungeness, Goochland county, Virginia, and his wife Jane Rogers, daughter of Col. Isham Rogers, of New Kent county. Isham Randolph was born in Virginia, and was the eldest son of the first Isham Randolph, who emigrated from Scotland, and settled in Henrico county, Virginia, early in the eighteenth century. He was a man of remarkable character and talents, and was one of the seven brothers of that name who were distinguished in the early history of Virginia. He was a member of the House of Burgesses for many years, and was speaker of the House of Burgesses from 1766 to 1768, when he resigned his seat in the House of Burgesses, and returned to England, where he died in 1794. He was buried in the parish church of Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, England. He left a large family of children, who were all married and had families of children. His daughter Jane married Peter Jefferson, and died in 1776. She was buried at Shadwell, where a handsome monument marks her grave. She left a family of six children, to her husband, one of whom died young. Her children who reached maturity were Jane, born April 3, 1740; Mary, born August 1, 1741; Thomas, the subject of this memoir; Elizabeth, born 1744; Peter Field, born 1746; Lucy, born 1752; and Randolph, born 1755. Jane died unmarried in 1765. Mary married Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, and died in 1803. Elizabeth married Dabney Carr, and died in 1773. Peter Field died unmarried in 1775. Lucy married Col. Charles Lilburne Lewis, and died in 1811. Randolph married Miss Mary Randolph, and died in 1815.

3. Birth.—I was born on the 2d of April, 1743, at Shadwell, in Albemarle county, Virginia. I was the third child and eldest son of a family of ten children of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. Peter Jefferson was the son of Thomas Jefferson, who emigrated to Virginia from Wales in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled on the south bank of James river, at the mouth of Powhatan creek, in Chesterfield county, where he died and was buried. Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph, daughter of Isham Randolph, one of seven brothers of that name who emigrated from England or Scotland, and settled in Virginia, Henrico county, early in the eighteenth century. Peter Jefferson died in August, 1757, and was buried at Shadwell, where a handsome monument marks his grave. He was a man of powerful frame and great muscular strength, as well as of remarkable courage and force of character. He was a surveyor by profession, and was appointed, with Joshua Fry, professor of mathematics in William and Mary college, to complete the map of Virginia, which Joshua Fry and Jefferson Hunt had begun. He was also one of the first justices of Albemarle county appointed after the separation from Henrico, and colonel of the county militia. He was a member of the House of Burgesses for many years, and was intimately associated with the leading men of the province, among whom were Randolphs, Pages, Byrds, Lewises, Burwells, Carys, Nicholases, Bollings, Flemings, and others connected with him by marriage or descent. He left a considerable landed estate, and a family of seven children, to his widow, one of whom died young. His children who reached maturity were Jane, born April 3, 1740; Mary, born August 1, 1741; Thomas, the subject of this memoir; Elizabeth, born 1744; Peter Field, born 1746; Lucy, born 1752; and Randolph, born 1755. Jane died unmarried in 1765. Mary married Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, and died in 1803. Elizabeth married Dabney Carr, and died in 1773. Peter Field died unmarried in 1775. Lucy married Col. Charles Lilburne Lewis, and died in 1811. Randolph married Miss Mary Randolph, and died in 1815.

4. Childhood.—My childhood was passed at Shadwell, where I was born. I was the third child and eldest son of a family of ten children of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. Peter Jefferson was the son of Thomas Jefferson, who emigrated to Virginia from Wales in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled on the south bank of James river, at the mouth of Powhatan creek, in Chesterfield county, where he died and was buried. Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph, daughter of Isham Randolph, one of seven brothers of that name who emigrated from England or Scotland, and settled in Virginia, Henrico county, early in the eighteenth century. Peter Jefferson died in August, 1757, and was buried at Shadwell, where a handsome monument marks his grave. He was a man of powerful frame and great muscular strength, as well as of remarkable courage and force of character. He was a surveyor by profession, and was appointed, with Joshua Fry, professor of mathematics in William and Mary college, to complete the map of Virginia, which Joshua Fry and Jefferson Hunt had begun. He was also one of the first justices of Albemarle county appointed after the separation from Henrico, and colonel of the county militia. He was a member of the House of Burgesses for many years, and was intimately associated with the leading men of the province, among whom were Randolphs, Pages, Byrds, Lewises, Burwells, Carys, Nicholases, Bollings, Flemings, and others connected with him by marriage or descent. He left a considerable landed estate, and a family of seven children, to his widow, one of whom died young. His children who reached maturity were Jane, born April 3, 1740; Mary, born August 1, 1741; Thomas, the subject of this memoir; Elizabeth, born 1744; Peter Field, born 1746; Lucy, born 1752; and Randolph, born 1755. Jane died unmarried in 1765. Mary married Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, and died in 1803. Elizabeth married Dabney Carr, and died in 1773. Peter Field died unmarried in 1775. Lucy married Col. Charles Lilburne Lewis, and died in 1811. Randolph married Miss Mary Randolph, and died in 1815.

5. Education.—My education was begun at the age of five years, when I was sent to the school of Mr. William Douglas, at Shadwell. I was the third child and eldest son of a family of ten children of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. Peter Jefferson was the son of Thomas Jefferson, who emigrated to Virginia from Wales in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled on the south bank of James river, at the mouth of Powhatan creek, in Chesterfield county, where he died and was buried. Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph, daughter of Isham Randolph, one of seven brothers of that name who emigrated from England or Scotland, and settled in Virginia, Henrico county, early in the eighteenth century. Peter Jefferson died in August, 1757, and was buried at Shadwell, where a handsome monument marks his grave. He was a man of powerful frame and great muscular strength, as well as of remarkable courage and force of character. He was a surveyor by profession, and was appointed, with Joshua Fry, professor of mathematics in William and Mary college, to complete the map of Virginia, which Joshua Fry and Jefferson Hunt had begun. He was also one of the first justices of Albemarle county appointed after the separation from Henrico, and colonel of the county militia. He was a member of the House of Burgesses for many years, and was intimately associated with the leading men of the province, among whom were Randolphs, Pages, Byrds, Lewises, Burwells, Carys, Nicholases, Bollings, Flemings, and others connected with him by marriage or descent. He left a considerable landed estate, and a family of seven children, to his widow, one of whom died young. His children who reached maturity were Jane, born April 3, 1740; Mary, born August 1, 1741; Thomas, the subject of this memoir; Elizabeth, born 1744; Peter Field, born 1746; Lucy, born 1752; and Randolph, born 1755. Jane died unmarried in 1765. Mary married Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, and died in 1803. Elizabeth married Dabney Carr, and died in 1773. Peter Field died unmarried in 1775. Lucy married Col. Charles Lilburne Lewis, and died in 1811. Randolph married Miss Mary Randolph, and died in 1815.

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7. Youth.—My youth was passed at Shadwell, where I was born. I was the third child and eldest son of a family of ten children of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. Peter Jefferson was the son of Thomas Jefferson, who emigrated to Virginia from Wales in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled on the south bank of James river, at the mouth of Powhatan creek, in Chesterfield county, where he died and was buried. Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph, daughter of Isham Randolph, one of seven brothers of that name who emigrated from England or Scotland, and settled in Virginia, Henrico county, early in the eighteenth century. Peter Jefferson died in August, 1757, and was buried at Shadwell, where a handsome monument marks his grave. He was a man of powerful frame and great muscular strength, as well as of remarkable courage and force of character. He was a surveyor by profession, and was appointed, with Joshua Fry, professor of mathematics in William and Mary college, to complete the map of Virginia, which Joshua Fry and Jefferson Hunt had begun. He was also one of the first justices of Albemarle county appointed after the separation from Henrico, and colonel of the county militia. He was a member of the House of Burgesses for many years, and was intimately associated with the leading men of the province, among whom were Randolphs, Pages, Byrds, Lewises, Burwells, Carys, Nicholases, Bollings, Flemings, and others connected with him by marriage or descent. He left a considerable landed estate, and a family of seven children, to his widow, one of whom died young. His children who reached maturity were Jane, born April 3, 1740; Mary, born August 1, 1741; Thomas, the subject of this memoir; Elizabeth, born 1744; Peter Field, born 1746; Lucy, born 1752; and Randolph, born 1755. Jane died unmarried in 1765. Mary married Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, and died in 1803. Elizabeth married Dabney Carr, and died in 1773. Peter Field died unmarried in 1775. Lucy married Col. Charles Lilburne Lewis, and died in 1811. Randolph married Miss Mary Randolph, and died in 1815.

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9. Old age.—My old age is passed at Shadwell, where I was born. I was the third child and eldest son of a family of ten children of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. Peter Jefferson was the son of Thomas Jefferson, who emigrated to Virginia from Wales in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled on the south bank of James river, at the mouth of Powhatan creek, in Chesterfield county, where he died and was buried. Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph, daughter of Isham Randolph, one of seven brothers of that name who emigrated from England or Scotland, and settled in Virginia, Henrico county, early in the eighteenth century. Peter Jefferson died in August, 1757, and was buried at Shadwell, where a handsome monument marks his grave. He was a man of powerful frame and great muscular strength, as well as of remarkable courage and force of character. He was a surveyor by profession, and was appointed, with Joshua Fry, professor of mathematics in William and Mary college, to complete the map of Virginia, which Joshua Fry and Jefferson Hunt had begun. He was also one of the first justices of Albemarle county appointed after the separation from Henrico, and colonel of the county militia. He was a member of the House of Burgesses for many years, and was intimately associated with the leading men of the province, among whom were Randolphs, Pages, Byrds, Lewises, Burwells, Carys, Nicholases, Bollings, Flemings, and others connected with him by marriage or descent. He left a considerable landed estate, and a family of seven children, to his widow, one of whom died young. His children who reached maturity were Jane, born April 3, 1740; Mary, born August 1, 1741; Thomas, the subject of this memoir; Elizabeth, born 1744; Peter Field, born 1746; Lucy, born 1752; and Randolph, born 1755. Jane died unmarried in 1765. Mary married Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, and died in 1803. Elizabeth married Dabney Carr, and died in 1773. Peter Field died unmarried in 1775. Lucy married Col. Charles Lilburne Lewis, and died in 1811. Randolph married Miss Mary Randolph, and died in 1815.

10. Death.—My death occurred at Shadwell, where I was born. I was the third child and eldest son of a family of ten children of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. Peter Jefferson was the son of Thomas Jefferson, who emigrated to Virginia from Wales in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled on the south bank of James river, at the mouth of Powhatan creek, in Chesterfield county, where he died and was buried. Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph, daughter of Isham Randolph, one of seven brothers of that name who emigrated from England or Scotland, and settled in Virginia, Henrico county, early in the eighteenth century. Peter Jefferson died in August, 1757, and was buried at Shadwell, where a handsome monument marks his grave. He was a man of powerful frame and great muscular strength, as well as of remarkable courage and force of character. He was a surveyor by profession, and was appointed, with Joshua Fry, professor of mathematics in William and Mary college, to complete the map of Virginia, which Joshua Fry and Jefferson Hunt had begun. He was also one of the first justices of Albemarle county appointed after the separation from Henrico, and colonel of the county militia. He was a member of the House of Burgesses for many years, and was intimately associated with the leading men of the province, among whom were Randolphs, Pages, Byrds, Lewises, Burwells, Carys, Nicholases, Bollings, Flemings, and others connected with him by marriage or descent. He left a considerable landed estate, and a family of seven children, to his widow, one of whom died young. His children who reached maturity were Jane, born April 3, 1740; Mary, born August 1, 1741; Thomas, the subject of this memoir; Elizabeth, born 1744; Peter Field, born 1746; Lucy, born 1752; and Randolph, born 1755. Jane died unmarried in 1765. Mary married Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, and died in 1803. Elizabeth married Dabney Carr, and died in 1773. Peter Field died unmarried in 1775. Lucy married Col. Charles Lilburne Lewis, and died in 1811. Randolph married Miss Mary Randolph, and died in 1815.

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TO

LADY NIGHTINGALL.

MY DEAR MADAM,

As I have been induced, at the solicitation of many of our mutual friends, to print the Journal of our progress overland from India, I trust you will not be displeased with me for dedicating this trifle to you.—It is placed, with peculiar propriety, under the protection of your Ladyship's name; as I may safely declare, that much of the delight we experienced during our journey, was derived from the characteristic cheerfulness of your Ladyship's disposition, and that the interest which this narrative may possess, in the indulgent estimation of our friends, will belong to the consideration, that the fatigues, privations, and even dangers, we encountered during our long and

difficult progress, through unfrequented, and almost unknown countries, were endured with unexampled patience and fortitude by a female traveller. For the friendship and kindness I have invariably experienced, both from yourself and General Nightingall, I take this opportunity of offering my most affectionate acknowledgments. —I shall always remember the days we passed together, in the performance of this journey, amongst the most interesting and delightful of my life; and I have now a peculiar pleasure in imparting, through the means of this narrative, some portion of my gratification to the circle of our common friends.

I am, my dear Madam,

Most faithfully and

sincerely yours,

J. HANSON.

London, 22*d February*, 1820.

A VOYAGE,

&c. &c.

To Lieut. Colonel Blacker, C. B. Quarter-Master-General of the Madras Army.

On board the Teignmouth cruiser, at Sea,
8th January, 1819.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

AS you expressed a very anxious desire that I should communicate to you all the particulars of our Journey overland to England, and as the information will possibly prove beneficial to those travellers, who, you say, are likely to follow by the same route, at no very distant period, I propose, accordingly, to keep a Journal of our progress, and transmit the same to you, in a series of Letters, after I arrive in England.—It cannot be supposed that I shall throw any additional light upon a subject, that has been already detailed by travellers of much greater acquirement and observation than myself; but as my Journal will, at all events, possess the merit of authenticity, and as it is intended to be a faithful, unembellished narrative of facts, I trust, as such, it will prove

acceptable both to you and your friends, and become a useful guide to those gentlemen who propose passing through Egypt in the year 1821. In pursuance, therefore, of this plan, I now copy the following letters from Mr. Salt, the Consul General at Cairo, and another gentleman, who proceeded through Egypt, by this route, in the months of March and April, last year.

Cairo, July 22, 1818.

Private.

DEAR SIR,

I received from my friend, Mr. T——, your obliging letter of the 18th of April, and feel great pleasure in answering your inquiries respecting the passage through Egypt to Europe.

The country, I am happy to say, remains in a state of perfect tranquillity, and an Englishman, wherever he may happen to land, is sure to be received with attention. I have myself, a native agent (Michael Maroli) constantly residing at Suez, who has strict orders to provide every possible accommodation, for strangers who arrive at that port.

The passage across the desert in the cool months of January, February, March and April, is to be performed with trifling inconvenience, as any number of camels can be procured to carry

tents, and other accommodations; the heat then being by no means unpleasant, even at mid day, and the only thing to be guarded against being the cold air of the night. A *baudet*, or paced donkey, may always be procured for Lady Nightingall, or if you bring your own horses, it will be easy to ride across, the distance being about seventy miles of good hard road, not of sandy desert, which may easily be accomplished, by travelling ten hours a day, in three days.

The best way, undoubtedly, would be to send an express, by dromedary, immediately on your arrival at Suez, informing me of the circumstance, and I could then take means to make the passage across more agreeable, by sending a proper person over with horses, *baudets*, and an interpreter. I use the word *baudet* instead of plain English ass (though it is really a fine animal in Egypt) lest I should shock Lady Nightingall, with the thought of mounting so ignoble an animal. The delay, in case of sending an express, would be only four or five days at farthest, which, as the port of Suez is perfectly safe, with smooth riding, might not prove any severe hardship, but rather a relief after the fatigues of the voyage.

There is, however, another plan which I should rather recommend, which was adopted by Mr. Thomson, Captain Fitzclarence, and since

by Mr. Briggs. This is to stop at Kossier, which saves a considerable portion of the voyage, thence to pass over to Kéné (only four days march, good road) and embark on the Nile. This route enables the travellers to visit some of the most interesting and marvellous ruins in Egypt, namely, Thebes, Beni Hassan, &c. &c.

I have generally agents in Upper Egypt, and will take care, should the idea be adopted, to provide suitable assistance; a person living at Kéné, named Anderson, will, on being applied to, render any aid in his power, and the Commandant at Kossier has general orders to furnish every thing necessary to the English passengers who may arrive.

The great point is to have a good tent, and, if possible, a person who speaks *Arabic*. The season in Egypt, during the months I have mentioned, is most delightful, and there is at that time no fear of the plague at Alexandria. There is also a fair chance of a man of war touching there at that season, which occurred on Major Moore's account, as well as on that of Captain Fitzclarence. Otherwise, vessels are continually sailing from the port of Alexandria for Genoa, Leghorn, Marseilles, or Trieste, as well as Malta, so that no difficulty is likely to be experienced in getting over to Europe.

For myself, I beg leave to assure you, that it

will give me great pleasure, if I can render you any assistance, or otherwise be of use to you on your passage through the country, and I hope you will assure Lady Nightingall, that, as far as our moderate means will allow, nothing shall be wanting for her Ladyship's accommodation, either in Cairo or Alexandria, in which latter place our Consul, Mr. Lee, will, I am sure, like myself, feel a pleasure in contributing to her Ladyship's comfort.

Lord and Lady Belmore spent some months in Egypt during the last spring, and much enjoyed the climate. Hence they passed into Syria across the desert, a journey of ten days, which however they accomplished without any extraordinary fatigue; so much has been magnified into a bugbear, a passage over the desert.

I trust you will not let the unfortunate loss of the Bridgewater deter you from this enterprise, as it was by an accident that might have happened in any sea; but must chiefly be attributed to the lateness of the season at which she arrived. The best season of departure from India, is from *December* (which I reckon the *very* best) to February, beyond which I would not recommend you, on any account, to delay your setting out; and during these months there is every reason to expect a quiet and favourable passage.

If you should deem the general observations in

this letter of any interest to your Indian friends, I beg you will make use of it in any way you may think proper.

I have the honour to be, with respectful compliments to Lady Nightingall,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully and obediently, your's,

HENRY SALT.

Sir Miles Nightingall, K. C. B. &c.

Alexandria, 14th May, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should not perhaps have sought to bring myself to your recollection so soon, or repeat my sense of your kindness to me at Bombay, as well as in ancient days, were it not that Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall might be informed of the circumstances of my journey hither, in case they should be inclined to take the same route to England. It is not in general more expeditious than by the Cape of Good Hope, as there is no escaping a month's quarantine at Marseilles, or forty days at Leghorn.

I need not describe the voyage to Kossier, which took us nearly seven weeks, from having been a month or two late in leaving Bombay. At Kossier, a miserably poor place, no person whatever can be found to act as interpreter; some one must be brought from Bombay for that purpose; as to travelling on dromedaries (there are no camels in Egypt), it would be advisable to make a trial in India, to ascertain if their movements can be endured; a litter slung between two of them would be infinitely more safe and easy than the awkward hurdle made something like a houdah, such as I used, which is a wretched contrivance, enough to shake the bones asunder. Something of a better construction made with bamboos, and furnished with cords rather than straps, should be brought from Bombay. Water for four days must be taken in small casks from the ship, and I found roasted fowls did not become ill tasted in four days at the end of March. Charcoal must be provided at Kossier, as no fuel is found in the desert. The whole way is level and excellent, fit for an English curricle, except about one hundred paces at one place, and fifty at another, where some large stones obstruct the passage, but might be easily removed. There is no risk of being either plundered or insulted; a small tent is necessary for defence against the heavy dews.

The European dress is now rather a protection than a disadvantage, because the Pashaw prides himself on the facilities afforded to foreigners. I came nearly all the way without either servant or interpreter, without observing the slightest look of disrespect even on the confines of Nubia, where a few years ago, no European could venture, unless attended by a strong military escort. In the *Biban el Maluk*, which was famed for robberies and murders, men and boys have adopted another mode of obtaining your money. They run after you with antiques collected in the tombs, as much as the Ciceroni at Rome or Naples, and endeavour, not at all by compulsion, to obtain a sale for them. They never fix a price, but let you offer till they think no more is likely to be procured, and then they either accept or leave you quietly. It is pleasing to observe how every thing that tends to mutual advantage reconciles strangers to each other. French and Italians are welcome visitors at Thebes, and I was proud to find that our countrymen had a preference. When I arrived at Old Cairo, early in the morning, some miles distant from our consul's house, I got a couple of asses to convey me to New Cairo. When advanced a little way, the drivers, who merely knew that I was a Frank, insisted upon making a bargain for the conveyance. I had neither sufficient Arabic or

knowledge to satisfy them and myself, but when I told them they should be paid by the English consul, they went on cheerfully. The other Franks they know are not quite so liberal, so that reflection tended to abate my exultation, and make me question whether it be quite right to bribe the good will of such people, by raising the prices to others who may not be able to afford the expense.

At Gené, or Kenah on the Nile, boats are readily found to proceed either up or down the river, which is so shallow after December, that only small ones can be used; they are called kanjahs, and have a very low cabin, only admitting people to squat like tailors, or recline on a bed. They should be cleared as much as possible from fleas, which here are wonderfully sharp set. The crawlers are only disgusting to Europeans, for like the Israelites, they prefer the flesh-pots of Egypt. No wine is to be found until you reach Cairo; but plenty of milk, fresh cheese, sheep, kids, fowls, and pigeons, all along the Nile. Most of the inconveniences would, however, be avoided by going directly to Suez.

At Kenah, Mr. Anderson, the custom master, who speaks French and Italian, will receive you at his house with hospitality, and provide boats, &c. to whom may be offered any small present, not in money, and some *'buxies* to his servants.

The climate here is delightful even now, and a great coat would not be inconvenient in the house till ten o'clock in the day. The plague is here, but not in a violent degree. I embark to-morrow in an English vessel for Marseilles; and after having writhed through tombs and the recesses of the pyramids, I am astonished at my ductility and perseverance.

With the most sincere wishes for your happiness, and that of our mutual friends in India, I am ever, my dear Sir,

Your's gratefully and truly.

VOYAGE

FROM

BOMBAY TO SUEZ.

January 8th, 1819.

HAVING thus, my dear Colonel, commenced my relation, I shall proceed to state to you, that Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall embarked yesterday evening upon the Teignmouth, Company's ship of war, commanded by Captain Hall, and immediately sailed out of Bombay harbour. His Excellency is accompanied by Captain Charlton Tucker, of his Majesty's 22d Dragoons, late his military secretary, and myself.

As nautical anecdotes are not likely to be interesting, either to you, as the reader, or to me, as the writer of this Journal, I propose only to note down the remarkable events that may occur during our passage to Suez. I shall however specify the winds that prevail, and the distance run each day, as this will prove acceptable information to the travellers, who propose following us by the same route.

Lat. 18° 9′ N. long. 70° 51′ E. distance run since 4 o'clock yesterday evening, 134 miles; course S. 69 W. thermometer at noon 80°, wind from N. W. by N. to N. E. and by E.

January 9th, 12 o'clock.—Lat. 17° 47′ N. long. 68° 1′ E. course S. 83° W. 172 miles, wind from N.N.E. to E.N.E. thermometer at noon 81°.

January 10th, 12 o'clock.—Lat. 17° 27′ N. long. 65° 45′ E. course S. 82° W. distance 138 miles, wind from N.E. to E.N.E. thermometer at noon 79°.

January 11th, 12 o'clock.—Lat. 15° 56′ N. long. 62° 50′ E. distance 178 miles, course S. 80° W. wind from N.N.E. to E.N.E. thermometer at noon 77°.

January 12th, 12 o'clock.—Lat. 16° 24′ N. long. 59° 50′ E. course S. 80° W. distance 183 miles, wind from N. to N.N.E. thermometer at noon 77°.

January 13th, 12 o'clock.—Lat. 15° 51′ N. long. 57° E. course S. 79° W. distance 174 miles, wind from N.E. to E.N.E. thermometer at noon 78°.

January 14th, 12 o'clock.—Lat. 15° 24′ N. long. 54° 24′ E. course S. 81° W. distance 158 miles, wind E.N.E. thermometer at noon 78°.

Having this day passed the parallel of longitude of the East end of the island of Sucotra,

we may be said to have entered that arm of the sea, which separates the coasts of Arabia and Africa, and terminates in the Straits of Babelmandel, leading into the *Red Sea*.

This is the position, in which the piratical Dows are said to cruise, during the months of February, March, and April, to intercept the trade between the Red Sea and the *western ports* of India. This trade is carried forward to a very considerable extent with Surat, from which port a fleet generally sails, about the *end* of February or *beginning* of March, and if unprotected by convoy, would certainly prove no match for the predatory force that is likely to be waiting for them. The Dows in question cruise in fleets of ten, fifteen, and twenty sail, and are said to carry from 200 to 400 fighting men each;—these marauders are principally Caffres from Mosambique, mixed with a few Abyssinians. Their cruelty is excessive; they invariably murder every European who is so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, and seldom spare any person, even of their own colour. But a very short time since, a brig from Madras, laden with ordnance stores, was cut off by these ruffians, and with the exception of a boy, who afterwards effected his escape to Bombay, every other person on board was murdered.

The settlements and strong holds of these

pirates are situated on both shores of the Persian Gulph, where, during the last three or four years, they have acquired such considerable strength, that they have become seriously formidable to the trade of the *north-western ports* of India. It may be remembered, that *Colonel Lionel Smith,* of His Majesty's 65th regt. commanded an expedition against these pirates, in the years 1809-10; and, although the services of this force were very considerable, yet subsequent events have proved, that the check they sustained upon the occasion was insufficient. They are now said to be in as great force as ever;—their strongest holds are *Ruselkhyma* and *Romps,* on the Arabian shore, and *Lingin* and *Charak* on the Persian coast;—they have also another considerable post at *Luff,* on the island of *Kishim,* which is also situated in the Persian Gulph.

Their extirpation was contemplated by the Bombay government during the last season, but the unsettled state of India rendered it impossible to spare troops for this service.

Major General Sir William Grant Keir would have commanded the force destined to root out these pirates, and as this gallant officer is still the person whom the supreme government will select for conducting this arduous service, the result may be easily contemplated.

January 15*th,* 12 o'clock.—Lat. 14° 30′ N.

long. 51° 51′ E. course S. 70° W. distance 163 miles, wind from N.E. to E.N.E. thermometer at noon 78°.

The sea this forenoon assumed a greenish appearance, and we passed a good deal of weed, both of which circumstances denote the vicinity of land.

January 16*th*.—At 10 o'clock this morning we discovered the high land in the neighbourhood of Cape Bogashaw on the coast of Arabia Felix, which proves Captain Hall's chronometer to be correct within five miles; there were three other time pieces in the ship, but they differed so much in their results, that their rates must have been either incorrectly taken, or the watches must be in very bad repair.

The coast of Arabia is in this part very mountainous; in clear weather it might be seen twenty or twenty-five leagues. The water has become remarkably smooth, and we are not without hopes that we shall double Cape Aden by to-morrow evening. Our progress across the Arabian sea has been exceedingly pleasant. We carried royals and studding sails the whole way, and the wind, as will appear by this Journal, blew steadily from the Eastward. We shall not have completed our ninth day until four o'clock this afternoon, by which time we shall not be far from the parallel of Sahar, on the Arabian coast.

January 16*th*, 12 *o'clock*.—Latitude 13° 49′ North, Long. 49° 5′ East. Course S. 76° West. Distance 172 miles. Wind from N.N.E. to E.N.E. Thermometer at noon 79°.

Almost every headland on the coast of Arabia Felix is incorrectly laid down in Arrowsmith's chart of this part of the world. Strange to say, even the latitudes are in some instances wrong.—I therefore insert the correct latitudes and longitudes of the following points, which a ship is likely to make in coming from the Eastward.

	Correct Lat.	Correct Lon.
Cape Fartash . .	15° 27′ N.	52° 20′ E.
Kisseen Point . .	15 19 N.	51 50 E.
Cape Bogashaw .	14 20 N.	49 26 E.
Cape Aden . . .	12 45 N.	45 10 E.
Is. Sucotra, E. Pt.	12 22 N.	54 53 E.

Incorrectly laid down.

	Lat.	Lon.
Cape Fartash . .	15° 48′ N.	51° 27′ E.
Kisseen Point . .	*correct*	50 24 E.
Cape Bogashaw .	14 6 N.	49 18 E.
Cape Aden . . .	12 39 N.	45 21 E.
Is. Sucotra E. Pt.	12 6 N.	53 48 E.

January 17*th*. We have been passing the coast to the eastward of Black Point this forenoon, which is remarkable from its light brown

arid appearance. We were rather too sanguine in our hopes, as the observation at 12 o'clock told us we were still to the northward of Black Point.

12 *o'Clock.*—Lat. 13° 21′ N. Lon. 46° 53′ E. Course S. 78° W. Distance 135 miles. Wind from N. E. to S. E. Thermometer at noon 77°.

January 18*th.*—Without assuming a tone of romantic description, I am desirous of detailing to you the particulars of a most awful and interesting event, which occurred this morning to the Hon. Company's ship of war, Teignmouth, and which involved, in a most alarming degree, the fate of every person embarked upon that vessel.

It will appear by this journal, that yesterday we were in latitude 13° 21′ N. and in longitude 46° 53′ E.; consequently by *Horsburgh* 36 miles to the northward of Cape Aden, and only 90 miles distant from it. We had previously experienced a very considerablecurrent to the southward, which had carried us a point or two to the leeward of our course; and in the conviction that this current would increase as we approached the Straits of Babelmandel, Captain Hall directed the officer to steer only W. half S. during the night, and to give him the earliest intimation of approaching the land. I was myself very uneasy at these orders. I did not consider *the force,* of the current by any means so

certain; and as I was fully satisfied there could be no harm in steering *a little farther* from the shore, I went to bed at half-past ten o'clock with my mind much disturbed. I was accordingly awoke about one o'clock in the morning, by the ship striking violently on the ground; and the voice of the officer of the watch calling to the steersman to put the helm "*hard a starboard!*" Instantly aware of the terrible misfortune that had befallen us, I leaped upon deck, where my fears were, unhappily, confirmed. The ship had literally ran into the surf of an extensive beach; upon which the breakers, in almost every direction, promised us inevitable destruction. "*She will go off! She will go off!*" said Captain Hall; but every hope of the kind was speedily dispelled. She began to beat with frightful violence upon the sand; and the surges, as they rolled upon us, seemed to fix her there for ever!

No language of mine can possibly convey an idea of the feelings that assailed me at this anxious moment. It appeared to me that the ship could not possibly hold together in so alarming a situation,—we were cast upon a barren and inhospitable shore on the coast of Arabia Felix.—The boats were incapable of saving more than one half of the crew; and the nearest port at which we could possibly receive succour, was more than 150 miles distant. With these horri-

rible feelings upon my mind, I returned to the cabin to dress myself, for the worst consequences that might ensue, and I there met Lady Nightingall, who had by this time become sensible of her danger. She had with some difficulty procured a light, and was dressing herself with as much expedition as she could command, amidst the uproar and confusion that prevailed—but as the exemplary fortitude of this high-minded woman will be fully displayed in the course of this narrative, I shall here content myself with stating, that in a few minutes she was dressed, and upon deck, to contemplate the horrors that surrounded her.

It was now half-past one in *the morning ;* the moon shone brightly ; and the ship having had royals and studding sails set when she struck, had actually forced herself within a few yards of the beach.

The booms were speedily thrown overboard to lighten the ship. *The boats* were hoisted out, to carry anchors into deep water, and indeed every duty was performed with a rapidity that surprised me beyond measure. The stream anchor was first taken astern, but *this* immediately *came home ;* it was then followed by a *bower anchor ;* but the water had already fallen to *ten feet,* and *this* anchor proved equally fruitless. The ship however became firmly fixed in the sand, and had

ceased to thump; but alas! she drew *fourteen feet* and a half water, and there were only *ten* feet along-side. The efforts of the crew, however, did not for one moment abate—they proceeded steadily and systematically with their work. The ship was completely unrigged—the sails were unbent—a raft was constructed of the booms that were thrown overboard, and at day-light in the morning, the Teignmouth was exhibited a complete wreck, with hardly any thing standing, except her lower masts and topmasts.

It will be difficult for me to describe the sensations with which I first beheld the coast of Arabia Felix, and the feelings that occupied my mind, when I endeavoured to look forward to our future destiny. We found that we had been cast in the middle of an extensive bay, without the appearance of a human habitation to cheer our despondency, nothing but *bleak black, arid* mountains before us, raising their summits to the clouds, and mounds of desert sand, without a blade of verdure or vegetation. I certainly never beheld any part of the world so thoroughly barren, or where so desolate an appearance prevailed, and on this inhospitable shore we continued gazing until about seven o'clock in the morning, when we first beheld a human being walking along the beach, and coming towards us—he appeared to be a wretched savage, with

hardly any covering, and seemed to be gazing with wonder at the object before him; as he came near the ship he slackened his pace, and at length seated himself upon the ground with his face towards us. This man was soon afterwards joined by three or four others, who were followed by a woman, more respectably clothed, who all appeared to contemplate our situation with wonder and curiosity. These beings, however savage their appearance, did certainly excite no small degree of interest in our minds; first as proving that the coast upon which we were thrown, was not totally uninhabited, and secondly as assuring us, that under any circumstances of extreme distress, we might obtain information of our distance by land from Mocha, which was the nearest friendly port to which we could repair for succour. Meantime, however, every arrangement was going forward for lightening the ship; the guns, shot, and iron ballast, were thrown overboard, with buoys fixed to them, the gun carriages and other weighty articles were removed to the raft, and as the high water mark upon the beach, promised a considerable rise of tide, very sanguine hopes were entertained, that we had *not struck at high water*, and that if the weather continued moderate, we might yet be able to heave the ship off the shore.

At about eight o'clock we were still further

encouraged by the appearance of two camels with riders upon them, who apparently came from the interior, and upon looking more attentively to the north part of the coast, we thought we could discover the tops of trees, to some considerable extent, as of a place tolerably well inhabited—all these circumstances combined, certainly conveyed some relief to our minds.

At about nine o'clock the tide began to rise, and upon the result of our exertions every mind was fixed with the most intense anxiety. Quarter masters were placed at the gangways and stern, to report the depth of water; the capstern was manned by the stoutest seamen in the ship, and the rise of every inch of water was proclaimed with an anxiety of feeling, to which I am incapable of doing justice.

We had grounded, however, at one o'clock in the morning, and as our depth had not yet materially increased, we had the melancholy reflection of knowing, that we must have struck nearly at high water, and that this circumstance would of course increase the danger and difficulty of our situation; if therefore the water did not rise sufficiently to float her, during the *twelve hours after* she struck, it was reasonable to calculate that we should never float again, and that the Teignmouth was fixed there for ever!

The tide continued to flow until about half-past eleven o'clock, when to our sorrow and dismay, it ceased altogether, at about *nine feet, two inches* of water. We made an effort to move her at that time, but we might as well have attempted to move the beach upon which she was cast. The anchors came home, and we were obliged to abandon the attempt altogether.

The ship, as I have already stated, drew *fourteen feet, six inches* abaft, and when going into dock at Bombay, without an article of any kind on board of her, she could only be lightened to *ien feet, six inches.* Under these circumstances, it was manifest to my apprehension, that our fate was inevitable, and that it was therefore binding upon us to consult upon the means, most advisable to be adopted, under the pressure of our perilous situation. As yet we had had no communication of any kind with the shore. The surf appeared to beat with considerable violence upon the beach, and as no immediate apprehension was entertained of the ship going to pieces, it was not deemed necessary to take any of the boats from employment which was considered much more essential. It was at this melancholy moment, after our efforts had totally failed, that the fortitude of poor Lady Nightingall for a moment gave way—tears forced a passage in spite of her efforts to suppress them;

and I believe there was hardly a man in the ship who could have trusted himself to console her: even at this melancholy proof, however, of our perilous situation, her fortitude only sunk *for a moment*. She quickly recovered her strength of mind; and it was only by the fullness of her eye that you could discover the painful feelings that assailed her. She had dressed herself in her *Arab dress*, to be prepared for the worst contingency; and she continued silently seated upon the quarter-deck, giving us an example of female fortitude that every man present could not fail to profit by.

The General had almost silently contemplated our unfortunate situation from the moment we struck at one o'clock; he had also prepared for the worst that might occur, and endeavoured to cheer Lady Nightingall by assurances that we should *yet* get off; when, however, he saw that the forenoon's tide was leaving her, and that the highest water was but nine feet two inches, he then agreed with me in opinion, and considered our case entirely hopeless. Under these circumstances, he consulted with me upon the different plans that suggested themselves to his mind—they were three in number: The first was to send Lady Nightingall in one of the ship's boats to Mocha, distant by sea about 160 *miles*, and procure assistance from thence (as

there were not sufficient boats to carry us all from the wreck) whilst the guns, ammunition, and stores, would enable the crew to defend themselves in a tenable situation on the beach, until succour should arrive.

The second was to construct a raft for that portion of the crew who could *not* be received in the boats, and thus to proceed by sea to Mocha.

The third was to proceed *by land* to Mocha, to obtain carriage, if possible, from the people of the country, and to fight our way, if necessary; sending as much property as we could save in the ship's boats.

Of these three plans, I concurred in opinion with Sir Miles Nightingall, that the *first* was by far the best. With the ship's guns, and the quantity of ammunition and provisions in store, the crew were capable of maintaining themselves for an immense time against any force the country could oppose to them; and the distance by sea to Mocha being very short, it was reasonable to calculate that speedy succour might be obtained.—This would be the means of saving the property on board, whilst the journey either by land or by water, would be extremely hazardous and difficult, especially as the inhabitants of the country were likely to oppose our march. Under these circumstances, it was therefore determined, that Lady Nightingall, her two servants, Sir Miles,

Charlton Tucker, and myself, should proceed in the cutter to Mocha, with as many men as she could safely hold; and that we should send assistance from thence as speedily as possible.—The hopes and expectations, however, of poor Hall appeared to increase with our difficulties: he went forward with his officers in the steady prosecution of his duty. The fears and opinions of his friends were but spurs to action; and at six o'clock in the evening the Teignmouth was nearly emptied of every thing she contained.—But to proceed regularly with the detail of our adventures—at about twelve o'clock, the number of spectators had considerably increased upon the beach, and three men, after waving their cloths, appeared desirous of venturing on board. We immediately encouraged them by similar signs to pay us a visit, and they accordingly left the shore—two of the three were driven back by the surf, but the third succeeded in reaching the raft alongside, from whence he was taken on board.

This man appeared to be a fisherman, of a remarkably pleasing countenance, and was immediately rewarded with two dollars for his temerity. We had several people on board who could speak Arabic; but as his language was a corrupt dialect of that tongue, it was with the greatest difficulty he could be understood. At length, however, by dint of signs and grimaces, we un-

derstood from him, that there was a considerable town not far distant—that the country was under the dominion of a Sultaun, who was absent in the Jungle; and that, if we pleased, he would proceed immediately to that town, and give information of our perilous situation. We told him in reply, that if he would go there, and procure five or six boats, we would reward him handsomely. He then asked us for a *written paper*, stating, "that the great man would not believe his information without some proof of the kind:" upon which I wrote for him as he desired, that "the Honorable Company's cruiser Teignmouth, had stranded upon the coast, and was in want of immediate assistance." This paper I delivered to him, and he was on the point of returning on shore, when a second man, encouraged, no doubt, by the success of the other, made his appearance on board, detailing the same story, and receiving the same reward for his trouble. They were accordingly associated in the mission; and after promising to return immediately, they launched themselves into the surf.

During the whole of this period, the ship lay perfectly quiet in the sand, and the apprehension entertained of her falling over upon her side was happily removed; as we felt assured she had made herself a bed where she would lie without sustaining any damage, whilst the weather con-

tinued moderate. This was fortunately the case, as the sea outside the surf was literally as smooth as a mill-pond.

At about three o'clock we had dinner served upon deck; but it is needless to say, that the *corned pork*, and *roast chickens*, had very sparing customers. Lady Nightingall still kept up her spirits most surprisingly; and we discussed the plan of proceeding to Mocha in one of the ship's boats; but as poor Hall still seemed sanguine in his hopes, notwithstanding the disappointment he had already sustained, we determined at all events, to await the result of the night's tide, and adopt no preparatory measures until the following morning. We accordingly contemplated the scene before us with *ardent hope*, but *feeble expectation*. The sailors and officers were indefatigable in their exertions. Hall attempted to eat, but the food appeared to choak him; and after taking some wine and biscuit, he went forward again to labour.

At about four o'clock, the messengers were seen returning along the beach—fears were entertained by some of our friends, that they might prove deceitful, but I augured well from the circumstance of their asking for a piece of written paper. This request could only be suggested by honesty, and if they had no intention of performing their promise, they would have considered it

totally superfluous. At about half-past four, they arrived on board, and by dint of signs, and the assistance of a subidar of the Marine Battalion, who understood Arabic, we learnt that they had taken the note to the chief of the village, by whom it was immediately dispatched to the Sultaun, some distance in the country. The messengers further told us that the chief of the village would send us assistance immediately.

Whilst they were yet speaking, we saw two camels, with armed riders, appear over the sand-banks, and upon the fishermen perceiving them, they immediately exclaimed that assistance was coming, and pointed out the two camels in question. After getting close to the beach, three men (almost naked, but armed with matchlocks and spears) descended from their camels, and came forward upon the beach to hail us. This salutation was immediately returned, and I had some intention of going on shore to meet them, but as the party did not appear very respectable, I was induced to abandon it. Things remained in this state for about half an hour, when another party, much more respectable, was seen coming along the beach. It consisted of four people dressed like Indian banyans, who were riding upon camels, attended by about twenty match-lock men, *one* of whom was riding upon a horse and appeared to be the chief.

As soon as this party arrived on the beach, opposite the ship, they also hailed us, and it then became, in my opinion, necessary that we should have some personal communication with them. I therefore proposed to the General to go on shore, and take my chance in the surf, as I am a tolerably good swimmer, and would clothe myself lightly, to guard against accidents. Lieut. Rogers, of the ship, offered to share the adventure along with me, and we accordingly prepared to disembark.

The General consented with some hesitation to my proposal, as he was by no means satisfied, that any good would result from it; any measure, however, was worth attempting, as it was essential to know how far we were from Aden and Mocha by land—what assistance we were likely to obtain from the inhabitants of the country, and whether the surf could be safely passed in the ship's boats. I accordingly received my instructions from Sir Miles, and the jolly-boat being manned, with the subidar for an interpreter, we shoved off from the Teignmouth.

Our landing was by no means so difficult as we had apprehended; the crew were very expert in the management of the boat, and after a copious bathe we jumped up to our necks in the water, and succeeded in gaining the shore.

On our approach, the whole party rose and salaamed to us; they appeared disposed to treat us with civility, and to my great joy I found the banyan spoke Hindoostany perfectly: *this* at once removed the difficulty of interpretation, and after some little parley, I told him *who we were, whence we had come,* and assured him, in the name of the Burrah Sahib, on board, that a very handsome reward should be given if ten boats were sent to our assistance. He told me that he would report my message to the vakeel, and he *then* pointed out to me in the midst of the group of matchlock men, the most cut-throat looking rascal I ever beheld in my life. He was as *black as a coal,* with a rag tied round his waist, and a piece of blue cotton cloth thrown over his shoulder, nearly as forbidding as his countenance. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, with a small bushy beard at his chin, but no appearance of muscular strength or activity whatever. He sat in the midst of his savage group, smoking a *hubble bubble,* and listening with apparent indifference, to the communication the banyan was making to him in his own language; and as the same indifference seemed to characterize the whole of his party, I confess I expected very little success from my negociation. At length, after some conversation, the banyan returned to me, and asked "what I would give," desiring

me to name the amount! I told him, that I did not know what was proper in these cases, but that as he was acquainted with the customs of the country, and had professed himself attached to the English, he might assist me by suggesting the proper sum. His reply was, that he was completely under the dominion and totally at the mercy of these savages, and that he would assuredly have his throat cut if he appeared to espouse our cause in the most trifling degree. This was certainly most disagreeable information for me to receive, and I confess that when I looked at their ferocious countenances, I thought the fact exceedingly probable. I therefore offered him 100 rupees for the use of four boats, 100 rupees present to himself, a handsome dress and sum of money to the vakeel, and the expences of the men employed in the boats to be defrayed. With this proposal he returned to the black ruffian, whose countenance, whilst he received the message, plainly indicated that he thought us completely in his power. After further conversation and smoking, he returned with a most *moderate* proposal from the vakeel, "that we should pay him 2000 rupees!* for landing our property on the beach; that he would give four hostages and two banyans as pledges for its se-

* £250.

curity, and that when we had succeeded in getting the ship again afloat, he would deliver over our goods, and we should return the hostages."

Whilst the banyan was delivering me this message, the vakeel left his rascally group, and said something to me across the banyan, which I interpreted, "that this was his last proposal." The banyan further told me, that there were no boats on the coast, except small fishing boats, and that they could not possibly be used, for the purposes we required of them.

Here, therefore, ended the negociation! I saw at once that the business could not be adjusted, and that the banyan had belied his first information, "that boats could be procured," and as I did not think myself perfectly safe whilst I was in the power of these cut-throat looking scoundrels, I prepared for another swim. Whilst I was going down to the boat, however, I lingered to see if any further accommodation could be obtained, especially as I saw them in earnest conversation with each other. But the banyan only came up to me with unmeaning professions and protestations, and after another ducking and diving, we succeeded in reaching the boat, and passed safely to the ship.

I should however remark, that when I was coming away, the banyan followed me to the borders of the surf, and told me quietly, that the

night's tide was always high, and that if we prayed to God we should then get the ship off.

My information, when I arrived on board, was far from encouraging. The General and Lady Nightingall had watched the progress of my negociation through spy-glasses, and guessed tolerably well the purport of my communication. I was compelled to acknowledge that I expected very little aid from the inhabitants of *Arabia Felix*, and that we were likely to be dependent entirely upon our own resources. One point, however, and a very satisfactory point, was ascertained, namely, that the landing was by no means so dangerous as was at first apprehended, and that therefore we should have no difficulty in disembarking the guns, ammunition, stores, and property, if we were eventually compelled to abandon the ship.

When I arrived on board, about five, or half-past five o'clock, I found every thing in readiness for further exertion. The water had not yet been started.—This measure was not to be resorted to until the last extremity; but every thing at all weighty was moved *forward*, in order to lighten the ship astern as much as possible.

My positive opinion, that the Teignmouth would never get off the beach, was somewhat staggered whilst I was on shore. I there observed the high-water mark to be at least eight

feet higher than where the surf was breaking, and as Horsburgh mentions, that the tide flows ten or twelve feet at the full and change of the moon, I thought it *possible, but barely possible*, that the ship might get off during spring tides. I did not, however, permit myself to be sanguine even thus far, but discouraged every hope of the kind, and prepared myself for the very worst consequences.

At sun-set, in the evening, the officers and crew who had been working like horses, from the very moment the ship struck, endeavoured to take some rest, and be prepared to renew their labour the moment the tide began to flow. The seamen accordingly spliced the main-brace *a fifth time*, during the day, and then laid down to sleep. Lady Nightingall endeavoured to follow their example, on a couch, upon the quarter-deck; but I fancy her rest was neither sound or refreshing. I went down to my cabin, where I slept for an hour, and was awoke by my servant, who told me the general had desired me to be called, as there was already *eleven feet* water alongside. Charlton Tucker followed soon after with the same information; but I was so fully persuaded of the impossibility of getting off, from my observation in the morning, that I made hardly any reply, but went to join my companions upon deck. *There* I saw the capstern manned,

and every thing prepared for exertion. Lady Nightingall had taken possession of her old seat on the quarter-deck, and having spoken to her for a moment, I went forward to the gangway, to await the interesting result of our labour.

At length, to my inexpressible joy, the ship after striking frequently with the roll of the sea, moved evidently from side to side, as if she was getting afloat, and the men were then cautioned to be in readiness to heave round, the instant they were ordered. In another minute, a heavy swell rolled in, and she struck more violently than ever. It may appear paradoxical, when I say, that this thump communicated a hope, to which I was before a stranger. The stern was the part of the ship which drew *most water*, and it was certain, that this part could not have struck the ground unless it was raised from it! I shall not attempt to express my feelings at this moment:—they would beggar description! And whilst I was acknowledging to myself, the possibility of saving the ship, I heard the captain order the labour to commence, and I saw the General put his shoulders to the capstern, and give the crew an example of participation, which acted upon them like electricity. Meantime all the weight still remaining in the ship, was ordered to the forepart. The men began *cheering each other at the cable*, and the officers at the gang-

way, *at length declared* the ship was going fast off the shore. To be satisfied of this fact, I went myself to the gangway, and took hold of the lead-line.—I shall wait until you are in a similar situation, before I tell you to imagine my feelings, as I felt the line pulled from my hand when the ship was dragged through the water.

During the whole of this interesting period, we were beating violently on the sand; with the consolation of knowing, however, that this was essentially necessary to our preservation, as the ship could never have got off the shore if she had not struck in the manner described.

At length, after heaving laboriously for about an hour, she manifestly deepened her water;—the violence of her striking continued to decrease, and at half-past twelve, just as the moon appeared above the horizon, a heavy swell *sunk* her deep by the stern, and, thank God! she *struck no more!*

I now permitted myself to believe that our good fortune was complete. I went to congratulate Lady Nightingall, whose joy may be more easily conceived than described. The ship was warped into three fathoms, and I fancy there were not many of his majesty's subjects who went to sleep with more happy feelings than ourselves.

No tribute of applause can possibly do justice

to the exemplary fortitude of Lady Nightingall's conduct, during the whole of this appalling trial. "*Man, proud man,*" may reconcile himself to a thousand misfortunes, whilst he has arms in his hands to preserve him from immediate destruction; but when a woman of delicacy and education is thus unhappily thrown upon an inhospitable shore, in one of the most savage parts of this desert coast, it is impossible to contemplate the consequences that might have ensued without feelings of the bitterest anxiety.

I have already stated, that Lady Nightingall's conduct was most exemplary. Not a murmur or complaint of any kind was heard to escape her lips. However poignant her feelings, she seldom gave them utterance, and, indeed, she told me more than once, during the day, that "Captain Hall, poor fellow, was sufficiently punished for his temerity, and that she would not for the universe utter a syllable of reproach."

It will be seen by the concluding part of this narrative, that our very worst apprehensions would have fallen short of the difficulties we were likely to have encountered; and, I think it more than probable, that if our journey to Mocha had been attempted by land, two thirds of our number would have perished.

Lat. observed, none; long. none.

January 19*th.*—This morning, at day-light,

the boats were sent to the shore, or rather *to the surf*, to weigh the guns, ballast, kentledge, &c. &c. thrown overboard to lighten the ship yesterday. The first boat was permitted to go forward with her work unmolested; but to the astonishment and indignation of every person on board, the second boat had hardly reached her destination, when twenty or thirty shots were fired upon her, by the rascals on shore. Lieut. Rogers, who commanded the boat, proceeded, however, steadily with his work, and in spite of their fire, he brought off a second twenty-four-pounder to the ship.

Upon this proof being given of their treacherous and hostile feelings towards us, the cutter and launch were immediately armed. The former, under the command of Captain Hall, and the latter, under the command of Lieut. Rogers. So that when the boats proceeded upon a third trip, they were prepared to answer their salutation with a musquetoon and a respectable fire of musquetry; at the same time the ship favoured them with an eighteen-pounder as an earnest of her good will, which they received on shore, apparently with great surprise, and scampered away with precipitation.

They continued, however, to fire occasionally upon the cutter and launch, which being briskly returned, the rascals were soon silenced. And, at length, when they found our boats were neither

to be frightened or driven away, they quitted the beach, and permitted the people to go on quietly with their work.

The ship had, the evening before, been warped only into three fathoms water; as therefore the whole of the guns and property thrown overboard, was embarked by sun-set this evening, the captain made sail at eight o'clock at night, and stood into deep water, where he anchored in eight fathoms. Latitude and longitude the same as yesterday.

January 20th.—This morning the crew were busily employed in preparing the ship for sea, and the captain being exceedingly anxious to leave *Friendly Bay* ! ! !* we quickly reduced the raft, got the spars and masts on board, and made sail from the coast.

Having thus recounted the leading particulars of our late alarming situation, I shall proceed briefly to notice the wonderful good fortune that attended us. The bay upon which we were thrown was not only open to the whole Southern Ocean, but at this season of the year, the South-East monsoon blows directly upon it, and if any thing like a fresh breeze had set in from seaward, we must inevitably have gone to pieces in a very few hours. We were also sailing so rapidly when the ship struck, that if any thing like rock or coral bot-

*Christened by the General.

tom had received us, we must have bilged immediately. When, therefore, we consider that by the rise of tide nearly six feet higher than during the day, we were enabled to warp the ship off the shore, we cannot be sufficiently grateful to Divine Providence for our preservation.

For my part, I consider myself most exceedingly fortunate, that I escaped from the clutches of these ruffians on shore—their subsequent conduct carries along with it convincing proof, that if they had entertained the least idea of our ultimate escape from the coast, they would have detained Lieut. Rogers and myself as hostages; and I suspect they were only prevented from resorting to this measure, by their conviction that we were all completely in their power. However, the dangers are now past, and I trust we shall yet be spared to discuss their severity by an English fire side.

I had almost forgotten to mention, that we parted two cables on this inhospitable shore; the first broke at the very instant it had warped us out of danger, and the second broke when we were weighing the following evening, to stand into deep water.

Lat. 12° 56′. Long. 45° 48′ E. Wind S.E.

I have not inserted either course or distance, as the ship was merely gaining an offing.

January 21*st.*—At 12 o'clock this day we passed the narrow strait of Babelmandel, through which the S.E. wind was blowing hard, and the sea was running with considerable violence. As it was an essential point for us to reach Mocha before dark, the Captain (to use a nautical expression) *cracked upon her in great style,* and we anchored in the roads about a quarter of an hour after sun-set.

Here we found four American and three English merchant ships waiting for cargoes.

The town of Mocha looks remarkably well from the sea. The houses appear to be built of stone, and rise to four, five, and six stories. The town is flanked by two forts, which do not appear very respectable. The roads are sheltered to the southward by sand banks not having more than two fathoms upon them, which extend two or three miles from the shore. A ship cannot haul in for the anchorage, until she has brought the principal mosque in the middle of the town to bear E.S.E.—The roads to the northward are entirely unsheltered.

It is almost unnecessary to state, that the export trade from this port consists entirely of coffee, which is selling at this moment for twenty dollars the cwt. exactly 150 *per cent.* dearer than the average price at which the Java coffee sold when I left that island. The last coffee sold in

the district of Cheribon, previous to the transfer of the colony, was for nine dollars a picol, of 125lbs. weight, or eight dollars the cwt.

The town of Mocha is a dependency of the Imam of Senna, who resides at a city of that name, about eight days journey in the interior. The government of Mocha is administered by a dowlah, or governor, whose proceedings are very corrupt, and whose profits arise principally from his peculations in trade. No coffee is grown nearer than within 60 miles of Mocha, and indeed every article of supply is brought from the interior, as the country in the neighbourhood of Mocha is a sandy desert. The supercargo of an English ship, now lying in the roads, became exceedingly dissatisfied with the conduct of the dowlah some time ago, whom he suspected of throwing obstacles in the way of his procuring a cargo; he accordingly went up to the city of Senna, and represented his grievances personally to the Imam.

He was received at Senna with great attention; valuable presents were made to him, and *the dowlah*, the *Company's broker*, and the *Hindoo merchants*, were fined 10,000 dollars, one-half to be paid by the dowlah.

The Imam, however, is a young man not yet of age to govern, and the administration of af-

fairs is conducted by his ministers; so that although he was received with the greatest attention by the Imam himself, yet the ministers supported the dowlah, and very little good resulted from the representation. The supercargo died soon after his return to Mocha, and some suspicions were entertained that he was poisoned.—When the Teignmouth appeared off the port, the dowlah was in sad tribulation. About two years ago, Captain Dominicite, commanding a Company's cruiser, was involved in a very serious affray with the dowlah of Mocha. I am not correctly informed of the merits of the case, but I believe it was occasioned by some interference on the part of Captain Dominicite with an Arab ship laying in the roads. Whatever the provocation might be, yet nothing could justify the shameful and insulting violence of the dowlah and his people. Captain Dominicite was dragged through the streets, spat upon by the multitude, and otherwise treated in a most brutal manner, whilst the Residency was plundered, and every thing they could lay their hands on carried away.

The British Government are so incensed at these proceedings, that they have not yet sent another resident to Mocha, and they are not likely to do so, until they can spare troops to command respect to his authority. It should,

however, be stated, that *the dowlah*, in command at that time, has been removed, and report says, has been placed in confinement.

Supplies of all kinds are abundant at Mocha; but the winds blow with such violence, that the communication with the shore is very dangerous.

You are also much deceived in the appearance of the town. The houses, which seem to be built of stone, are composed only of *mud, brown washed*, and the streets are narrow, and indescribably dirty. In short, Mocha appeared to me to be the very antipodes of the civilized world; blowing a South-East gale of wind nine months of the year, and a North-West the other three. I was, indeed, most heartily rejoiced this morning when we stood out to sea, in company with two English vessels, who took advantage of our protection to Juddah.

We inquired if the inhabitants of *Friendly Bay* were at all subject to the Imam of Senna; but we learnt that they were a set of savages, exclusively under the dominion of their own chiefs.

24th January.—Lat. 13° 58′. Long. 43°.—Course N. N. W. Wind very strong from the Southward, with a tumbling sea. Thermometer at noon, 76°.

25th January.—This morning at day-light, we were abreast of the Island of Gabel Tor,

having ran with great judgment between the Islands in that neighbourhood and the Arabian coast. We were in the parallel of Gabel Zekyr at 12 o'clock yesterday, and carried all sail until sun-set, in the hope of obtaining a sight of Gabel Zekyr before dark. We were, however, disappointed. Notwithstanding which, the Captain shaped his course N. N. W. *by compass*, until he concluded by his reckoning and *deep* soundings, that he had passed Gabel Zabyr; he then steered N. N. W. half W. which carried him completely clear of every thing.

The wind very strong from the Southward, with a heavy rolling sea.

Latitude 16°. 21′. Long. 41°. 39′. E. Course N.N. W. till passed Gabel Zabyr. N. N. W. half W. till passed Gabel Tor; and afterwards N. W. by N. Thermometer at noon, 79°.

26*th January*.—Wind light from the N. E. Latitude 17°. 25′. N. Long. 40° 50′. E. Thermometer, 81°. Course N. 37°. W. Distance 82 miles.

27*th January*.—Wind variable from the Northward and Westward, with a confused sea. Latitude, 17°. 31′. Thermometer, 80°. These 24 hours made *five miles*.

28*th January*.—Light variable winds from the Northward, making very little progress upon our voyage. Latitude, 17°. 47′. a very consi-

derable error having been discovered in the chronometers, no dependance could be placed upon them. I shall, therefore, only insert the Latitude each day, by which the rate of our progress will be sufficiently well ascertained. These 24 hours advanced 16 miles!! Thermometer, 80°.

January 29th.—Latitude, 18°. 13′. N. Wind light and unfavourable from the Northward. Advanced towards Suez, 26 miles. Thermometer, 78°.

January 30th.—Latitude, 18°. 40′. North.—Wind unfavourable from the Northward.—Made 27 miles these 24 hours. Thermometer, 77°.

This morning, at day-light, we discovered ourselves close to the Duncan Islands on the Abyssinian shore, when our reckoning placed us at least sixty miles to the Eastward of them. These Islands are very low and very dangerous, having no soundings, with 50 fathoms of line, at the distance of three miles from the shore.

January 31st.—Latitude 19°. 13′. North.—Wind still unfavourable. Made 33 miles.

Saw the Sister Islands, and tacked at sun-set to the Westward.

February 1st, 2d, and 3d.—We were these three days becalmed in very nearly the same latitude, having occasionally light airs from the

Southward, sufficient only to stem the current, which appeared to set to the Southward. The latitude of this period may be called 19°. 10′. North.

February 4th.—This morning at four o'clock we were again favoured with our former wind from the Northward; against which, however, we contrived to make some progress, as our latitude, at noon, was 19°. 37′. N. Thermometer, 78°.

February 5th.—North Wind. Latitude, 20°. 3′. Progress, 26 miles. Thermometer, 75°.

February 6th.—North Wind. Latitude 20°. 35′. N. Progress, 34 miles. Thermometer, 75°.

February 7th.—N. N. W. Wind. Latitude at noon, 21°. 12′. North, only 17 miles South of the parallel of Juddah: for which port we shape our course. Progress, 37 miles. Thermometer, 76°.

February 8th.—We made the shoals to the Northward of Juddah harbour this forenoon at about ten o'clock; and in waring the ship round to avoid them, we shoaled suddenly to five fathoms. At the next cast of the lead with fifty fathoms of line we had no bottom. At twelve o'clock, the meridional observation of the sun gave us three miles to the Northward of Juddah, when we steered direct for the harbour.

Upon approaching the coast, we discovered

reefs of rocks extending upon each bow to a considerable distance, and a ship anchored securely inside of them, in water as smooth as a mill-pond. To attempt the passage through these reefs, without a pilot, would have been madness, we were, therefore, obliged to heave to, until one should make his appearance from the shore. At about three o'clock we were gratified to perceive that our signals had been attended to; and that an Arab was waving to us from a small boat to leeward; in a short time afterwards he reached the ship, and we accordingly bore up for Juddah harbour.

The passage into this basin presented to us very imposing difficulties, such indeed as would deter any captain, from attempting to go in by a chart. The reefs of coral rock are nearly even with the water's edge, and extend some miles from the shore, to which they run parallel. Through these reefs there are narrow passages of 150 and 200 yards across, with deep water to the very edges of the shoals; but as there are various sunken rocks studding these passages (upon one of which La Forte frigate was lost), the most thorough knowledge of their situation is required, to enable the pilot to carry a ship through with safety. We passed successively between four of these reefs; the last two of which were called the outer and inner gateways;

and when luffing into the harbour, to obtain good anchorage, we passed within a few feet of the rocks, which were plainly visible under the ship's bottom.

The captain landed as soon as the ship came to anchor; and we were much gratified to hear upon his return, that the place was in possession of the Turks, and that some firing and rejoicing which we had noticed during the day, was occasioned by the success of the pacha's troops, who had captured Hodeida, Loheia, Ghezan, &c. &c. and were prosecuting their conquests down the Arabian coast with uninterrupted success. The vizier or governor, Sayed Ally, having sent a most polite invitation to General Nightingall, to favor him with his company on shore, and having accompanied his message with a present of cows, sheep, vegetables, and other refreshments, Sir Miles determined to wait upon him; and we accordingly disembarked in the vizier's state-boat, with Lady Nightingall, on the morning of the 10th inst. This state-boat was fitted up much in the style of other boats of this description, having a covered apartment in the stern, furnished with Persian carpets, crimson silk cushions, and rowed by twenty-eight rowers—one of the rowers singing an Arabic song, in which he was joined occasionally by the rest of the crew.

On approaching the shore, we saw the go-

vernor's *troops* on the landing-place ready to receive us. Through a street of these military heroes, we were conducted to the vizier, who received us with all the pomp he was capable of displaying; and placing Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall, under a sort of elevated canopy, he clothed the General in a dress of honor (silk and fur), and presented her ladyship with pieces of embroidered kincobs.

The vizier is a remarkably good-looking Turk, of about fifty years of age, with a very pleasing expression of countenance; and as the whole world are aware of the sort of estimation in which Mahometans hold the fair sex, I confess I was somewhat doubtful of the reception that would be given to an European lady, who thus presented herself in public. In a moment, however, every doubt upon the subject was dispelled. The vizier received Lady N. with the most distinguished attention; appeared perfectly to understand the difference of our customs; and when she expressed a desire to pay her respects to his wives, he assented with the utmost alacrity, and sent a message to the seraglio, to direct that they might be prepared to receive her. She was accordingly conducted to the female apartments, whilst Sir Miles and the rest of the party were regaled with coffee, sherbet, and hookahs, *a la Turque*. Mutual compliments were exchanged

upon the success of the two governments. The Vizier shewed us various letters and presents he had received from the authorities in India, and expressed himself warmly attached to the English nation. He told us that he expected hourly to hear of the capture of Rusal Khyma, in the Persian Gulph; and that the Turkish armies were only waiting for orders from Mahomed Aly, the pacha of Egypt, to capture Senna, and occupy the whole of this part of Arabia Felix. Lady Nightingall having returned, and Sir Miles having presented his excellency with an English spy-glass, a case of very handsome pistols, and an Indian shawl, as offerings of courtesy, the party adjourned to the house of *Araby Jellauny*, the Company's agent, where a splendid entertainment was prepared for us.

In passing through the streets, we were objects of the greatest curiosity to the multitude, who followed us in immense crowds. Their behaviour, however, was perfectly respectful; and after traversing a remarkably well supplied bazar, we reached Jellauny's house, exhibiting a much handsomer appearance than that of the governor, in which we had been first received.

Until two o'clock we were regaled in like manner, with coffee, sherbet, and hookahs; at which time, a very excellent repast was served up, to which the whole party did very ample

justice. We eat from a circular table of polished brass, in the centre of which a large dish was placed, and from whence the *fingers of mine host* and his assistants helped his guests most plentifully,—he then directed it to be exchanged for another of different materials. In this manner there were twenty or thirty removes; and amongst the dishes I noticed a sheep baked whole, and a dozen of fowls, tempting the appetite, like spread eagles. The pastry, however, was capital; and indeed, the entertainment was altogether in the very best style of Asiatic plenteousness.

Jellauny displayed several written acknowledgments he had received from great men, for his attention to the English. One from Lord Valentia, was very flattering to him; and as he solicited a similar document from the general, he was furnished with one accordingly. At about half-past four o'clock we returned to the boat in the same order that we had disembarked, and arrived about sun-set, on board the Teignmouth.

Lady Nightingall described the wives of the vizier as remarkably engaging in their manners. One of them in particular, she said, was exceedingly handsome, and they were both of them most superbly dressed. A little girl, daughter of the vizier, by the handsomest woman, was

covered with jewels, and in this respect displayed more magnificence than any thing she had ever seen in India. They appeared quite delighted with the visit; unveiled without the least hesitation, and were exceedingly solicitous that she would stay and dine with them. Indeed, they were so pressing in their invitation, that she could only escape, by promising to return, and pay them another visit. The handsomest woman told Lady Nightingall playfully, that she would be exceedingly happy if her ladyship would take herself and her child along with her to her own country. The wives of Jellauny, whom she also visited, were very respectable; but much inferior both in manners and appearance to those of the vizier. Quite as great a difference as between European manners of the first rank, and those of the middling class of society.

Juddah, as being the resort of Indian pilgrims to the shrine of Mahomet, must certainly be a place of considerable profit to the governor or ruler of the port. Every good mussulman is enjoined by the tenets of his faith, to visit Mecca once during his life, or to send a substitute there; and as princes are not unfrequent visitors at his shrine, the emoluments of the governor's office must be very considerable. Mecca is situated about twenty-five miles from Juddah, and every person who arrives there by

sea is taxed for his passport *en passant.* I had a good deal of conversation with a learned man upon the subject of his holiness, and I was much pleased to find that he betrayed no *Hindoo* prejudice whatever in his communications. The prophet is buried at Medina, about the same distance north of Mecca; but the latter place having been sanctified by his birth, is considered much more holy by mussulmans. My friend was highly amused, when I related to him the fable of Mahomet's coffin being suspended between earth and heaven. He laughed heartily, and told me he was safely deposited under a solid canopy of stone and mortar. He described Mecca and Medina as places of great beauty, but very different indeed from the geographical accounts we read of them. He stated the population of Mecca to be about 30,000 at one season; but at another season, when the pilgrims flocked there, it amounted to treble that number. He was entirely devoid of that ignorant silly prejudice, so insultingly provoking with Indian mussulmans, and was highly indignant at the audacity of one of our subidars, who refused to eat with the party. "A fellow like that," said he, "presuming to refuse eating with mussulmans, so much his superior both in rank and sanctity." It is in situations like these, that the Hindoo prejudices, engrafted upon the mahomedan faith,

become so truly ludicrous. The man with whom I was conversing, was a priest of the first respectability; passed six months of every year at the shrine of Mahomet, and yet a wretched mussulman, of the lowest stamp in India, would presume to tell him, he was neglecting the duties of his religion, by eating with a Christian, or the professor of another faith. This ignorance reminds me of an anecdote which occurred to myself, in passing through India, and which deserves to be inserted. I was crossing through the Rewah country, to join Sir Thomas Hislop's head quarters on the banks of the Chumbul, and was compelled to run the gauntlet through a parcel of ruffians, by whom I expected, to be plundered and insulted. I had only a naigue and four seapoys to protect myself and my property, and I was told that my absence would rather tend to ensure their safety than otherwise. I therefore proposed to the guard that I should push forward myself with *one* seapoy, to the territory of a friendly power, and leave the rest of the guard to follow with my baggage. The naigue accordingly recommended me a man of very *high cast, a bramin* (who had taken to arms), and who, he said, would protect me more effectually than a native officer of any rank. We accordingly pushed forward at the rate of thirty or forty miles a day, and during the time that I

was separated from my camels and tents, this bramin not only cooked my victuals and eat off the same dish with me, but he performed every office that I could have commanded with propriety from any of my own servants. Upon noticing this kindness, and asking him if his condescension was not too great, he told me that men of low cast did not know what their religion was; that instead of his utensils being polluted by my touch, which is generally supposed to be the case, he had only to rub them with a little sand, say a short prayer over them, and they became as pure and unsullied as ever.

When I proposed to my Turkish friend to pay a visit myself to the shrine of the prophet, he laughed at the idea as totally impracticable; and when I pressed him to state his objection, he told me it was not my business, "apna kaum nay." I told him in reply, that no hindrance would be offered to *him* if he chose to visit *my* places of worship, and that I did not see why I was not entitled to a similar indulgence. His answer, I thought, an exceedingly good one. "Why, Sahib, you would only go to Mecca to indulge your curiosity;—become a mussulman, and you may proceed there immediately; but we do not wish the shrine of our holy prophet to be subjected to the gaze and inspection of unbelievers."

I have already mentioned, that the vizier of Juddah is daily looking forward to receive accounts of the capture of Durea, a strong hold of the Wahabees, the tribe of pirates who infest the north-western shores of India, and who have been so long permitted to exercise their atrocious cruelties with impunity. Durea is situated near the Arabian shore of the Persian Gulph, and it certainly will convey some reflection upon our government, if we are indebted to the Turks for their extirpation.

The Wahabees being dissenters from the established faith of Mahomed, are pursued by his more devout followers with the most unrelenting severity. During the progress of the war through Arabia Felix, they succeeded in capturing some of their priests and chiefs, and these unfortunate prisoners were punished with the most barbarous cruelty. A priest of some consideration, whom they lately secured, was taken by them to the temple of Mahomet at Mecca, and there laid upon *the black stone* (in obedience to some law of the koran), in which situation, amongst other acts of cruelty, his teeth were drawn out, his beard cut off, and thus maimed and disfigured, he was exposed to the derision of the populace.

If it were possible to avoid commiserating the fate of human beings, exposed to such merciless conquerors, these Wahabees would certainly be

fit subjects for our indifference. They have, in every instance, betrayed such sanguinary cruelty in their conquests, and displayed so horrible a thirst of blood, in many instances without the slightest opposition being made to them, that one cannot help thinking it to be the judgment of Providence, that they have been delivered over to conquerors so worthy of their deserts.

The town of Juddah is far inferior to Mocha in its appearance from the sea, but the very superior policy of a Turkish government has rendered it infinitely preferable in every other respect. The houses are built entirely of stone, and the streets are in some places paved. The cleanliness that pervades the whole town is remarkable to an European, who has been accustomed to traverse native towns of the like description on the sea coasts of India. I should judge the place to be about two miles in circumference, and defended only by a weak wall, which a six-pounder would speedily shatter to pieces. This wall is flanked at intervals by round towers, but the defences are indeed too contemptible to be noticed in any way. The sea face is flanked by two batteries, composed of the same brittle and imperfect material; and there are two iron guns upon the curtain, about twenty feet long, with a calibre of about ten inches. The vents of these pieces of ordnance

are about two inches in diameter. They are of a piece with the battlements.

The neighbourhood of the Turkish armies has rendered supplies of all kinds very scarce at present, but I should judge that provisions and refreshments would be very abundant when the country is not exposed to these additional demands. The aspect of the land and mountains about Juddah presents the same forbidding character of barren sterility; not a blade of grass is to be seen, or indeed any appearance of verdure or vegetation. The bazar, however, was well supplied with vegetables, and it struck me, they were remarkably cheap; for example, I remember Captain Hall purchased a large basket of radishes, onions, carrots, and brinjalls, for one Spanish dollar.

Friday, 12*th*.—The ship having completed her water, we passed through the shoals this morning at sun-rise, and stood out to sea; we had hardly gained the offing, however, when our old friend, the north-west wind, met us with such violence, that we were speedily reduced to double reefed topsails and courses, and obliged to beat most uncomfortably to windward against a very heavy sea. Lat. 21° 20′ N.—*Retrograde progress*, 8 miles.

Saturday, 13*th*.—The same wind from the North-West. Lat. 21° 40′ North. Progress 20 miles. Thermometer 76°.

Sunday, 14*th*.—The same foul wind. Lat. 21° 56′. Progress 16 miles. Thermometer 75°.

Monday, 15*th*.—Foul wind. Lat. 22° 36′. Progress 40 miles. Thermometer 75°.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—Foul wind. Lat. 23° 2′. Progress 26 miles. Thermometer 75°.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—Foul wind. Lat. 23° 4′. Progress 2 miles. Current against us. Thermometer 76°.

Thursday, 18*th*.—Foul wind, but light. Nearly calm during the night. Lat. 23° 6′. Progress 2 miles. Thermometer 78°.

Friday, 19*th*.—Foul wind. Lat. 23° 13′. Progress 7 miles. Thermometer 75°.

Saturday, 20*th*.—Foul wind. Lat. 23° 44′. Progress 31 miles. Thermometer 74°.

Sunday, 21*st*.—Foul wind. Lat. 24° 12′. Progress 28 miles. Thermometer 73°.

Monday, 22*d*.—Foul wind. Lat. 24° 42′. Progress 30 miles. Thermometer 73°.

Tuesday, 23*d*.—Foul wind. Lat. 25° 10′. Progrees 28 miles. Thermometer 72°.

Wednesday, 24*th*.—Foul wind until the evening. Lat. 25° 30′. Progress 20 miles. Thermometer 72°.

Thursday, 25*th*.—Fine breeze from the Southward during the night, but foul wind towards morning. Lat. 25° 25′. Progress 56 *miles!* Thermometer 72°.

Friday, 26*th*.—At sun-set, this evening, we anchored in Kossier roads, and were sheltered from a strong North-west wind, by a reef which extends about a quarter of a mile to the seaward of the town. The ship anchored close under this reef, in 13 fathoms, and Sir Miles Nightingall having determined to land at Kossier, and pass through Upper Egypt, in consequence of the violent northerly winds which prevail in the Red sea, I went on shore to wait on the Turkish governor, and ascertain the facilities we should be enabled to obtain in passing over the desert.

The Turkish governor, and indeed every body on shore, was exceedingly civil; he apologized to us for the poorness of the place; but promised that every thing Kossier afforded, should be placed at our disposal. Camels were to be obtained in any number, as well as jackasses; but horses were not to be procured *at all*. He told us, therefore, we should be obliged to cross the desert either on an ass or a camel.

Kossier is certainly a wretched place. It contains about 200 houses of different sizes, and the population may amount to about 500. There is a fort in ruins, with some French republican ordnance mounted upon it; but the place is in every way incapable of defence. The roads are exposed to the wind from N.N.E. to S.S.E. but the outer part of the bank is of mud, and therefore good holding ground. There

are no particular land-marks in the vicinity of Kossier, by which it can be correctly known. We made our latitude at noon eleven miles to the northward of the port, and stood along shore until we saw the fort—we then stood in to the anchorage. Some miles to the southward of Kossier there is remarkably high land, which a ship should keep under her lee with a northerly wind, until she ascertains her latitude correctly. The country in the neighbourhood of Kossier is indeed most barren; not a blade of grass or verdure is to be seen in any direction, and the water is very indifferent. The black arid tops of the mountains remind me of the summit of *Goonong Cheremay*, which environs a crater 500 yards deep. We shall cross the desert to Khené without any difficulty. Khené is four days' journey from Kossier, and Cairo ten days' journey from Khené.

27th.—Upon first coming on shore, the General paid his respects to the Turkish commandant, who received him with all the honours he could possibly shew him, that is to say, he fired all the guns in his possession, and collected all the jannissaries under his command, to surround him in the hall of audience. In the evening, he returned the visit, and assured the General, that every arrangement was making as speedily as possible for our departure. The

house we occupy belongs to government, and the maggior domo, is an officious, trouble-some fellow, who affects to speak Hindostany, without knowing three words of the language: his answer to every word, is "*acha Sahib.*" To our great annoyance, we find the commandant intends this fellow to accompany us to Khennah, together with two jannissaries, whom he has selected from his best men.

I shall now conclude this letter, my dear Colonel, as Captain Hall is exceedingly anxious to leave Kossier bay, and talks much of the exposed situation of the roads to a south-east wind. We are all of us exceedingly busy, as you may suppose, in our preparations to cross the desert; and every department of this little state is in active exertion to push us forward. As yet we have experienced nothing like unpleasant heat. The thermometer in our Arab mansion last night was down as low as 58°; and we are delighted with our sleeping contrivance, viz. a sea cot slung upon triangles, which fix in the ground, and keep us half a yard from its surface. The Bombay bottled water, which we brought with us for this journey, will be indeed a most valuable store, as the drinking water of this place is brought from the Nile, and necessarily smells very offensively. The water of Kossier is, I believe, too brackish, even for

camels. I shall write to you from Alexandria, and give you every particular of our progress; and, in the meantime, subscribe myself your faithful and obliged

J. HANSON.

Kossier, 28th February, 1819.

Thermometer at night 60°, at noon 68°.

Alexandria, 10th April.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

We have at length reached this place in safety.—I wrote to you from Kossier, and promised you the further particulars of our progress through Egypt. I shall therefore take up the subject where I concluded on the 28th of February, and tell you, that having procured as much carriage as we required for the conveyance of our baggage across the desert, we set off on our journey at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of March. Captain Hall and his officers saw us fairly start on our *travels:* and now that the moment of our separation arrived, and that we were about to take leave of friends, with

whom we had been associated in scenes of such anxious peril, nothing was remembered but the *good* qualities of the Teignmouth, and her Captain. It is certain that no ship but "one of *Jesimtjee's own," would have borne the severe trial to which she was exposed, and no officers or crew in the world ever displayed more exemplary discipline and zeal. The coolness with which our danger was contemplated at Friendly Bay—the promptitude with which measures were taken to rescue the ship from her perilous situation, and the cheerful obedience manifested by the excellent crew of the Teignmouth, will, I suspect, receive a higher meed of approbation than any I can bestow upon it. The steady officer-like skill displayed by Mr. Collinson; the prudence, talents and zeal of his coadjutor, Mr. Harris; and the sanguine elastic spirits of Mr. Rogers (my brother in the surf), will be long remembered by me, with feelings of no common interest, and teach me to hail these gentlemen as valuable and esteemed friends, in whatever part of the world I may next chance to meet them.

* Jesimtjee is the Parsee master builder, in the dock-yard at Bombay, and it is a common saying of Jesimtjee's, when people are discussing the value of teak ships—"Stop till Jesimtjee's ship go on coral rock, then see if Jesimtjee's ship is good ship or not."

***March* 1*st*, 1819.—First day's journey across the desert.**

Our first march was necessarily a very short one, as we started late in the day to get clear of the town; in fact to feel we had commenced our journey—we halted at Ambawajee, a valley about six miles distant from Kossier.—Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of the Turkish commandant. Instead of oppressing us with unmeaning professions or protestations, so much the custom with Asiatics, he rendered us every essential assistance in his power, and considering the very limited resources at his command, we were somewhat astonished at the speed with which we were equipped for our journey. Our caravan consisted of thirty camels, and about twenty jackasses. A very serious accident had nearly occurred to Lady Nightingall, before we had proceeded many yards upon our journey. The sort of basket in which she was to ride across the desert, was fixed to the side of the camel, and was to have a corresponding weight to balance it. The General took up his position as the *counterpoise*, but he found it so exceedingly uncomfortable, that he quickly abandoned this *elevated post*. Her ladyship was then balanced by two little girls, who were her servants; but the camels had hardly began to move, when the ropes (being rotten) gave

way, and they all came tumbling to the ground together, from a height of at least *seven feet*. We naturally feared that her ladyship would be very seriously hurt, particularly so, when I observed her to be somewhat confused as I raised her from the ground. We were gratified, however, to find that she quickly recovered, and had sustained no injury whatever.

The road lay, for the first part, in a westerly direction, and may be said to pass through a series of valleys, bounded by hills of the most wild and unfruitful appearance. The summits of these hills were in many instances as black as jet, and looked as if they had been burnt to cinders by the strong operation of fire. The road, however, was by no means so unpleasant as we expected. Instead of *fine sand*, we found nothing but *coarse sand* and gravel, and it was in every respect as fine a road as could be met with in any country. There was a slight ascent after we left Kossier, probably about one-tenth per cent.—About half-past four we observed a stunted tree or two before us, and shortly afterwards, we arrived at a spring, where the people halted to refresh the cattle, and where we determined to remain during the night. Here we were followed by a janissary from the commandant of Kossier, who directed, that the camels were *not* to be paid for, as every thing

had been furnished by government. Two janissaries accompanied us—one was to escort us to Cairo, and *both* were to accompany us to Khenah.

Upon tasting the spring at Ambawajee, I found it very brackish indeed, fit only for the refreshment of the cattle. The margin of the stream was encrusted with salt. Our tent was pitched in a narrow valley, with solid precipitous rocks rising upon each side of us, to the height of about three or four hundred feet. I would say that the road this day, passed through a rocky gravelly desert, upon which any wheeled carriage might be driven with the greatest facility. The night was cold, but there was no dew. The thermometer at day-light 60° ; distance five or six miles.

March 2d, 1819.—Second day's journey.

We moved from our ground this morning at about seven o'clock. I forgot to mention that Lady Nightingall, apprehending a second misfortune yesterday, similar to that she had already experienced, determined to sit upon the camel *en cavalier* the remainder of the journey, which she found much less fatiguing than she had expected. The road continued through the same series of valleys, and became much more sandy. At about nine o'clock, we arrived at an extraordinary number of fantastic fissures in a

mountain to the left, which would attract the notice of a traveller. It appeared as if an immense torrent of water had swept this huge and misshapen mass into the plain. After rounding a sort of projecting cliff, we arrived at two wells, which the guides told us had been built by the English, and which we implicitly believed, as they were composed of brick and mortar, and seemed to have been recently built. On our arrival at Khenah, however, we learnt this to be a mistake. They had been built by a commandant at Kossier, named *Anglesey*, and hence the mistake of the guides. The water was not quite so brackish as the spring at Ambawajee. From these wells we continued our journey a little to the southward of west, and proceeded to wind through rocky valleys, which communicated with each other in the most extraordinary way imaginable. We would fancy ourselves completely environed by mountains, without seeing the road ten yards before us, when suddenly we would arrive at a turn of the precipice, and see it traversing in quite an opposite direction.

At about a mile to the westward of these wells, we noticed an extraordinary range of mountains to our right, having the appearance of tombs. About twelve o'clock, we arrived at the entrance of a pass, which appeared to be defended

in times of old, by a fort now in ruins. The fort was nearly square. About fifty yards each side, with regular bastions, but in a complete state of dilapidation. Inside the fort, there appeared to be the remains of a well, into which the earth had fallen ; and the mountain that overlooked this fort, was crowned by a watch-tower, or rather by the ruins of a small building, which the people told us had been used for that purpose. They said, these ruins were far anterior to their knowledge of the country. They believed they had been built by Europeans; but whether by French, English, or Romans, they did not know.

After leaving this fort, the road ascended very considerably through the pass, which was not more than one hundred feet wide, and very serpentine. The ascent I should calculate to be about two per cent. Here our eye was in some degree refreshed by the appearance of vegetation, in the shape of a wild prickly thorn, which the camels eat with great avidity ; and, upon clearing the pass, which was about two miles in extent, we occasionally passed trees of the bauble, or acacia kind, some of them measuring seven and eight feet in circumference.

The road still continued excellent ; was composed of sand and gravel, and at about a quarter past three, we arrived at our halting place, which the people called Sayed Hajie Sooleman, and where

the Arabs procured most excellent water from the mountains; but I observed they used it only for their own refreshment, as they gave none to the cattle. At this place there was another old fort in ruins. The ascent still continued, but not so considerable. The night was not quite so cold. The thermometer 65° ; distance twenty-one or twenty-two miles.

March 3*d*, 1819.—Third day's journey.

We managed to get off this morning at a quarter past six o'clock, the camel men having become better acquainted with their loads, and more expert in placing them on the cattle. The road here took nearly a south-east direction for an hour, and wound in the same serpentine manner, through mountains of the most wild and savage sterility. We were constantly passing the same sort of watch-towers we had noticed yesterday, and at about nine o'clock (when we arrived on a sort of plain in the midst of this immense desert), we passed another of the forts. We also saw several deer, which fled to the mountains on our approach, and the General saw some larks and a *water-wagtail ! ! !* The ascent still continued very considerable, and the road lay to the northward of west. At one o'clock, we arrived at a ghaut, where the road became much more confined, but perfectly passable for all sorts of cattle. After passing this

ghaut, the road continued over a sort of table land, until about a quarter past two, when we passed through another ghaut, and began to descend upon the other side, of what appeared to be a range of mountains. At the foot of this ghaut, there was a sort of hollow in the rock, in which was deposited rain water, but not of a very wholesome appearance. I observed the camels were not baited here. From this ghaut the road descended very considerably, and at about half-past four, we arrived at our halting ground, which the people called Hammamat. Here we encamped for the night. No water: distance twenty-seven miles; thermometer the following morning, 62°.

March 4th, 1819.—Fourth day's journey.

This was, indeed, a day of fatigue! We marched at a quarter past six, in nearly a north direction, but quickly turned to the west, at the top of another rocky pass, which was in like manner defended by one of these forts; but *with this difference*, that the fort appeared to have been much more considerable, extended from one side of the pass to the other, and was surrounded by the ruins of an extensive town. The road passed through the fort, and continued down a considerable descent, probably two and a half per cent. At ten o'clock, we had emerged from the pass, and entered upon a more open

country. During our progress this morning, we saw abundance of partridge, pigeons, larks, &c.; and half way through the pass, we observed some Egyptian hieroglyphics * under a projecting part of the rock, on the left-hand side of the road. We passed another ruined fort, about ten o'clock, and saw the remains of a stone sarcophagus, lying in the middle of the road, which the people told us was used as a trough for cattle to drink out of.

We also observed that extraordinary phenomenon which the French call *mirage*, and which appears in this barren desert to mock the feverish thirst of a weary traveller; in many instances I could have sworn we were near the margin of an extensive lake, so perfect was the deception.

The desert, as we proceeded, became exceedingly barren, and the road much more sandy and disagreeable. The heat was greater than any we had yet experienced, and we were certain, by the solicitude our guides expressed to get us forward, that we had a long day's journey before us. We continued to proceed forward until three o'clock, when we passed another extraordinary rock, on our right hand, which appeared to have been rent from the adjoining mountain by the force of a torrent.

* Kassaraeil Benait.

At five o'clock in the evening, we saw the sun gradually descending to rest, without any appearance of a halt. The guides told us, they were compelled to go forward to water, as the camels had not drank for three days. We were, therefore, constrained to summon all our patience, and hope for a speedy relief. Lady Nightingall, who had now ridden *eleven hours*, began to complain of very considerable fatigue; and the General, who travelled upon a donkey, was so harassed by the motion of the animal, now completely knocked up, that he was obliged to alight and walk. At length, about half-past six o'clock in the evening, we discovered two buildings on the horizon, which the guides told us were the long-wished-for wells *; and when quite dark, to our joy, we arrived at most capital water, which I quaffed with greater *gout* than I ever recollect to have experienced before. Here we received an excellent supply of lettuce from travellers who were proceeding to Kossier. Distance 31 miles. Thermometer 65°.

March 5th, 1819.—Fifth day's journey.

We marched this morning at a quarter-past six o'clock, and passed over a greater desert of sand than we had yet seen; the road, however, was exceedingly good, and we saw several flights

* Wells of Legayta.

of remarkably fine plover. We saw no more forts, and the people pointed out a range of distant mountains, at the foot of which they said Khenah was situated. At half-past ten we were first gratified by the sight of trees and vegetation on the banks of the Nile; and at one o'clock we arrived at an Arab village, on the border of the cultivation, called Berambur, where the people flocked to us with milk, cheese, &c. &c. for sale; as Khenah was still four hours distance in front of us, and as both men and cattle were considerably fatigued with the journey of the preceding day, it was determined to halt here for the night.

I am not capable of describing to you the sort of delightful sensation I experienced when I found myself surrounded by the rich verdure and cultivation of the Nile. The contrast between the white sandy desert we had been passing, and the rich corn and clover on the banks of this bountiful stream, is only to be imagined by those people, who like ourselves, had been traversing a dreary waste for four days, and then suddenly found themselves encompassed by the most luxuriant vegetation. I cannot convey to you the sensation I experienced when I saw *water in abundance;* when I felt that we were not obliged to use it sparingly; and that both men and cattle might drink their fill. In short, I refer you

to that period when you will yourself, probably, pass by the same route, to understand what our feelings were when our tents were first pitched in the corn fields of Egypt. Nothing can be more strongly marked than the line of barrenness and fertility. You may literally stand with one foot in clover, and the other upon a barren desert, where neither the animal or vegetable world are capable of sustaining existence; where the eye on one side is fatigued with the boundless prospect of an eternal waste, and on the other refreshed by the most smiling abundance and fertility. Here we obtained all sorts of supplies; but the Arabs who furnished them are, indeed, held in a state of the most abject subjection. Every article that was brought to us, passed in the first instance through the hands of the Turkish janissaries, by whom three-fourths of the price was pocketed. A Bedouin, who had particular care of Lady Nightingall's camel, was so exceedingly attentive to her comfort, that she was desirous of giving him some distinct reward before we arrived at Khenah, which he said he would conceal in the desert, as it would certainly be taken from him if it was given in the presence of the janissaries. She accordingly desired me to present him with some dollars, which God knows I intended most firmly to do; but alas! the sight of Khenah drove him entirely from my memory, and the poor fellow was

disappointed of his reward.—I shall not say how much I was distressed at this omission. Thermometer 68°. Distance, 19 miles.

March 6th, 1819.—Sixth day's journey.

We moved from the village of Berambur this morning at four o'clock, in order to reach Khenah before the sun became powerful. The road continued considerably to the northward of west, and skirted the cultivation of the Nile, until within five or six miles of Khenah, when it passed between fields and villages; and we observed, with astonishment, the extent and richness of the cultivation.

At eight o'clock, we saw a party coming to meet us, apparently Turks, who were mounted upon asses. To our astonishment the principal person alighted from his donkey, and addressed the General in excellent French, presenting him a letter from Sir Thomas Maitland, which had been waiting his arrival at Khenah. The gentleman who gave the letter was Mr. Anderson, whose good offices Mr. Salt's communication had prepared us to receive. We accordingly proceeded to his house, in the town of Khenah, where we took up our abode. Distance, 11 miles. Thermometer at noon, 80°. In the morning, 65°.

The following is the result of my *observations* upon the passage of the desert. A person intending to cross this desert should arrive at Kossier within a few days of the 1st of January; and should always calculate upon a passage of *four weeks* from the Straits of Babelmandel; if he be so fortunate as to meet with *southerly winds* in *the Red Sea*, he may congratulate himself upon being peculiarly favoured; and it is better for him to arrive at Kossier, a week *before* New Year's Day than a week *after*. The traveller may bring any comfort or convenience with him he pleases, as *any number* of camels can be procured. He should, however, prepare his loads in India, because Kossier is a miserable place for supplies of every kind, particularly cordage. Each package should not weigh more than four dozen of liquor; and all the packages ought to be of the size of an oblong case, which would contain that quantity. The camels are precisely the same animals in every respect they are in India. They are *not dromedaries*, and the loads may, therefore, be as well fitted and arranged in Bombay, Madras, or Bengal, as in Kossier. Small packages of every kind should be avoided; and if there be any, they should be put into cases of the size and description I have mentioned; because otherwise, they are constantly falling from the camels, and this occasions a stoppage to the

whole caravan. The Arabs *insist* upon *all* proceeding together. The traveller ought to prepare a riding saddle in India for fixing upon the camel, which he ought to bring with him. This saddle he may fashion in any way he pleases, either with stirrups, pads, or otherwise; and if he attends to the construction of it, he will be thankful for this advice, as the sort of hurdle to be procured at Kossier is a horrible substitute for a howdah. I rode *astride* upon the rump of the camel, guided it myself, and sustained very little fatigue, much less than if I had sat the same number of hours upon horseback. If, therefore, I had arranged a saddle in the way I have described, I should have been very comfortable indeed. The camel travels about two miles and three quarters an hour, and his paces are by no means disagreeable; he is perfectly docile, and may be guided with a packthread.

The Nile water *is delicious;* therefore, it is quite unnecessary to bring more bottled water than is actually required for the passage across the desert. The General's party consisted of four people; and although the servants occasionally drank of the bottled water, yet we only expended six dozen in five days; two dozen for each traveller would, therefore, be abundance. Water in small kegs, *for cooking*, should also be brought, as no good water can be procured until

your arrival at Legayta. Instead of a large tent, which the general brought with him, I would recommend a small *rowty* to each person, or a seapoy's tent, somewhat enlarged for *two*. These are much more expeditiously pitched, and much easier carried; and no defence is required, except from the dews of the night.

The means of the traveller will suggest the extent and nature of his supplies. I would recommend beer in abundance, Port, and Madeira; he should remember that he has a very considerable journey before him after he arrives at Khenah, and he cannot recruit his supplies until he reaches Cairo. Salt beef, salt pork, tongues, and humps, he will find a great treat, as nothing of the kind is to be procured in Egypt. Two or three lanterns will be essential, and if one or two are of the stable kind, they will be invaluable. The traveller ought to bring a gun with him, as he will find plenty of game in the desert.

The camel loads ought to be so prepared, that he will not have to unpack any thing but what he actually requires, for his journey across the desert. For example, two packages, upon *one camel*, ought to contain his eating apparatus, together with his cooking utensils, and the liquor he may expend in five days. His bed ought to be a sea-cot, slung upon triangles; this we

found a most excellent contrivance; and in this cot there ought to be pockets, which would contain his dressing-case, writing materials, and three or four shirts for the journey. Charcoal should be procured at Kossier. Fowls should be taken alive. Mutton and kid will keep perfectly well through the desert; and if these directions be attended to, he may cross in the month of January in *five* days most comfortably.

Whatever previous accounts may have stated, we certainly found the *mid-day sun* of the month of March, very powerful. I should think, however, that the heat of January, and the early part of February, by no means oppressive. In fact, I agree with Mr. Salt, "that the passage of the desert is a bugbear!!!"

The General rode the whole distance through the desert upon an ass, which he preferred to a camel; but I am decidedly of opinion, that a camel would be far less fatiguing. The heat of mid-day was certainly greater than we had been taught to expect; but the mornings and evenings were exceedingly pleasant. I intend to sketch a route of the journey across, from memoranda I have made; and I would advise any traveller who follows us, to divide the distance differently: any party, however, will experience

some difficulty in making a long journey *the first* day, as they will suffer considerable delay in getting clear of Kossier.

KHENAH, OR GHENAH.

March 7th, 1819.—The first information we obtained from Mr. Anderson, accounted for the very visible traces of water we observed on our journey. Although rain is considered a sort of miracle in Upper Egypt, yet it frequently descends in torrents in the desert; and in the evening Mr. A. pointed out to us a very large ravine on the edge of the town, which had been produced by the rush of water from the mountains but a few months ago. During thirteen years that he has resided in Upper Egypt, it has only rained *twice*, and then in very gentle showers. We questioned Mr. Anderson upon the best method of visiting ancient Thebes: he advised us to go there by water; the distance by the river, he stated to be thirty-two miles, and with a fair wind we might reach it in ten or twelve hours. The traveller will be aware that Thebes is higher up the stream than Khenah. Mr. Anderson's house was the first Egyptian mansion we had inhabited, and we experienced some difficulty in finding our way from

one apartment to another.—It was more like a labyrinth than a dwelling house.

Khenah is a place of considerable resort, being the line of communication between the sea-coast and the whole of Upper Egypt, from whence a prodigious quantity of grain is conveyed to Kossier, and exported from thence to Arabia, and the western coast of the Red Sea. The heaps in store there, when we passed, were incalculable, and I understand, if we had arrived at any other season of the year, than the months of March and April, we would have seen hundreds of camels passing daily with their loads; these useful animals are, at present, released from their labour, and fattening on the green herbage of spring. Khenah is governed by a chief, who commands four hundred infantry; and who is subject to the authority of a governor-general of Upper Egypt, residing at Sued, several days journey farther down the Nile.—The population of Khenah is about ten thousand, and the territorial duties amount to about forty thousand dollars a year. This is said to be independent of the revenue arising from the commerce of the Nile, and other numberless sources; so that the district of Khenah, which extends above Thebes, must yield considerable wealth to the government.

It may be stated once for all, that the present ruler, Mahommed Ally Pacha, is a most despotic sovereign, and very capable of *screwing* to himself the utmost resources of this country. He is but *nominally* a subject of the Ottoman Porte, whom he feeds with bribes, when his measures are called into question: he monopolizes all the trade and manufactures of Egypt; and the representative of the sublime presence is actually a *manufacturer and vender of slippers*. He is the sole proprietor of the soil, and but barely allows the cultivator sufficient produce to keep life and soul together: hardly any state of existence can be more truly wretched than that of the Arabs of this country; they are governed by their Turkish tyrants with the most cruel despotism, and really live in the most abject slavery. A private soldier exercises unlimited controul over them, and lashes them with less compunction than he would his ass or his camel. In return, they view him with horror and aversion; but such is their state of servile degradation, that multitudes are commanded by one or two men. Before I leave Egypt, I may insert a few anecdotes that have been related to me regarding the character of Mahomed Ally Pacha.

Visit to ancient Thebes.

March 8th.—Upon consulting with Mr. Anderson on the best method of visiting these miraculous remains of Egyptian antiquity, he advised us most strongly to proceed there by water; he told us, the distance was but thirty-two miles, and that a fair wind would carry us up in a very few hours. We accordingly hired a *kanjah* for the accommodation of our party, and embarked this morning at about ten o'clock. The kanjah is a remarkably comfortable boat, having a covered apartment in the stern, sufficiently spacious to contain four people at dinner, and large enough to hold two beds, for Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall. We found it however most plentifully stocked with *fleas* and *cock-roaches*, to the latter of which vermin Lady Nightingall has a most unconquerable aversion. We had hardly left Khenah before the northerly wind subsided, and we were obliged to have recourse to our oars. We certainly thought ourselves peculiarly unfortunate by water, as a fair wind for passing up the stream generally blows nine days out of ten; we continued, however, to push against our bad fortune, until sun-

set, when the Arab boatmen being fatigued with their labour, we fastened ourselves for the night near a village, and feasted upon an Egyptian dinner prepared for us by Mr. Anderson, who accompanied our party in another boat.

March 9th.—Strange to say, our *aquatic luck* still pursued us, and the weather became unusually sultry. We were all day employed rowing up the stream, and anchored at night near the residence of a Turkish commandant, who received and entertained us with the most kind hospitality. The moment he heard of our arrival in his neighbourhood, he sent down to invite the General to pay him a visit, and he accompanied his request with a most excellent dinner, which was dressed *a la Turque*, and which consisted, amongst other dishes, of quantities of game, killed by the chief and his servants. The conversation therefore turned upon field sports, upon which our host was most eloquent; his dogs were brought in to be admired, and when we hinted that these animals were unclean, and forbidden to be touched by the koran, he laughingly denied that Mahomet intended to extend this interdiction to sportsmen; he also shewed us a variety of fowling pieces, which were exceedingly bad, with the exception of one, which was of English workmanship, and

given to him by Mr. Salt—this gun he praised highly. The attention paid to Lady Nightingall was exceedingly great; she was presented with sweetmeats and sherbet, and the Turkish chief expressed his sorrow that his wives were not with him, to have the pleasure of being presented to her. He said he was merely on a hunting excursion, and that his family were at Sued. He advised us to be very careful during the night, as this part of the river was literally the *head quarters of the alligators*, which, by-the-by, we heard in great numbers, hissing and floundering in the stream.

March 10*th*.—At day-light this morning we continued our course up the river, and at about nine o'clock discovered the colossal ruins of Thebes, towering far above the trees and vegetation on both banks of the Nile.

To describe these stupendous monuments of human labour, or to convey any idea of such wonderful remains of antiquity is far beyond the powers of my pen, or indeed, the pen of any man living. The pencil of the artist, or the model of the sculptor, are alone capable of conveying a correct notion of these colossal ruins. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a very brief account of the Egyptian wonders.

Thebes would appear to have been divided in-

to two parts by the Nile, which here exhibits a most beautiful appearance. The inhabitants of the country designate the ruins upon the Eastern side, *Carnac* and *Luxore;* those upon the Western side, *Goornah;* all the catacombs are upon the Western side, on the face of a mountain which runs parallel to the river in this part, and would appear to have been the Western boundary of ancient Thebes.—We landed on the Eastern side at *Luxore,* on the ruins of an ancient pier, which projected into the river, and on which were several stone images in imperfect preservation. They were all of the same character—females with lion's heads, seated with their hands extended on their thighs, and their left hand grasping the key of the Nile. From thence we proceeded to the remains of an ancient temple, which is half smothered beneath its own ruins; and the more modern habitations of the Arabs. This temple, which the people of the country call Luxore, appears to have covered a very considerable space, and is now divided into three distinct parts, which were formerly connected with each other. The centre part is the most decayed; an enormous capital of which fronts the river, supported by pillars of prodigious magnitude; the ornaments of which have been totally destroyed. The two other parts of

the temple are better preserved; and in some places, the hieroglyphics are nearly as perfect as the day they were formed. The sides of this building have no reference to the cardinal points of the compass. The face, in which appeared to be the principal entrance, looked to the North-East. Here we were, indeed, bewildered with astonishment when we beheld two lovely obelisks in the most perfect state of preservation, composed of solid pieces of granite, forty-six feet above the surface of the earth, and thirty-six feet buried to the pedestal: the beauty of these pillars could hardly be surpassed. The figures and hieroglyphics upon them are as fresh and as perfect as the day they were finished. Some of the animals are most exquisitely formed. The owl is every where predominant; but the figure of the bull Apis excited our greatest admiration; it was, indeed, most beautifully finished. Immediately behind these obelisks, there are two granite figures of enormous magnitude, with their head and shoulders *only* above the surface of the earth. These were much injured; and amongst the Arab huts in the centre of the building, there is part of a third colossal figure, which has been removed from its situation between the other two. Before I saw these prodigious blocks of granite, I was astonished at the enormous

masses of stone, which extended from pillar to pillar of the temple, each of which would appear to defy the mechanical powers of the present day; but when I saw these further specimens of ancient labour, I was indeed, incapable of any more speculations. The granite monuments in question must have been brought from the cataracts.—There is no stone of that description nearer to Thebes—they must, therefore, have been floated down the Nile, a distance of about sixty leagues; and a French sculptor, whom we found at *Luxore*, told us, that if they were slung between two first rates, they would with difficulty be able to float them. I shall, therefore, leave my reader to form his own conjectures, upon the mechanical powers that were employed to bring these obelisks to their present situation, and raise them perpendicularly upon their pedestals, 82 French feet.

The North angle of this building is in the best repair. I ascended to the top of it by a stone staircase in the body of the wall, and read the names of many of my countrymen; amongst others, that of "J. L. Corry, R. N. and J. Gordon, 1804."

From this situation, I enjoyed a remarkably fine prospect of the ruins of Carnac, together with the catacombs on the western side of the Nile,

and the ruins of other temples, which appeared to correspond to those of Luxore and Carnac.

Ruins of Carnac.

In the evening we visited these remains, which with the exception of the obelisks, are much more stupendous and magnificent than those of Luxore. They cover an infinitely larger space of ground, and are precisely of the same style of architecture. There is a most superb gate facing the South-West, upon which the hieroglyphics, and even the colours are wonderfully preserved. To this gate there is an avenue of colossal sphinxes, of the same stone with the temples, which would appear to have reached to the temple of Luxore, although three-quarters of a mile distant. In many parts, the pillars that support these enormous masses of stone, have fallen down, yet the union of the building is so mechanically perfect, that it remains apparently suspended in the air. The temples are all built of a sort of free stone, which I should not have supposed so durable as it has proved; but I repeat again, that I am incapable of describing the beauty of these wonderful remains; and I shall proceed to detail my visit to the catacombs

in which, I confess, I felt a more powerful interest.

The Catacombs.

11*th*.—I this morning crossed the river to visit the catacombs on the Western bank. My guide conducted me by a very circuitous route, to the ruins of another temple,* on the shoulder of the hill, where the catacombs are situated. This temple is as much in ruins as those upon the other side, and it is precisely of the same character. The capitals of the pillars are a little more perfect, and in more modern times the christians appear to have converted the interior court into a church—here are some stone pillars of their formation, which serve as a *foil* to the Egyptian ruin.

From thence I crossed to Memnonium, another temple, about three quarters of a mile to the N.E.; but I stopped on my way to examine two colossal figures equi-distant from those temples, and facing Luxore. These figures are very much defaced. They are seated, with the key of the Nile in their right hand, and their height in this posture is about sixty feet. They were originally of one stone each; but the northern

* Medinet Habou.

one was thrown down at an early period, and its upper parts afterwards rebuilt. The one having many Greek inscriptions on the legs, is supposed to be the speaking statue of Memnon. I found the next ruin to be the palace of Memnon, as it is commonly called, but supposed by the French sçavans to be the tomb of Osmandyas, whose statue is lying in broken pieces upon the ground, hewn in granite, and much more gigantic than those I had left. For example, his second toe is precisely as long as from my heel to my hip. From thence I ascended to the catacombs immediately in the rear. They encircle the whole face of the mountain, which appears to have been the western boundary of Thebes, and it is impossible to say where they terminate. After diving and wandering among these tombs for some time, an Arab offered his services, and conducted me to one that had been recently opened. At first, I saw nothing but an excavation of the earth, about fifteen feet deep, with a small aperture at the bottom, through which I contrived to insert myself. I then found I was in a most beautiful apartment, about eight feet high, seven feet broad, and twelve feet long, branching off into others of a similar description, with the colours, figures, and hieroglyphics as vivid and as perfect as the day they were painted; but as the tombs

of the kings, which we visited in the evening, are much more marvellous, I shall reserve my descriptive powers for that more interesting theme.

In the bottom of this vault, I found a mummy which had been recently discovered. I was not contented until I had unwrapped every fold of its garments, and to my astonishment, I proved every limb and every feature to be as perfect, probably, as the day it was buried. The hair was a bright auburn, the body was that of a female, and the feet and nails were so beautifully preserved, that I have brought them along with me as specimens. In short, I think, if I had known the person alive, I should have recognized her dead. This, after the lapse of two thousand years, is a tolerable proof of their balsamic knowledge.

The Tombs of the Kings.

12*th*.—We this evening visited the tombs of the kings, so called from their surprising magnificence. They are situated several miles from the other catacombs, and the road leading to them passes through the most savage and dreary wild I ever saw. Their wonders amply compensated us for all the fatigue and annoyance

we had experienced, both on the Teignmouth and in the desert.

These tombs are in like manner hewn in the side of a rocky mountain.—The one we first visited, was discovered by Mr. Belzoni, an agent of Mr. Salt, about a year and half ago. The excavation he made in the earth, about twenty-five feet deep, discovered a passage leading as it were into the very body of the mountain, and descending at about an angle of forty-five degrees. For the better preservation of this marvellous tomb, Mr. Salt has placed a large door at the entrance, which upon being opened discovers a flight of steps descending into the very bowels of the earth.—This passage is about eighteen feet broad.—The upper surface descends at the same angle as the lower, and is about ten feet high. We were all previously furnished with candles, as day-light would be soon excluded, and thus equipped we proceeded upon our research. We had descended but a short distance, when an inequality in the passage hid the entrance from our view, and we were then reduced to torch-light. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the figures and hieroglyphics on the walls as we went down. We could have sworn, in many instances, they were starting from the wall to greet our arrival. To attempt giving any detail of these figures, would

be far beyond the limits I must assign to myself. But I may safely say there were thousands of different groups and processions all equally perfect and beautiful. Branching off from this passage, there were several small apartments, about ten feet square, which seemed to be allotted to different subjects. For example, I remember one, where the bull Apis formed the principal figure of a procession, and appeared to be the presiding deity of the group. Another, where a procession upon the Nile, was most beautifully pourtrayed, and where female figures were most numerous. The ceiling of the passage represented the firmament. We proceeded forward 120 feet at the angle of descent I have mentioned, and arrived at a most lovely suite of apartments, supported by pillars hewn out of the solid rock, and covered with hieroglyphics in the most perfect state of preservation. It was, indeed, curious to hear the exclamations of each individual, as they separately discovered subjects for wonder. No animal seemed to have been forgotten. The tenants of earth, air, and water, appeared to be surrounding us in every compartment of this wonderful tomb, and nothing was heard from our party but exclamations of astonishment and pleasure. In this suite of apartments, there was a procession of females, apparently carrying a sacrifice, and the

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turn and mould of their limbs beneath their drapery, would have been worthy of the study of any artist. The roof of this apartment was flat, with innumerable figures painted on the ceiling. Here I thought we had reached the end of the tomb, but to my astonishment I found we had yet a very considerable distance to descend. We accordingly proceeded down another flight of steps about sixty-five feet at the same angle and of the same dimensions as that we had just passed, and arrived at another suite of apartments more splendid than those we had quitted. These apartments were terminated by one much more beautiful than the rest, in which an alabaster coffin, or sarcophagus*, had been found, but no mummy. This apartment was thirty feet long, eighteen feet broad, and twenty feet high. The roof was arched in shape, and supported by pillars of the same description as those above. Here, then, we were in the very bowels of the mountain, with probably three or four hundred feet of rock and earth above us. To the left of these apartments, there was a very large room, surrounded by a sort of projecting shelf, or sideboard, intended apparently to hold the bodies of the deceased; and, in the centre, there was a pile of many thousand diminutive

* This sarcophagus is now deposited, I believe, in the British Museum.

figures of human mummies†, many of which we brought away with us. It is supposed, that in ancient times, each person who accompanied the body of the deceased, brought with him one of these small images, which he left in the tomb with the dead.

When Mr. Belzoni discovered this catacomb, he found a wooden coffin of most beautiful workmanship, in the centre of the principal apartment, which I have just described; but the coffin had been broken, and the body apparently removed. It is conjectured that Cambyses, when he overran this country, performed this mischief; but I very strongly doubt, that Cambyses ever saw the catacomb in question. The fury with which he destroyed their different idols and gods, has been regularly handed down to us; and it therefore appears extraordinary, that he should have been contented with removing the body of the deceased, and leaving these splendid monuments of art and labour uninjured. I would rather suppose the body had never been there, particularly as several of the apartments remain unfinished. In the principal apartment, where the coffin was found, the animal that occurred most frequently was a lion; but the pencil is so absolutely necessary to convey a correct

† One of these figures is now in the possession of Captain Rainier, of the Navy, at Southampton.

idea of this apartment, that I shall not proceed to farther particulars. In one of the apartments, there were some balsamed sheep, which were so thoroughly natural, that they looked as if they had just taken refuge there. How much farther the tomb proceeded, we knew not, but when it was originally discovered, a quantity of water was deposited about the sarcophagus, which upon opening a small aperture beyond it, instantly escaped down a farther passage of the mountain, and ran subterraneously God knows whither. We remained in this tomb until we were compelled to leave it, by the approach of night; but before we departed from the neighbourhood, we visited another of the same description; which having been discovered in 1804, is much injured by the admission of the air, and the *visits of the curious*.

When one speaks of these splendid monuments of human skill and labour, and states them still to remain in a state of the most perfect preservation, the reader may possibly suppose that this character is bestowed upon them, with reference to the astonishing period they are known to have existed; *but that is not the case*—they are as perfect in every respect—the colours are as vivid, and the figures are apparently as recently executed as if the artist had but just concluded his labour. Not a single mark of decay is visible upon them, not the least appearance of any injury

whatsoever; and if I did not know them to be the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, I should suppose them to have been finished within the last fortnight.

There was one apartment of the new tomb in an unfinished state, which communicated an extraordinary sensation to my mind. It appeared as if the painter had but that moment left the room, and had been just employed in etching out the figures he was proceeding to finish. The red chalk outline, the sketches more complete, and the various designs of the artist, were as perfect as the moment he had left them When, therefore, it is known that the fingers which traced these outlines have been thousands of years numbered with the dead, the sensation produced upon one's mind will be easier conceived than described.

Cambyses, the Persian conqueror, who destroyed Thebes, died upwards of 500 years before the birth of Christ: it is therefore known, that these tombs must have existed upwards of 2300 years! How much anterior to this period we do not know. In the age of Juvenal, who died A. D. 128, it is stated that few traces of them were seen:—it is therefore probable, that the ruins of Thebes of the present day, are in as high a state of preservation as in the days of Juvenal.

Having thus threaded for several hours these magnificent monuments of regal pride, we prepared, at about seven o'clock, to return to our boats. At every Arab village which we passed during our ride, we were furiously assailed by hundreds of dogs, who appeared by their beauty, strength, and ferocity, to be lineally descended from the gods of the ancient Egyptians. They flew at us with the most savage fury, but the voice of the youngest child in the village was sufficient to suppress their ire, and drive them growling and grumbling to the rear. In the morning I was so beset by these animals, that I was fain to take post upon a rising ground, and stand on the defensive, until I was relieved from my perilous situation by a little urchin of about three years old, who immediately asked me for * Buxies, and which I assure you I gave him in the gladness of my heart most liberally. When we reached the boats we found a crowd of people collected there with antiques and curiosities, raked out of the tombs, upon which they set a value, and endeavoured to dispose of them to our party: in this sort of negociation we were greatly indebted to Mr. Anderson's knowledge of Egyptian traffic, as he generally procured every thing for about one-third of the price they

* Reward.

at first demanded. Mr. Anderson was accompanied upon this excursion by a Greek friend, who appears to have imbibed no small quantity of silly superstitious prejudice; amongst other fancies, he told us that the Nile rose out of two wells in the mountains, at the distance of some thousands of miles, and that rain had nothing at all to do with the supply of its waters. Our worthy host, who had drank a few glasses of the General's old Madeira, became quite outrageous at his ignorance, and told him he was a silly fool for expressing these opinions. We found all our efforts to move the boatmen before morning fruitless; we, therefore, remained fastened to the bank until daylight, when we proceeded at a rapid rate towards Khenah, which we reached at about seven o'clock in the evening, most delighted with our excursion and its results.

Our first effort, after our return, was to procure boats for the conveyance of our party to Cairo. As the distance was very considerable, we were desirous of being as comfortable as possible during our voyage; and, in this view, Sir Miles Nightingall hired a large craft, which was recommended to him for its accommodation by Mr. Anderson; but this boat proved so exceedingly slow and unmanageable, that, upon the second day after our departure, we were compelled to make another distribution of our party, and abandon the floating mountain altogether.

March 15*th*.—The General having presented Mr. Anderson with several valuable presents, as some acknowledgment for his kindness and attention to us, we left Khenah this forenoon and proceeded on our voyage down the Nile. At about two o'clock we stopped on the western bank of the river, and visited the ruins of a magnificent temple at Dendera*. This temple is in a state of the most beautiful preservation, compared with those of Luxore and Carnac. It is nearly of the same architecture with those at Thebes, excepting the capitals of the pillars, which are ornamented with colossal heads and faces. The roof of this temple is entire, and some parts of the ceiling are exceedingly beautiful; but the vile Saracens, or early Christians, have done all in their power to destroy its beauty, which must in its time have been very remarkable. There is a curious winding staircase in the body of the building, with apartments branching from it: this passage has wonderfully escaped the devouring hand of time. There is also a large apartment in the rear of the temple, to which no light is admitted, and which I should suppose to have been appropriated to the exercise of their religious mysteries. In the south wing there is a small chamber, upon the roof of which the twelve signs of the Zodiac are as per-

* Tentyris.

fectly carved, as if they had been sculptured by an astronomer of the present day. After seeing every thing wonderful at Dendera, we proceeded down the river, and found a remarkable change in the temperature. Whilst we were at Thebes and at Khenah, the weather became so exceedingly hot as to be quite oppressive. The thermometer at noon, on the 13th, was 86°; and Mr. Anderson appeared to entertain considerable fears for the crops. It has now become delightfully cool. The thermometer, this evening, at sun-set, stands at 74°.

16*th*.—We proceeded this morning on our voyage, after making a second distribution of the boats. The bark allotted for the General's accommodation, was so large and unmanageable, as I have already said, that she was abandoned, and Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall occupied mine. I doubled up with Charlton Tucker. Thermometer, morning 70°; noon 75°; evening 70°.

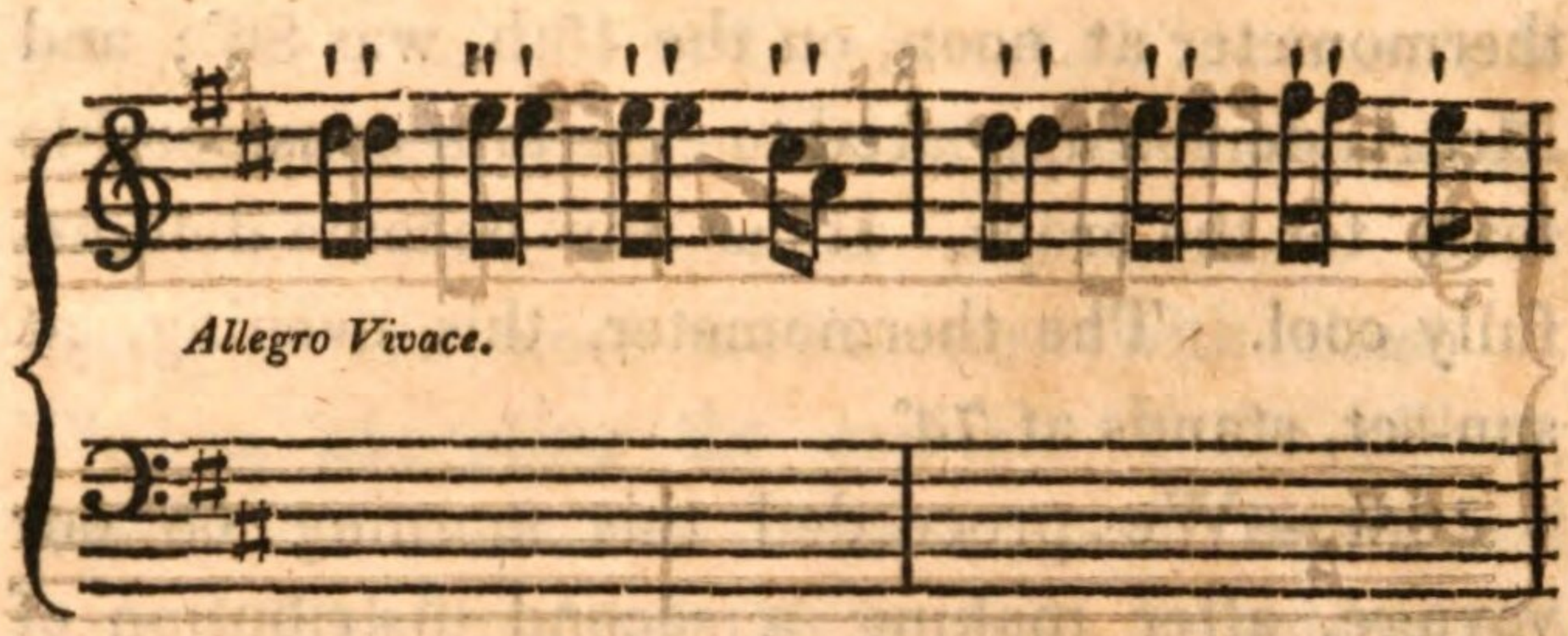
17*th*.—Proceeding on our voyage, thermometer at day-light 56°; at eight o'clock 59°; noon 72°; evening 68°.

18*th*.—Proceeding on our voyage. Thermometer in the morning at daylight 52°. At 8 o'clock, 56°. At noon 74°. At sun-set 70°.

* Tentyris.

ARAB BOAT SONGS

ON THE NILE.



Variation.

During the whole of last night, our boats were surrounded by such multitudes of alligators and crocodiles, that at times we expected them to walk in, and pay us a visit in our cabins.

19*th*.—Thermometer in the morning at day-light, 52°. Noon, 80°. Evening, 62°.

20*th*.—We arrived this morning at Sued*, which is the place of residence of Tiftedar Bey, Governor-general of Upper Egypt.—Here we obtained the alarming intelligence from an Italian surgeon to his Excellency, that the plague was raging to such a degree at Cairo and Alexandria, that it would be madness for us to proceed down the river. As this gentleman appeared, however, to deal somewhat in the marvellous, we were in great hopes, the facts were much magnified; we determined therefore to proceed to the house of an English gentleman, who lives about fourteen leagues further down the river, and there decide upon the measures

* Dicopolis.

best to be adopted—this is indeed a delightful prospect, to be detained in Upper Egypt, until the end of July.

The General called upon his Excellency, by whom he was received with the greatest kindness and civility, and was the only person presented with a pipe. Captain Tucker and myself were considered totally unworthy of this distinction. It is a point of etiquette, I fancy, that no superior ever rises to an inferior among the Turks, and this is particularly felt when a Christian is introduced to them. To avoid the unpleasant alternative, of being either uncivil or too condescending, Tiftedar Bey managed to be standing in a corner of the room when the General was first introduced to him; and it will be seen afterwards, that the great Mahomed Ally, Pacha of Egypt, who acknowledges no superior, adopted the same plan to protect his dignity, when Sir Miles Nightingall was presented. It was curious to witness the dreadful alarm that was manifested by the Italian surgeon, when he even spoke of the plague; he appeared to dread the very subject as a vehicle for contagion, and solicited us more than once, "*not to talk about the pest*," which he told us, with horrible contortions, was the most dreadful of all possible maladies.

We paid this gentleman a visit, and was introduced to his family, consisting of a wife, her

sister, and daughter. From hence the General sent off an express to Cairo and Alexandria, and we received our first lesson upon the method of communicating with those people who bring letters from an infected part of the country—we were told to stand at arm's length, receive the letter with a pair of iron tongs, and after immersing the same in vinegar, we were to smoke it for a couple of hours over burning brimstone and straw. In the evening Tiftedar Bey sent us immense quantities of refreshments of every kind, and after taking leave of our Italian *quaker*, we proceeded upon our voyage.—Thermometer at daylight 54°. Noon 72°. Evening 62°.

21*st*.—We were proceeding down the river, making but little progress against strong northerly winds. Thermometer, in the morning, 52°. Noon, 68°. Evening, 56°.

22*nd*.—We arrived this evening at Radamont, the residence of Mr. Bryne, who was unfortunately absent on business; we were however received with the greatest kindness and hospitality by Mrs. Bryne, and we proposed proceeding the following morning to see the ruins of Ashmonum, about four miles distant from Radamont.

The intelligence we received at Sued, regarding the plague, was neither contradicted or confirmed. It would appear, by Mrs. Bryne's

statement, that it is raging very fiercely at Alexandria, and that several accidents* have occurred amongst the Europeans. It was therefore impossible for the General to decide, what plan was best to be adopted, until he saw Mr. Bryne, and consulted with him personally. Mr. Bryne was about eight leagues further down the river, to whom an express was immediately sent, advising him of our arrival. Thermometer, morning 50°. Noon, 70°. Evening, 54°.

23*d*.—We proceeded at day-light to see the ruins of Ashmonum†, which hardly rewarded us for a disagreeable ride of five miles. The site of this place is very considerable; but the only remains of architecture, is one gateway, or portal, in worse preservation than any we had previously visited. In fact, there was hardly a single hieroglyphic remaining, although in days of yore, the place must have been very extensive. Mrs. Bryne was the first *thorough* Italian, I ever recollect to have seen; her manners were exceedingly pleasing, and her person remarkably good. After a day of great anxiety to please her guests, she entertained us in the evening with some Italian airs, which she sang with great taste, and accompanied herself on the guitar.

* Deaths by plague are called *accidents!!*

† Hermopolis Magna.

Mr. Bryne is employed by the Pacha in manufacturing sugar, and distilling rum. We were astonished at the extent of his works, and the apparent value of his produce. Under any other than a despotic government, he would bid fair to undersell our West Indian colonies, and supply the whole of the South of Europe with these essential commodities.—Under a Turkish government, however, industry seldom prospers, more especially under the superintendence of a christian. The prejudices entertained against him by the officers of the Turkish state, bid fair to defeat every exertion he can possibly make for the prosperity of his concern. Thermometer in the morning, 45°. Noon, 70°. Evening, 54°.

24th.—We arrived this morning at Miniat, where we found Mr. Bryne prepared to receive us. His account of the plague was far from encouraging; it was raging, he said, at Alexandria with great violence, as well as at Rosetta; but there was no positive information of its having yet reached Cairo. An express was therefore dispatched to Mr. Lee, the Consul at Alexandria, requesting him to inform the General, if a transport was still at that port, which Sir Thomas Maitland sent in the month of December, to receive Sir Miles and his suite; and as it was impossible, under existing circumstances, to proceed by land from Rosetta to Alexandria, the General

arranged, with the kind assistance of Mr. Bryne, to proceed direct to that port, without having any communication with the shore, except to change boats at Rosetta. Mr. Lee was therefore requested, if the transport was not at Alexandria, to engage some other ship to carry the General and his party over to the Continent of Europe.

The great kindness of the Turkish commandant at Miniat, enabled us to complete all these arrangements; he was by far the most superb Turk we had yet seen, and was indeed most magnificent in his attentions to the General; he insisted upon Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall proceeding down the river in his state boat; he pitched a suite of tents for their accommodation on the banks of the Nile; and, in short, he spared no exertion to manifest his attachment to the English, and his respect for the General's situation. After enjoying all the attentions he could lavish upon us during the day, we returned at night towards Radamont, there to await the issue of our inquiries at Cairo.

25th.—We certainly had most extraordinary luck by water. Southerly winds are miracles in Egypt, yet to our astonishment, it blew from the south all day, apparently because we were returning *up* the stream.

26th.—*27th.*—*28th.*—*29th.*—We were staying at Radamont until an answer should be re-

ceived from Mr. Azis (Mr. Salt's Secretary), respecting the plague, to whom a letter was sent by the General from Sued. Here we were fortunate enough to meet the Consul-General, on his return from an excursion to the second Cataracts. We therefore placed ourselves under the guidance and direction of this gentleman.

30th.—No answer having been yet received to the General's communication, he determined to proceed to Cairo yesterday evening. We accordingly left Radamont at about 9 o'clock, and arrived this morning at Miniat, where we were again received in the kindest manner by the Turkish commandant, and again entertained in the very best style of hospitality. After laying in abundance of sheep, fowls, eggs, mead, and provisions for our voyage, we proceeded this morning once more towards Cairo. Thermometer at day-light, 54°. 12 o'clock, 70°.

March 31*st.*—We were to-day considerably alarmed for Lady Nightingall, who was attacked with violent spasms in her chest, and suffered very severely for several hours. At length, however, we succeeded in allaying the pain, by administering laudanum, &c. in successive doses of 40 and 50 drops. Thermometer, morning, 50°. Noon, 70°.

April 1*st.*—Lady Nightingall was this morning considerably relieved from pain, and laughed

heartily at the apprehensions she had yesterday entertained, of being attacked by the plague. Thermometer at day-light, 50°. Noon, 72°.

April 2d.—We arrived this forenoon in the neighbourhood of Bedrashin, where we were most hospitably received and entertained by Signor Bafte, a Roman gentleman, who is employed by the Pacha in manufacturing saltpetre, which is collected in great quantities from the ruins of ancient Memphis, upon the site of which the village and manufactory are built. As there was some probability, that the plague at Cairo might interrupt our excursions to the great Pyramids of Gheeza, it was determined by the advice of Mr. Salt, that we should visit the Pyramids of Sakara, about four miles distant from Mr. Bafte's house. We were accordingly supplied with donkeys, at about 11 o'clock, and proceeded forthwith upon our excursion. We were accompanied by a Mamaluke, as an interpreter, who to my astonishment, spoke French like a native of the country. He told me that he had served Napoleon Bonaparte sixteen years, and, "if the French nation had been half as faithful to him as his Mamaluke guard, he would still have been sovereign of Europe." This Mamaluke was a christian, born at Cairo, and a remarkably handsome fellow. It was indeed impossible not to admire the enthusiastic attachment with which he

dwelt upon the character and exploits of his unfortunate chief. He told me he had been with him in all his actions;---had accompanied him to Russia;---had been wounded by his side, and had vowed such inviolable fidelity to his cause, that he would never serve any European master against him. He was at his side when he fled at Waterloo; the loss of which battle, he attributed to Ney and Grouchy. He said that at Waterloo there were only seventeen real Mamalukes remaining; the rest were Frenchmen, recruited in the corps. His conversation concluded with an extraordinary remark—"After having served such a master as Napoleon Bonaparte, for sixteen years of my life, and traversed the greatest part of Europe as a conqueror, what must be my present feelings, when I am compelled to spend the remainder of my life in such *an endroit* as this."

PYRAMIDS OF SAKARA.

We reached these stupendous monuments of regal folly, at about one o'clock in the afternoon. ---They are situated upon the very border of the desert, within about a quarter of a mile of the cultivated ground, over which the Nile flows in the months of July and August. I confess the

Pyramids failed to convey to my mind any thing like the sentiments of admiration and astonishment I expected; first, as possessing no architectural beauty whatever; and secondly, as being no longer so wonderful to the traveller, when he has examined their construction. It is true, they are prodigious masses of stone, piled to an enormous height in the air, and must certainly have employed a multitude of people to raise them; but when the traveller remembers, that each of these stones is far inferior both in weight and magnitude to those used in the Temples at Thebes; that they are heaped upon each other in receding platforms, and in a country where rain is seldom or ever known, I say, when these facts are fairly considered, it is not extraordinary that they should impress my mind with a much less interest than I felt at viewing the stupendous remains of Upper Egypt.

Upon our return to the house of Monsieur Bafte, we found a party of young ladies on a visit to that gentleman: their mother was an Egyptian by birth, and reminded me most strongly of the physiognomy I have seen boiling a pot behind a hedge in England. The daughters had been educated in Italy, and were rather pleasing:---indeed, the second I thought pretty; but their hands and feet, like the monuments of Egypt, were so colossal, that the effect of their

beauty was soon destroyed. I handed the second to table, and was somewhat disturbed at the effect of appearing to grasp about fifteen fingers. Upon examining her hand, it seemed to be swelled towards the joints, and tapered to a point in a most unnatural manner. Upon looking at the others, I found them precisely of the same character; and although a gentleman present laboured to convince me these hands were exceedingly beautiful, yet I confess he would find it difficult to engraft upon me a taste for *equilateral triangular* fingers. Monsieur Bafte gave us a most sumptuous entertainment, and we embarked at ten o'clock, to proceed upon our voyage the following morning. Thermometer 70°. noon. Night 50°.

April 3d.—We arrived this morning about nine o'clock at Boulac, where we were met by Mr. Azis, Secretary to Mr. Salt, and another gentleman resident at Cairo. They brought with them asses, mules, and horses, to convey us to the house of the *Consul-General.* These gentlemen told us, that cases of the plague occurred daily in the city, but not to any considerable extent; they stated five or six to be about the average number, and those were confined to the Turkish quarter of the town. Whether this statement was intended to dissipate Lady Nightingall's alarm or not, I cannot say, but it appeared

to me that the precautions observed by several gentlemen had a more serious cause. Mr. Valmas, an Italian gentleman, was entirely shut up with his family; and the gentlemen who waited upon Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall, appeared only to have ventured out for that particular purpose. We were, therefore, called upon to be exceedingly careful, particularly as this was the most dangerous season of the year; and upon the result of the following fortnight it would be determined whether or not, they would severely suffer from this afflicting scourge. The present season is the season of Lent, during which period the christian population preserve a rigid fast, and mix very rarely with each other; but the following Sunday, being Easter Sunday, they give loose to pleasure and festivity; and if there be any disease amongst them at that time, it is sure to spread itself most rapidly. Mrs. Lavaratori told Lady Nightingall that Sunday next would be the very crisis of their fate, and that they were looking forward to that day with the greatest anxiety.

THE PLAGUE.

As soon as this afflicting disorder commences its ravages, the European inhabitants of Cairo withdraw themselves into their respective habi-

tations, which are enclosed by high walls, and to which there is no communication except through double doors, having a court yard between them. In this court yard the provisions for the prisoners, are deposited and purified by means of smoke and water, before they are touched by the parties who are to receive them. There is a regular list of *susceptible* and *unsusceptible* articles, which it is absolutely necessary every resident should make himself acquainted with, as he must avoid touching the forbidden fruit of the plague before it is regularly purified—for example, cloths of all kinds, silks, paper, &c. &c. are capable of communicating the disorder; they must therefore pass through a smoky ordeal before they are touched by a pure subject, and every gentleman is prepared with a perfuming box to purify the letters that may be sent to him.—These letters he takes care to receive with a pair of iron pincers—having undergone this purification, they are not to be touched until they are cold. All sorts of fish, flesh and fowls, are capable of conveying the plague; they are therefore to be purified in water at least a quarter of an hour before they are touched by the parties who are to receive them. Bread, *when warm*, is also an agent, but when cold it is incapable of carrying contagion along with it. Metals and wood of every description are incapable of conveying the disorder;

but rope and money must be purified. The *capability* of the latter is attributed to the dirt which may adhere to its surface. A stranger would require some person to be constantly near him to prevent him from committing himself,—otherwise he will certainly forget the precautions that are necessary. One of Mr. Salt's servants brought me a couple of swords which I had purchased, and which he had just completed with silken belts, &c. according to the Turkish costume. As he held the swords towards me, I did not consider any precaution necessary, and was on the point of grasping them by the handle, when he snatched them away from me, saying, that although *the swords*, which he held, were not capable of communicating the plague, yet the *sword knots* were, and that they must therefore be perfumed before they were touched.

It is indeed curious to observe the perfection to which every person has arrived in plague education; if your most intimate friend pays you a visit after a separation of ten years, he never thinks of shaking you by the hand or touching any part of your garment, if the plague be abroad.—When he sits down in your house, he is careful to seat himself upon an *unsusceptible* article, and his study during the time he is with you, is to avoid touching you himself, or being touched by any part of your household. I was highly amused in Mr. Briggs's counting-house,

to observe the operation of signing a paper.—The document to be subscribed upon, is placed before the party with a pane of glass upon it *(being an unsusceptible article)*, and with this non-conductor under the subscriber's hand, he signs his name without touching the paper, except with the point of his pen. In short, these precautions are so numerous, that although they are known to be necessary, yet they are in many instances nearly ridiculous.

At Cairo, the *arrival* and *departure* of the plague is as periodical as the rise of the Nile.—It seldom makes its appearance before the first week in March, and never fails to lose its malignity by the 18th of June. It is a fact, that upon that day every Frank opens his house; and although people have been occasionally attacked after that period, yet no instance has ever been known of its proving fatal*.

The doctor's wife at Sued informed us that she caught it in a paper of spices given to her by the cook, who sickened soon after, and died. The first symptom she perceived of the disorder was on her arm, which became quite black up to the elbow, accompanied the following day by the

* This account will certainly appear somewhat marvellous; but I give it to you on the express authority of Mr. Salt, who cannot well be mistaken. I shall therefore suppose that the rise of the waters at this period must have some decided influence on the disorder.

usual swellings. *All her family then left her*, except her husband, who attended upon her during her illness, of which through God's providence, she recovered.—It is worthy of remark that she caught the disorder on the 19th of June.

The heat of the month of July will entirely check the disease at Cairo; but at Alexandria it continues until the months of August and September, and is only destroyed by the increasing cold.

If the month of April passes at Cairo, without many accidents* occurring, the season is considered favorable, and the Frank inhabitants venture occasionally to visit each other; but if fifteen or twenty deaths occur daily before the 15th of April, the plague is then considered in force, and the European inhabitants remain in the strictest quarantine. During this period, provisions are brought to them by the Arabs, and left in the court already mentioned, the outer door of which is left open; but the key of the inner door is always kept by the master, mistress, or some very confidential person of the family.

As long as the absurd tenets of the Mahomedan religion are so strictly adhered to in this country, it will be in vain to expect permanent relief from this dreadful malady. The detestable doctrine of predestination, must necessarily strike at the

* I have already said, that "*accident*" is the term used in Egypt for deaths by plague.

root of every effort to eradicate the disorder, as it is expressly contrary to the law of the koran, that any measure of precaution should be taken to guard against the will of Providence. The Pacha might long since have rooted it out of this country, if the Grand Seignior had not expressly forbidden any precautionary measures to be taken. The only means therefore that is left for a European, to escape the contagion, is to remain in the strictest quarantine, and to avoid all communication with the natives.

It is however some comfort to the Frank inhabitants, under this uncomfortable system of terror and seclusion, that the disorder is only to be taken by actual contact, that whatever the learned may say upon this subject, it is *only in the highest degree contagious*; in some instances it is so subtile, that by touching the garment of a diseased person, the disorder will be communicated. From all I could collect upon the subject of the contagion, I should suppose the parties must, in these cases, be predisposed to receive it, as there are many counter instances of servants attending their masters, and mothers nursing their children with the plague upon them, and yet not receiving the disorder. Cats and rats are capable of taking the plague, and communicating it to others; but dogs are not capable of *taking the plague*, although they are capable of *communicating it to others*. Dur-

ing the time of pest, therefore, these unfortunate animals are pursued by a host of enemies.

There appears to be little or no remedy given to the patient in Egypt---when the disorder is ascertained to be plague, they are most frequently deserted by every person, and nature is left to her own exertion. With Europeans, emetics are considered good, but if I was so unfortunate as to be attacked with the disorder, I should treat it in every way like an attack of Pucka fever in India---I would swallow calomel and laudanum in as large doses as my stomach would possibly bear them, and I would arrange these doses to be given to me by some bribed attendant, in the event of my suffering delirium.

They say the patient is first taken with a violent head ache, pains in his limbs, and considerable fever. The second day this fever increases, with delirium; and on the third day, the swellings appear under the arms, which terminate fatally if they cannot be brought to suppuration.

The prevalence of this dreadful disorder will most materially interfere with our researches at Cairo, as we are prevented from visiting the great pyramids of Gheeza, or of seeing any of the wonders of this straggling metropolis. The granaries of Joseph, and Joseph's well, are usually considered the works of the patriarch, but they are of a much later date, and far posterior to the

age of Potiphar. They must have been executed during the reign of the Caliphs, as they bear evident marks of Mahomedan workmanship. The aqueduct, which brings water to the castle, would be worthy of admiration, if, as M. Denon says, it was not built of incongruous materials from different ages. The port of Boulac, where we landed, may now be considered a part of Cairo, as the buildings appear to be so connected, that it would be difficult for a stranger to discover any separation. Upon the road to the house of the *Consul General*, we saw several martello towers, and works that had been erected by the French during the time they were in possession of Egypt.

The *Consul's* house would answer capitally well for the representation of a scene from the Mysteries of Udolpho, or any other romantic story. The rooms communicate with each other in so extraordinary a way, that what with corridors, galleries, and passages, it is almost impossible, without a guide, to traverse this labyrinth. In fact, it is just the sort of mansion for some unhappy heroine to pine away her life in solitude and affliction. To add to this chef d'œuvre of novel propriety, there is a secret apartment very curiously contrived, which would escape the observation of any person not aware of its situation. On the west face of the house there are two very large apartments placed over each other, the

lower one very lofty, but about twelve feet shorter than the upper one. This space of twelve feet occupies another apartment, only half the height of the hall, whilst the upper room extends over both these apartments. It will therefore be obvious, that from the ceiling of the inner room *below*, to the floor of the room *above*, there must be another apartment of the same dimensions, which is the secret apartment in question, and must have been intended as a place of concealment or refuge from the persecutions of a despotic government.

The only means of obtaining access to this apartment is through a recess in the corner of the room, which, to render it truly romantic, Mr. Salt has covered with a map---upon raising this map, you observe the recess, but you can see nothing farther, except you understand the secret of removing a sliding door which communicates with the apartment below, and to render this recess the less remarkable, there are several others of precisely the same construction and appearance in other parts of the room.

We were much pleased with Mr. Salt's garden, which he spoke of as a second Vauxhall, when he embellished it last year for a fête champetre upon the Regent's birth-day.

4th April.—We this day visited his Highness *Mahomed Ally, Pacha of Egypt*, who was gra-

cious enough to appoint the General a meeting in one of his palaces adjoining.

There were some scruples upon the mind of the *Consul General*, whether he should not stipulate with him, what condescensions were to be shewn to Sir Miles, but upon weighing this matter more fully, it was determined to leave it to the Pacha's own discretion; we were therefore much gratified to find that his Highness advanced to the middle of the room to receive the General, and thereby paid him a higher compliment than he had ever shewn to Christian, Turk, Jew or Gentile, since he had been placed at the head of the Egyptian government. One of the leading marks of royalty, is not to present a pipe to a visitor, *but to smoke it in his presence.* When the Pacha on this occasion saw his servant bringing him his usual pipe, he ordered it immediately out of the room, thereby acknowledging the General to be his equal.

The Pacha is a thin dark man, with a very expressive and intelligent countenance; in his dress he was only distinguished by a prodigiously large diamond ring on his little finger, and a most beautiful sparkling dagger in his girdle. In conversation he was very animated; the subject turned principally on war, and he was much gratified when Sir Miles told him that the fame of his exploits had reached India, and that the English government there, had obtained informa-

tion of his having conquered, and overpowered the Wahabees. When he detailed some of the stratagems that had been practised by his son, Ibrahim Pacha, who commands the army employed against the Wahabees, he became quite theatrical in his gestures, and he told the General, that when the conquest was complete he intended to restore the whole country to the Imam of Senna, from whom it had been taken by the Wahabees, on condition that he should pay a *small tribute* of coffee to the Grand Signior. This tribute will possibly amount to *seven eighths* of his revenue.---The measure is quite of a piece with his Highness's *refined policy*.

The General expressed himself very much gratified with the attention he had received from the different Turkish authorities in passing through the country; particularly from the commandant of Kossier. His Highness told him in reply, that it was the duty of friends and allies to succour each other, and that Mahomed Effendi at Kossier, was quite a gentleman and a man of the world.

He was also much pleased when the General noticed the splendid work upon which he is at present employed---the navigable canal to Alexandria. We told him that three hundred thousand men were said to have been employed upon the pyramids, but that he had employed three

hundred and thirty-seven thousand; thereby beating the Egyptian kings, both in numbers and utility. After partaking of coffee, and without any effort, sustaining an hour's conversation with his Highness, we arose and took our leave.

Lady Nightingall was visited by Mrs. Lavaratori, a very pleasing Italian, whose interesting situation did credit to the air of Egypt. Mr. Valmas and the different consuls called upon the General; but the former appeared to suffer so much from apprehension of the plague, that he spoke of little else during his stay.

April 5th.—We embarked this morning at sun-rise, to proceed down the river, and on our way to the boat were pestered by crowds of beggars, whose importunities were almost insolent. We managed however with great difficulty to avoid contact with them, which during the season of plague is very dangerous; and as the consul of Rosetta had been written to on the 3d of March, to have a boat both in readiness and in quarantine, for our reception, we were in great hopes we should find all these arrangements completed, and go at once from thence to Alexandria, without having any communication whatever with the shore.

6*th.*—In passing down the Nile towards Rosetta, the appearance of the country very much improves; the towns become more numerous,

the houses are better built, and the population is much more considerable. I looked in vain however for the flowery meads of Savary, or the more moderate descriptions of Denon. The Pyramids from hence appear certainly most wonderful---although receding from them the whole day, yet at night their enormous magnitude was not very sensibly diminished---I think I understood and acknowledged their colossal proportions better at the distance of a few miles, than if I had been close to them.

April 7th.—We this evening passed the head of the navigable canal, upon which the Pacha has been employed only seven weeks, and which promises in another fortnight to open a communication by water with Alexandria. It is impossible to calculate upon the enormous advantages that will accrue to his Highness's government, by the completion of this splendid work. I have already noticed that he is the sole proprietor of the soil, and monopolizes the whole produce of the country. This produce is principally grain, which is supplied to the markets of the Mediterranean, and upon which the island of Malta principally depends. During the last year they suffered very seriously indeed, from failure of the usual supply. This failure was entirely occasioned by the want of water-carriage, as during the winter months it is not uncommon for the Bar at Rosetta to be shut up

for weeks together, and even at the present season, boats cannot pass more frequently than once in three days. This canal will therefore render the export of grain independent of any such contingency. The river boats will carry the produce to the doors of the magazines in Alexandria, from whence it will be shipped to the different ports of the Mediterranean.

The ancient canal to Alexandria joined the Nile at *Rahmanie*, but the present canal has been opened considerably lower down, at *Elaft*, in the neighbourhood of *Fooah;* which not only shortens the distance, but offers more substantial ground to work upon.

To-day we were exceedingly alarmed by an indisposition with which my servant was attacked, and which certainly made its appearance with every symptom of plague,---violent head-ache, pains in the limbs and under his arms, with very considerable accession of fever. We had so recently left Cairo, that the misfortune appeared extremely possible, and we suffered in consequence great anxiety, until my liberal prescriptions of calomel and julap, succeeded in producing a very visible change for the better. After the danger was all over, our friend Charlton Tucker told us that he had employed Joseph to get some clothes washed for him in the Bazar of Cairo, and that upon the first appearance of the symptoms he had given us all up for lost.---I was

exceedingly happy that he kept his own council, as I verily believe a knowledge of this circumstance would have half given us the malady.

April 8th.—We arrived last night at Rosetta, and anchored until day-light on the opposite side of the river. It was then determined that Charlton Tucker and myself should go down in our boat to reconnoitre the premises, and ascertain if the vessel was prepared for our reception. We accordingly floated down the stream, and passed an immense population on the western bank of the river, who had very little the appearance of plague, or any kind of disease amongst them. Upon approaching the shore at the lower part of the town, we saw an European waiting our arrival, who pointed out a large boat anchored in the middle of the stream, which he told us was the one in quarantine for the General. As I was desirous of seeing the consul, Mr. Lindsay, I landed on the quay, and being careful to avoid touching any thing but the ground upon which I walked, I repaired to the consul's house. Upon arriving there, I found it barred and barricadoed like a besieged castle;—after thundering at the gate for half an hour, I was at length hailed from the upper story, and told that Mr. Lindsay would make his appearance immediately. I remained five minutes longer, when a French gentleman came down from the back of the house, who said that the boat's

masts and sails had been thoroughly washed, that the crew and their clothes had undergone similar ablution, and that the whole had been in quarantine twenty-four hours, with a guard on board, to prevent them from having any communication with the shore.

This gentleman advised us to proceed with all possible expedition across the bar, as the wind was then fair, and we might get through the Boghaz* without difficulty; but that if the wind changed to the north-west, we might possibly remain ten days at the back of the surf, without being able to pass into the Mediterranean. As I had therefore obtained all the information I required, I set out upon my return to the boat; but I was soon overtaken by Mr. Lindsay, who came hooting and hallooing after me, looking for all the world as if he had just escaped from Bedlam: his ejaculations were more like insanity than any thing I had heard for some time. He was armed with a pair of long iron pincers (the first I had ever seen); he was without his hat, and he was throwing sticks and stones in every direction, to keep off the jack-asses and Pariah dogs. When he spoke to me, he could hardly articulate for fright, and it was some time before I could understand from him, that the plague was raging with great force at Rosetta; that it would be madness to have any communication

* Boghaz is the bar of the Nile.

with the shore, and that thirty-two people had died the day before of this malady. As I saw the poor fellow suffering so much from his fears, at having ventured from his quarantine, I speedily relieved him, and proceeded to the boat, where I met Sir Miles Nightingall,---we then proceeded together down the stream, until within a mile of the bar, where we embarked upon the sea-boat or djerm, at the earnest request of the captain, who told us the wind continued favourable for passing the Boghaz. We had hardly separated from the river boat five minutes, however, when the wind changed directly against us, and we were compelled to anchor at the mouth of the bar, in the hope of a favourable wind the following morning.

We were now to take leave of a most excellent and respectable Turkish soldier, who had accompanied us from the commencement of our journey at Kossier—who had been our *compagnon de voyage* for nearly six weeks, and who had recommended himself to every one of the party, by his great good humour, and very respectful attention to our wishes. As we were all of us ignorant of the language when we first landed, we had been in the habit of calling him *assay'dée*, supposing it to be a common mode of salutation; but upon our arrival at Cairo, we discovered, to our astonishment, that we had dignified him with a most magnificent appellation, neither

more or less than my lord! at which, when we found out our mistake, he laughed heartily; but as we had adopted that title towards him for upwards of six weeks, we determined not to drop it for the remaining few days he would be with us. —We therefore continued to style him My Lord!!

Upon taking his departure, the General gave him the strongest letter he could write to his master at Kossier, together with a present of money that would clothe and feed him for the next twelvemonth, and would amply repay him for all his exertions.

The djerm, although an exceedingly safe boat, was very uncomfortable. There was no deck, consequently no *cabin*; and the cold air from the sea, promised to be very disagreeable to her ladyship, who had been so recently indisposed. We, however, commenced *cooking operations* immediately, in which every person joined, and at five o'clock in the evening, we produced a most savoury stew, which was eat with no small relish. We then constructed a sort of marine tent, to defend Lady N. and the General from the Egyptian dew, and having fortified ourselves liberally with hot brandy and water, we took the field against myriads of fleas, with which the boat swarmed, and amongst whom, during the night, I did great execution. It was in vain, however, attempting to sleep. They kept me constantly on the alert,

and I was compelled to stand to my arms until day-light, when I was gratified to find a favourable breeze blowing for passing the bar, at which time we accordingly stood out to sea.

I think I should give a paragraph to immortalize our fame, as cooks of the very first respectability. During our passage across the desert, Charlton Tucker took charge of this *department*, and I superintended the *camp equipage*. I shall assure you, that few traveellers ever eat better stews, curries, mutton chops, and grilled fowls, than the General and his suite in the Deserts of Egypt; and, as during our progress down the Nile, myself and my servant became the principal kitchen managers, I have some intention of improving upon Mrs. Glass, and giving the world a few of our valuable discoveries in the manufacture of puddings.—*Nota bene*—Always tie a pudding loose! I am reluctantly compelled, in common honesty and justice, to say that we obtained this hint from the General, as in the first instance, we tied the puddings *so tight*, that we produced something of the size and consistency of an eighteen-pound cannon ball.

April 8th.—We had no sooner passed the bar this morning, than the Captain presented his cap for *Buxies*, which is certainly a most intolerable imposition in Egypt, and appears to be

unpardonably countenanced by Europeans—possibly by Englishmen only, as foreigners would hardly afford the sums of money we found it necessary to lavish. The very beggars in the streets are so insolent in their importunities, that it is with the greatest difficulty you can get rid of them, and if you ever make a bargain in Egypt, you must calculate upon one-third of the sum for buxies.

The day was delightful. At one o'clock, we passed Aboukir Bay and Island, which are so correctly described by Sir Robert Wilson, that we distinguished the very sand hills where our gallant troops, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, first charged the enemy, and drove them from their apparently invulnerable position. At three o'clock, we distinguished the colours of the different consuls, which, to our sorrow, we saw half-mast high, with the exception of the English and Prussian flags. We therefore concluded, that half the town was depopulated with plague, but upon landing, we heard to our astonishment, that it was *Good Friday*, and that these flags were struck in compliment to our Saviour!!!!!!!! I confess that I was shocked to see so infamous an application of worldly ceremony. Mourning for Christ in the same degree that we would mourn for each other, is indeed, too preposterous for comment. At four o'clock

we landed at Alexandria, were met upon the beach by Mr. Briggs, and conducted to the consul's house, where we were most hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Lee.

Having thus arrived safely at Alexandria, I must now think of bringing my second letter to a conclusion—we are almost entirely confined to the house by the plague, which has unhappily commenced its ravages amongst the Franks, many of whom have been attacked and carried off. The kindness and attention of Mr. and Mrs. Lee are beyond praise. Their house affords comforts and conveniences, that we have not been accustomed to for many months, and in spite of the pest and its attendant horrors, our sojourn at Alexandria promises to pass away very pleasantly.

Mr. Briggs had written long letters, both to the General and myself, describing the exact state of the country, with regard to this *popular* malady, and assuring us that, with due care, we might pass to Alexandria, without incurring the smallest risk of contagion. He stated that the plague was considerably less at this place, than either at Cairo or Rosetta, but the Europeans had taken more than usual alarm, in consequence of the disorder having got early amongst them; but that, in fact, the malady appeared

to have a much less malignant character than usual, as one European lady in particular, who had caught it from her slave, was doing exceedingly well, and almost pronounced out of danger. We are however most earnestly enjoined by Mrs. Lee to have no out-door communication, and if we are compelled by business to go into the street, she implores us to be careful, not to touch any of the Arabs.

It is not to be wondered that Mrs. Lee should experience such horror of this vile disorder; she has lived in a *plagued* country seventeen years, and during the greatest part of that time she has been suffering a state of constant apprehension, lest herself, her husband, or her children, should fall victims to it; the instances she relates of its subtilty are indeed surprising; and if true, would, in my opinion, render escape impossible. During the months of March, April, May, and June, the plague is considered in greatest force; after that time the attacks diminish, and by the end of September, the European inhabitants liberate themselves from quarantine. Notwithstanding the plague, however, we have ventured to visit Cleopatra's needles on the east face of the town, and Pompey's pillar upon a rising ground beyond the south face of the present walls of Alexandria. Cleopatra's needles are in every

respect of the same character with the obelisks at Thebes, but they are very much inferior, both in beauty and magnitude; one of the obelisks, the most western, is lying upon the ground, and is the same that the British forces, navy and army, were about conveying to England in the year 1801. Mr. Briggs told me that an old friend of mine, now Admiral Donnelley, had been exceedingly active upon the occasion, but that some unforeseen difficulties had occurred to prevent the accomplishment of the object, and the amount of the subscriptions had been accordingly returned.

Mr. Briggs told us that he had been present at the ceremony of removing the granite slab upon which this obelisk stood, and of placing beneath it a slab of marble, on which inscriptions in Latin, English, and French, had commemorated the achievements of our forces by sea and land. With this slab there were thrown in several British coins, and the pedestal was replaced.

The Corinthian pillar usually styled Pompey's pillar, is certainly the most beautiful piece of workmanship I ever beheld. Its proportions are so exceedingly correct, that its enormous magnitude is only discovered when you arrive at its base. The shaft of the pillar is one solid piece

of black polished granite, ninety feet high, supported by a pedestal, and crowned by a Corinthian capital of inferior granite. Nothing can exceed the exquisite polish of the shaft, which has stood the brunt of time for so many succeeding ages; but the capital is so very inferior, in my opinion, that one might almost hazard a doubt whether they were erected at the same period.

The learned have discovered a Greek inscription upon the western face of the pedestal, by which it appears, I understand, to have been dedicated to Dioclesian. I looked in vain for this inscription, which is rendered still more obscure by the daubings of ignorant Englishmen, who have been plastering their names in every direction upon the shaft and the pedestal.

Mrs. Lee gave us a very interesting account of the exploits of a young lady who had climbed to the summit of this famous pillar, and had dated several letters to her friends in England from thence. She was a Miss T——, and had accompanied her brother to Egypt, upon a tour of pleasure. The only means of climbing this pillar, is by flying a kite, and getting a small rope over the summit, which drags larger ones in succession, until at length a rope ladder is fixed there, upon which the party clambers to the top. Miss T—— was accompanied upon

her classical excursion by about eighteen gentlemen, who sat with her at the same time on the summit; one letter which she wrote to the consul at Cairo, and dated in this manner, from "the top of Pompey's Pillar," was very aptly replied to, and dated by Mr. Salt, from "the bottom of Joseph's Well." Mrs. Lee gave us a very interesting account of her progress. The ladder on which she climbed, was fastened to a cannon at the bottom, and about three feet wide; notwithstanding, however, that the ropes were drawn as tight as possible, and that cross-guys communicated with the shaft of the pillar, yet Mrs. Lee says, the ladder swung about in a most frightful way, and they were greatly alarmed for her safety. She succeeded, however, in reaching the top, with great ease, and it was upon her return that the interest was so much increased. The reader will be aware that the capital of the pillar projects very much from the shaft, and that the first step was obtained with great difficulty. Miss T—— essayed several times, first with the one leg, and then with the other, to reach this step, and she every time failed, until at length with a sort of desperate effort she lowered herself as far as she possibly could, and gained footing upon the ladder.—She may now boast of having achieved more than any of her sex before her.

There is no part of the present town of Alexandria within the limits of the ancient city. In ancient maps Pompey's Pillar is represented towards the north-west angle of the old town, and it is at the present moment some hundred yards beyond the southern face of Alexandria. We also visited the canal, which the Pacha has nearly finished, and which indeed deserves all the encomiums bestowed upon it by his English admirers, *Mr. Salt, Messrs. Briggs and Co.* &c. &c.: it passes about 300 yards from Pompey's Pillar, and when overcharged with the waters of the Nile, will empty the superfluous quantity a short distance from the sea, to the eastward of the town. At present the level of the water in the bed of the canal, is considerably below the level of the Lake Mareotis, which here spreads its waters to the southward and eastward, as far as the eye can reach. The effect of the inundation, described by Sir Robert Wilson, must have been indeed surprising, and not a little vexatious to Menou's army, who were by this means hemmed completely within the walls of Alexandria. On the banks of the canal we saw several remains of Roman statues, which had been dug out of the ground by the workmen; some were exceedingly well executed,—the bust of a Roman soldier in his toga, and a leg in sandals were much admired.

Pharos, one of the celebrated wonders of the world, is no longer "an island, seven furlongs from the continent," but joined to it by an Isthmus, upon which the present town of Alexandria is built. I believe Herodotus says, that it was a good night's voyage from the island of Pharos to the continent, and if his statement be correct, I can only say in reply, that either his bark was a very slow sailer, or the coast must have encroached prodigiously upon the Mediterranean.—At present there is only a Saracen tower upon the site of the famous Beacon built by Sostratus, in the reign of Ptolemy Soter and Philadelphus, which could be seen at the distance of 100 miles at sea. Pompey's Pillar is the object first seen by mariners of the present day, when approaching Alexandria, and the eastern and western harbours are formed by the Isthmus already mentioned, which was constructed by Dexiphanes 284 years before the birth of Christ.

Until the invasion of Egypt by the French, in 1799, no ship belonging to a christian or infidel, had ever been permitted to enter the western harbour of Alexandria. There was an old prophecy believed at that time, that if ever a ship, *not* belonging to one of the faithful, was permitted to enter the western port, the whole of Egypt would be conquered. After the French

were driven out of Egypt, and the country was evacuated by the British forces, the right of entering the western port was most valiantly disputed by our government, and passively conceded ever since.—The western harbour is thoroughly sheltered from every wind, and is capable of containing six hundred sail of shipping.

I embarked this morning to report upon the accommodation of the Pallade, prepared for the General and his suite to Malta. I was gratified at the space she displayed, and upon my return, promised Lady Nightingall a very pleasant passage down the Mediterranean.

Until the government of Egypt was united in the person of Mahomed Ally, the city of Alexandria was under the dominion of an officer, expressly appointed by the Porte, to which authority he was accountable *direct*, and not in any way subject to the orders of the Egyptian viceroy. The very superior talents and ambition of the present Pacha, has however acquired this very splendid addition to his command, which is always exercised by one of his nearest connexions. The revenues of Alexandria under an European government, would certainly be immense, but as the Pacha is himself the very greatest merchant in his own dominions, and endeavours to monopolize every source of wealth,

he becomes, in my opinion, too much identified in the commerce of the country, and verifies the vulgar proverb, of robbing "Peter to pay Paul." For example, he cannot levy an export duty upon his own corn, without diminishing the price at the same ratio, nor will the merchant dispose of his cargo to the Pacha, without taking the import duty into account. It may be argued, that this principle will apply equally to the commerce of every country; but this fact I am disposed to deny.

For example, if any merchant in England had the power of altering the duties of export, they would obviously be regulated by his own stock, and have little or no reference to the stock of others—the state might therefore gain upon one transaction, and lose upon fifty; but these speculations are foreign to the object of this journal, and I shall therefore leave the subject to others more capable of discussing it.

Merchants find it almost impossible to thrive in Egypt. The Pacha fixes a price upon every article it produces, and, as I have said before, is himself the *principal* merchant—his object is therefore to strike at the root of competition, which he does most effectually in various ways. The theory of an Egyptian capital is somewhat curious. When a merchant of the country first commences business, he runs in debt to as large

an amount as he can possibly incur—that is to say, he purchases from the Pacha corn or other produce of the country, to the amount of fifty or a hundred thousand Spanish dollars. This produce he immediately disposes of for ready money, and with the proceeds he commences business—his sole object is now to defer payment to the Pacha as long as he possibly can; he pleads misfortune, poverty, and other causes, to obtain delay, and the Pacha is fearful of proceeding too rigidly, lest the merchant should become bankrupt, and he should lose the whole amount—he is therefore obliged to temporize, and probably with great difficulty he gets one-fourth of the debt in six months, in which case the merchant seldom fails to increase the sum, by the further purchase of produce to twice the amount paid. For example, the merchant purchases from the Pacha corn to the amount of 50,000 Spanish dollars—with great difficulty he obtains half that sum in six months, upon the credit of which he makes a further purchase to the same amount, thereby increasing his debt from fifty to seventy-five thousand.

I shall now conclude this long epistle, my dear Colonel, and send it for transmission to Cairo. You may depend upon hearing from me during my journey through Europe, but as the overland communication will be soon cut off, my

letters will not reach you for many months. Meantime,

I remain,

Your faithful and obliged friend,

J. HANSON.

Lieut. Col. Blacker, C. B.
Qr. Mas. Gen. of the Madras Army.

Palace, Malta, June 2, 1819.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

My last letter to you was dated on the 10th of April, at Alexandria, and on the following Sunday, the 18th, we embarked upon the * *Pallade* for this island, under a salute of *all the guns in the ship, fired three or four times over.* At 8 o'clock we got under way, with a fine breeze from the eastward, and at half-past 8 we took leave of Mr. Briggs and Mr. Lee, who had accompanied the General on board: at 9 o'clock we were clear of the harbour, and at half-past 11 we saw no part of Alexandria, except Fort Cretin and Pompey's Pillar.

Tuesday 20th.—The north-east wind failed us, and was succeeded by light breezes from the westward. Thermometer at noon 70°.

22d.—Saw the snowy summits of the Candian mountains, towering most majestically above the clouds, and exhibiting a most grand appearance. Thermometer at noon 68°.

* A Venetian ship under English colours.

23d.—Light breezes from the westward. To-morrow being the change of the moon, we were looking anxiously for an easterly wind. Thermometer 68°.

24th.—Pleasant breezes from the eastward, which promised continuance. Thermometer 70°.

25th.—Fine favorable winds: proceeding rapidly to Malta—at 12 o'clock the West Cape of Candia bearing north. Thermometer 68°.

26th.—I was thoroughly tired of calculating upon good fortune, and quite fatigued with bad luck. The wind blew this day as fine a gale from the eastward as could blow out of the heavens. It gradually increased to a storm, and then fell dead calm, with a sea running mountains high: here we were therefore, *tossing and tumbling* about, more unpleasantly even than in the Red Sea.

May 4th.—We arrived this morning in the quarantine harbour of Malta, having made what is thought a short passage at this season of the year. Our voyage has been a remarkably pleasant one. On the first of the month we were favored with a second edition of an easterly wind, which gradually increased from a light breeze, until at length it blew a very hard gale, with a wild tumultuous sea running mountains high: a southerly current carried us to leeward of our port, and it was not until this morning that we reached the harbour. We unfortunately

brought in a sick seaman, whom I had been doctoring since we left Alexandria, and so apprehensive were they of the plague, that his illness was sufficient to detain us at the entrance of the port, until he had been minutely examined by one of the faculty, who visited the ship a short time after our arrival. His illness was satisfactorily proved to be a putrid fever, and we were permitted to proceed into the middle of the harbour. I received, soon after we anchored, a letter from Sir Richard Plasket, who is chief Secretary to the government of Malta, and whom I had formerly known on Ceylon. He advised me of apartments being prepared for the accommodation of the General in Fort Manuel, as being infinitely preferable to the Lazzaretto, and promised them to be quite ready for the reception of Sir Miles the following morning. The General also wrote to Gen. Layard, Lieut.-governor, who has assured us of every possible indulgence during our stay *in durance vile*. At 4 o'clock we landed at the barrier, and met General Layard and Sir Richard Plasket, by appointment.

We then found that the extreme vigilance exercised at present, was, in consequence of the plague having been introduced about sixteen days ago in a ship which had arrived from Tunis, and which they happily got under in the Lazzaretto, without permitting it to escape into the

town. Dr. Grieves told me, that of four patients, he cured two, and that his remedy was calomel and mercury, in great quantities. I should therefore have been right, if I had adopted this specific in Egypt.

The town and harbours of Malta appear to be very worthy of admiration, the former for its prodigious strength, and the latter for its wonderful tranquillity.

May 5th.—We landed this afternoon at Fort Emanuel, to occupy the quarters allotted to Sir Miles Nightingall during the period of his quarantine, and we were quite delighted with the beauty and salubrity of the situation. From the top of the house we enjoyed a very extensive prospect of the surrounding country, which, although somewhat unfruitful in its appearance, has yet exceeded our expectations. Dr. Grieves and Sir Richard Plasket having kindly arranged for our supplies at Fort Emanuel, we commenced housekeeping the following morning. The apartments are very extensive and comfortable, with (what is called in the technical language of the plague) *a parlatorio*. This is a room separated from another by a wooden bar, where General and Lady N. will receive company—our visitors sitting on one side of the bar, and ourselves upon the other.

Our mode of communication with Sir Thomas Maitland's housekeeper is by a slate, which

passes from one to the other with the names of those things written upon it, that we require--- neither slate nor wood are capable of conveying the plague---*they may therefore handle them without being smoked.*

May 6th.—This morning the General's servant came to tell me, that with the supplies which had been sent over for our table, the housekeeper had unfortunately made a mistake, and sent us over *duck eggs.* Lady Nightingall and myself accordingly went to examine the truth of the report, and were, indeed, astonished at the enormous size of the eggs in question; they were not duck eggs, but they were literally as large as turkey's eggs in India, and when we compared them with the Egyptian eggs we had brought along with us, the difference was truly remarkable.

At Malta the scene has completely and suddenly changed from Asia to Europe. In Egypt every thing is Indian; we saw nothing there that was not common to India; but here every thing is European. The meat, the butter, the vegetables, in short, every thing reminds me of my native country, and the satisfaction of having one's wants of every kind supplied in five minutes, is indeed most gratifying.

May 24th.—We were this morning liberated from confinement, and crossed the quarantine harbour to disembark at the town of La Valette.

Sir Richard Plasket, and the acting Lieutenant-governor were at the landing-place to receive the General, *who was only now acknowledged to be in existence,* by a salute of seventeen guns. From thence we proceeded in caleeshes to the palace of the Governor, which certainly deserves that royal appellation, as it combines more comfort and splendour than any *lordly* mansion I ever saw. The external form of the palace is that of a large square, which is subdivided in the interior by rectangular buildings, containing court-yards of different shapes and dimensions, the largest of which is sufficient to hold all the guards for garrison duty, under the piazzas of which they always parade during the summer months.

The whole western front of this enormous building, is occupied by a suite of splendid apartments, allotted for purposes of public entertainment, which are finished and furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence; they are ornamented with the achievements of the order in fresco, and furnished with an immense number of portraits and paintings upon different subjects, by the most eminent artists of Europe. The murder of Abel—Jephtha, sacrificing his daughter to the Lord—The death of a Martyr, and the Empress Catherine of Russia, are considered pictures of surprising beauty; but as I cannot permit myself to embrace mi-

nute descriptions of the palace, I must arrest the progress of my pen.—The southern and northern faces are occupied by suites of apartments for the accommodation of the different members of the household, and fitted up in the same superb style of comfort and splendour. Parallel to these faces are other suites of apartments, which divide the interior of the building, and multiply the accommodation prodigiously. Three long corridors are again connected with the external faces of the mansion, by apartments in which I found it difficult for some days to guide myself. One of these communications from the private apartments of Sir Thomas Maitland, passes through a room hung with tapestry, more exquisitely beautiful than any thing I could have conceived. At first I thought myself surrounded by living animals and human beings starting out of the walls, and as the subjects represented, partook more of war than of peace, I was half tempted to unsheath my rapier in self-defence. The scenes were principally in Africa; I could have dwelt for ever upon the agony of a beautiful horse, dropping beneath the fangs of a lion. The Tiger and the Wild Boar, the Elephant, the African Chief; and in short, the produce of the animal and the vegetable world were here represented with such wonderful beauty, that I could have gazed and admired them until midnight; but I must pass

to the eastern face, which contains the armoury of the knights, and in which, are at present deposited one hundred thousand stand of modern arms, together with the armour, weapons, and shields of the order, some of which are of enormous magnitude. The palace is again surmounted by a lofty turret, which contains suites of apartments, and overlooks the city, harbour, and interior of the island to a very considerable extent.

At dinner we met Lady A. and her two charming daughters, the Hon. Miss A.'s; they had accompanied Captain M——— in the Glasgow, from Corfu, and intend to proceed in that frigate to Naples. I sat next to the youngest, Miss Catharine, and was quite delighted with her; they have been on the Continent since 1815, and appear to have profited much by their tour. Lady A. is a thorough antiquarian, delighted at the sight of a ruined arch, or *moss grown* temple, and most happy when she is wandering even in imagination amongst the beautiful remains either of Greece or Rome. They all speak of Italy with enthusiasm, and picture Naples as an earthly paradise. I hope in another month to judge myself of the facts they relate. I have already mentioned that the plague has been recently conquered in the Lazzaretto of Malta; but I have not stated that the villainous jealousy obtaining against the commerce of this island on

the continent, has induced them to throw every possible obstacle in the way of our trade. The foreign consuls have magnified the affair in the most shameful manner, and a quarantine of forty days has accordingly been levied in all the European ports of the Mediterranean, upon ships from the island of Malta. This has determined Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall to proceed direct to England in the packet from hence; but as I shall probably never have so fine an opportunity of seeing this part of the world, I have determined to take my chance, and proceed to Syracuse, in the hope, that by that time, the misrepresentation may be corrected, and I may be given *pratique*, after the usual period of confinement has expired; namely a week or ten days.

We went out this evening to visit St. Anthonio, which is now the governor's garden house, and was formerly the principal country residence of the grand master. These grounds would be a delightful retreat in almost any part of the world, but in a place where scarcely a blade of uncultivated verdure regales the sight; where stone walls are necessary, to confine two or three inches of white mould within the bounds of a Maltese estate, and where a bright shining rocky landscape fatigues the eye in every direction, I say in such a situation, the luxuriant vegetation and varied beauties of St. Anthonio are rendered peculiarly gratifying. The storms of

thunder and lightning during winter must be very severe, as the tower of the dwelling-house at St. Anthonio was struck but a short time since; and the southern face of the building very considerably shook; fortunately the whole of the family were absent,—if they had been sleeping in the beds they usually occupy, they would certainly have been sacrificed to Jove. I was fortunate enough to meet with an old friend here, in the Hon. Captain F~~Leetwood~~ P~~ell-ew~~ who commands one of the frigates of the Mediterranean fleet, and is married to a most charming woman, a sister of Sir G—— W~~ebster~~ She is living with him on board, and is quite delighted with her summer residence. She dined at the palace to-day, and has quite fascinated the General, Lady Nightingall, and all our party. P—— is an excellent fellow, and has brought some of the warmth of India away with him in his heart—he has kindly promised to land me upon Sicily, if his fate should carry him at all in that direction *.

* On the expedition to Java my life was saved by this excellent young man. He then commanded the Phaeton, and I was Assistant Quarter Master General to the forces. In this capacity I was constantly employed carrying about orders from the department, to the different ships in the fleet.—Upon one of these occasions, it blew so exceedingly hard, that my two Lascars, who were rowing the boat, became exhausted with their exertions, and unable to stem the rapid tide that was flowing. We were therefore carried nearly out of sight

We were accompanied this morning round the fortifications of La Valette, by the acting Lieutenant-governor and chief engineer, and in five minutes we saw sufficient to convince us, that with resolute defenders the works of Malta are decidedly impregnable. The fortifications however are much more extensive than are required for the mere defence of the town; but the knights were so impressed with the necessity of defending the population of the island, to the greatest possible extent, that they continued the fortifications to the very extremity of the Isthmus; and by that means increased the lines so considerably, that thirty thousand men would now be required to defend them. The harbours on each side of the town are perfectly safe; the entrance to them is not more than 150 yards across, and they are defended by tiers of cannon, which no ships of war would dare to approach. The whole of these fortifications are built on the solid rock, the ditches and glacis are cut out of the same material, and in short, the whole of the works appear so perfect and so formidable, that they are certainly independant of any force, and are only to be reduced by famine. The churches appear to be nearly as numerous as the

of the fleet, and when I had almost despaired of escape, my friend Capt. Pellew (why should I hesitate to mention his name) "*saw the soldier adrift,*" and instantly sent his Gig to rescue me from my perilous situation.

bastions, and in their way are equally beautiful. We visited the great church of St. John this morning, and were astonished at its splendour; it is the first Catholic cathedral I ever saw, and I must confess my expectations were more than gratified. Mass had just been performed, and a priest was in attendance to point out its beauties. The body of the church is an oblong, branching off into different chapels, dedicated to particular saints; the tapestry, with which the body of the church is hung, is surprisingly beautiful;—the subjects represented are all scriptural, and must produce a very powerful effect upon vulgar Catholic feelings; indeed I am not now astonished at the influence of these decorations upon the minds of the multitude. The paintings are exquisitely fine; the beheading of St. John the Baptist is nature itself, and one cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the splendour of the Roman church, when one sees such surprising proofs of its wealth and magnificence. Sir R. Plasket told me there were few churches on the continent of Europe where greater splendour was displayed than in the church of St. John. It is entirely paved with sepulchral slabs of marble, porphyry, lapis lazuli, &c., which record the names and achievements of the different knights, and grand masters, who fell in battle. These are beautifully joined together, and add greatly to the magnificence of the church. The

priest who attended us, related many stories of saints and martyrs, which, as we were slow to believe, I shall not think of recording. He exhibited upon the tomb of one of the grand masters, a specimen of mosaic work, which to my judgment appeared beautifully executed. From thence we traversed the town of La Valette, containing a greater number of magnificent buildings, than are to be found in the same space in any part of Europe. The streets are all paved with lava, from Mount Etna, and, with some attention to your own comfort, you may walk in shade through the whole town at all hours of the day. The wheeled carriages in use here are very extraordinary machines, they are called *caleeshes*, the wheels of which are at one extremity, and the horse at the other, so that the whole weight of the carriage would appear to be thrown on the shoulders of the animal. At first sight you would suppose it impossible the poor brute could drag a weight so disadvantageously; but notwithstanding this apparently mechanical imperfection, they drag you without any great effort the whole length of the island, whilst the driver guides the horse *on foot*, and runs at the side of the carriage with astonishing speed. The caleeshes are exceedingly comfortable, and said to be very safe. The women of Malta are many

of them remarkably beautiful, and I think, that part of their dress, which is called a faldetta, and which covers the head like a hood, adds considerably to the effect of their sparkling black eyes, and olive brown complexion.

May 30*th*.—We this day visited the church of Civitta Vechia, which is situated about eight miles from La Valette, and where high mass was performed by the Bishop. This church is also a superb structure, and the effect of the music upon my feelings, when I first entered it, was such as I never before experienced. The heavenly voices in the choir, and the swell of the organ was beyond description beautiful. When the service commenced, however, these feelings were soon suppressed; I became speedily disgusted with the absurd parade, and contemptible folly of their service, which conveyed to my mind any thing but true devotion to a supreme Being. If a Mahometan, or Hindoo, ignorant of their form of worship, was introduced into the body of a Roman Catholic congregation, he would at once conceive the chief priest to be the God whom they adored. The kneeling, bowing, dressing, and undressing, kissing the Bishop's hands, supporting his robes, throwing incense, &c. &c. were so truly absurd, that they very soon overpowered the proper feelings of

religion, with which I was impressed when I first entered the church. Although heretics, we were placed in a very conspicuous situation, in front of the congregation, and at the conclusion of the service, we were treated with a volume of holy smoke to purge us of all our sins and iniquities. After church we attended a learned priest to his house, who entertained us with fruit and wine, and treated us with a sight of some of the most beautiful paintings I ever beheld; Christ bound to be scourged, was lovely beyond measure, and is said to be one of the most valuable paintings on the island. After church we returned to La Valette, and found the packet had arrived from Corfu, upon which the General immediately took his passage to England.

May 31*st*.—Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall embarked this afternoon for Falmouth, and sailed with a light breeze from the harbour. Although I looked forward to much pleasure during my journey across the Continent, yet I could not fail to experience a sensation of great loneliness, when I saw myself separated from those highly esteemed friends, with whom I had encountered all the dangers and disasters of the Red Sea, the fatigue of the desert, and the awful apprehension of *plague*, *pestilence*, and *sudden death*.

June 1*st*.—The wind has this day changed

against Sir Miles; but we trust the easterly breezes will soon return. Captain Pellew has received his orders to proceed to the Grecian Archipelago, and he has kindly promised to run over to Syracuse, and land me at that far-famed port. I hope the Lazzaretto, which I must inhabit during my quarantine, will be situated somewhere near the tomb of Archimedes. "Stay soldier one moment, and I shall have solved my problem."

2d, 3d, and 4th of June.—Delightful winds for the packet.

5th.—Ditto—ditto—ditto.

6th.—I was this morning awoke at day-light, and informed the Revolutionaire was leaving the harbour. "Procrastination is the thief of time"—As usual, I was not prepared, but as I had no time to lose, I literally embarked at speed, and saved my distance by about a neck—The day was delightful—the frigate sailed like the wind—we went eight knots an hour without any apparent motion, and at sun-set we were within a few miles of Syracuse.

June 7th.—I landed this forenoon about eleven o'clock in the Bay of Syracuse, and was much gratified that Sir Miles and Lady Nightingall had determined to proceed in the packet to England. Nothing can exceed the wretchedness of the qua-

rantine accommodation. I was put on shore in a place about six feet square, without any *covering*, where I was desired to remain exposed to a burning sun, until the chief of the health office should send me his orders: fortunately there was a fine sea breeze, which prevented me from suffering any great inconvenience; with my head on my portmanteau therefore, I reposed until about four o'clock, when the Baron St. Marco paid me a visit, and expressed his regret that the place afforded no better shelter than a *wooden shed*, under a bright sun reflecting wall, which had been recently filled with horned cattle, and was still swarming with the vermin they produced. The British Consul, to whom I brought letters, paid me his respects at the landing place, and endeavoured as much as possible to procure me permission to pass my quarantine in the country, with two guardians to prevent communication: but no! his efforts were unavailing, and I was compelled either to lie on the pavement with the sky for my canopy, or retreat to the wooden shed, with all its inhabitants. As it is fortunately difficult to depress my spirits with these sort of annoyances, I even made a virtue of necessity, and with my servant and my *guardian**, forthwith commenced operations upon the

* The public servant in charge of a person performing quarantine.

wooden shed, which we soon rendered in some degree habitable. I was delighted, when I entered, to find that its former tenants had been cows, and that consequently the smell was by no means disagreeable. I then sat down to a piece of burnt beef and potatoes, which the master of some inn brought to me, and having ordered a good supply of milk, eggs, bread, tea and sugar, &c., the following morning, I managed to sleep away the night very comfortably.

Ortygia is now the only part of the ancient town of Syracuse that remains standing; the harbour is exceedingly beautiful; it is sufficiently safe and commodious to shelter a large fleet, and the richest verdure and cultivation extend from the mountains to the very margin of the sea. From my prison house I can perceive the remains of shattered columns, rearing their ruined shafts above the vineyards and cornfields of this beautiful country, which I conclude to be the remains of Tycha, Acradina, and Neapolis, extending no doubt along the whole face of this harbour. The spot upon which the ear of Dionysius is situated, is concealed from my view by the *bright sun reflecting wall* behind my wooden shed. Before we arrived at Syracuse, we saw that Mount Etna had burst forth in fiery fury, and during the night of the seventh, we were employed in

watching the streams of lava descending its sides. Since I have landed, I understand the eruption is very considerable. I hope it will not be so formidable as to prevent me from seeing the sun rise on its summit.

8th.—Having deluged my wooden habitation with oceans of water, and scraped off some bushels of dirt, I began to fancy myself tolerably comfortable. The innkeeper has supplied me with tables, chairs, cups, saucers, plates, &c. &c., and as my servant is a capital cook, I do not despair of making it out pretty well, during the next twenty-one days, which is the period at present fixed for the quarantine from Malta. As an express has been sent off to Palermo about a week ago, to advise the viceroy that the plague has been entirely conquered, I hope the period will be speedily diminished, and that I may benefit thereby.

9th.—I was this day visited by three gentlemen, Mr. Glover, Mr. Monson, and Mr. Howell, who are also performing quarantine in a small brig that brought them over from Malta. They tell me that Etna is not so violent as it was a few nights ago; and they also tell me they can see the fountain of Arethusa from their ship. This fountain was believed by the ancients to communicate with the river Arethusa, which sinks un-

der ground near Olympia in Greece; and that a golden cup, won at the Olympic games, which was thrown into the Grecian Arethusa, was some time after cast up in the Sicilian one: that after the great sacrifices at Olympia, the blood of which fell into that river, the waters of this fountain became quite *red*.

June 13*th*.—I am happy to say, that orders have been received from Palermo, to limit the period of quarantine to fourteen days, and as I came in a man of war, I shall be permitted to count the period we were at sea. By this means I shall have only eleven days to perform, and be liberated from confinement on the 18th.—This is being peculiarly fortunate; if I had arrived one day earlier, I should not have been permitted to benefit by the order in question, as it is directed only, to obtain with those ships that arrived in and after the 7th instant.—The three gentlemen performing quarantine in the brig, arrived here on the 27th of last month, and have now been seventeen days in confinement; notwithstanding which, they will be obliged to complete the three weeks, and only be liberated one day before myself. How far this is just or equitable, I shall not say.

It is really an object to get speedily free from quarantine, not only as escaping from the vile

wooden shed in which I am housed, but as giving me a chance of seeing Mount Etna in its present state of furious activity. Last night I went incognito on board the brig, where the gentlemen are embarked, and I there saw this sovereign of volcanic mountains, vomiting forth fire at a prodigious rate. We cannot be less than forty miles, in a direct line from the mountain; and yet we see the discharges of red-hot stone, and the streams of burning lava running down the sides as visibly, Mr. Monson says, as Vesuvius can be seen from Naples.

June 17th.—Thank God, I am promised my liberty to-morrow; I am indeed a lucky fellow, as I have overtaken at Syracuse two of the finest young men I have seen for a long time; by whom I have been invited to join their party to Naples. Mr. Monson is, I believe, a son of the Honorable Colonel Monson, who served in India; and Mr. Howell is a young gentleman, travelling upon the Continent in search of pleasure; Mr. Glover is, I fear, in search of a greater blessing—health. I am really particularly pleased with them. Mr. Howell is one of the mildest, kindest, and most gentlemanlike young men I ever saw; and Mr. Monson is quite of his friend's cast. They all passed the evening yesterday in my wooden shed,

where their bright captain afforded us funds of entertainment. If Mr. Monson goes home from Naples, we propose proceeding together across the Continent.

18*th*.—Agreeably to the Baron St. Marco's promise, I was this morning emancipated from quarantine, having obtained pratique, according to the technical language of those detestable laws. When I arrived upon healthy ground, I was met by a servant from the Leone d'Oro Hotel, who conducted me to the gentlemen liberated yesterday from confinement. The town of Syracuse appeared much more respectable than I had figured it to my imagination in the Lazzaretto. The houses are exceedingly well built; the streets tolerably well paved, and the Hotel a princely mansion, Mr. Monson says, for a Sicilian Albergo. The landlord gave us an excellent breakfast, and prepared a boat for us to cross the harbour, and visit the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, where the Athenians fled for sanctuary.

It is said they could not cross the Anāpus, and therefore fled for protection to the temple of Jupiter Olympus: but this story, if it be true, appears strange to us at the present day, as we had great difficulty in getting even the small boat across the bar of the river, at its confluence with the sea.

Mr. Monson and Mr. Howell were desirous of procuring some of the Papyrus plant, which only grows *at Syracuse and in Egypt*; we therefore proceeded about two miles up a small branch of the Anapus, and on our return, visited the ruins of the temple. The site is upon a rising ground, with a deep ravine to the northward of it; but at this remote period, there are only two shattered columns remaining. These are of the Doric order, and have been fluted; but the rest of the temple has totally disappeared; not another vestige remains to point out the spot where it stood. After we returned from this excursion, we proceeded to the ancient temple of Minerva, situated in the center of Ortygia; but as the sagacious priests have turned this pagan monument into a Roman Catholic cathedral, we were told, we could not obtain admission *until five o'clock*, the time we had appointed for visiting Dionysius's ear, and the other remains of Neapolis. We accordingly satisfied ourselves with an external view of this building, the front of which has been modernized by the priests, and adorned with fine Corinthian pillars and capitals; but in the western face, the ancient columns remain, which have been built into the modern wall, and form the body of the cathedral. After visiting this temple we proceeded to the fountain of Arethusa,

which is situated on the margin of the sea, and near the furthest extremity of Ortygia. It is certainly a surprising stream, and I do not wonder that in ancient days it afforded such capital food for the lovers of the marvellous. The body of water is very considerable; it gushes in a limpid stream from the very center of the rock, and although it was defiled when we saw it, by the dirty clothes of fifty people washing there, yet underneath the rock we saw the water as clear as crystal.

At five o'clock in the evening we proceeded to visit the famous ear of Dionysius, in which that detestable tyrant confined the victims of his oppression. Mr. Howell and Mr. Monson had been there the evening before, and now undertook to be the guides. We passed through the town of Ortygia, and crossed the ditch, which separates it from the Continent. It is spoken of by ancient authors as an island, but it is probable the ruins of ancient Syracuse, divided into five towns, may have helped to fill up this channel, as it was a peninsula until a late king of Spain, at an incredible expence, completed the present work, and once more restored the island of Ortygia, spoken of by Virgil. The ramparts are in excellent repair, and the fortifications very respectable; but I believe there are

only six guns mounted, although there may be six hundred embrasures.

The road to the ruins we were about visiting, passed entirely over the site of ancient Neapolis. This we were only capable of discovering by the map of ancient Syracuse, which we examined before we left our lodgings. No part of Tycha Acradina, or Neapolis, are now visible. Some authors add a fifth town, Epipolæ; but this would appear to have been only a suburb. At about half a mile beyond the ditch, the remains of a Roman building were pointed out to us, said to be the Custom-house: two columns of this building only were standing; the rest was involved in the ruins of the town. At about one mile further, the ruins of an amphitheatre continue in surprising preservation. The stone seats are nearly perfect to the arena, and if the arches of the principal entrances were cleared of rubbish, these passages would be seen nearly entire. After we had wandered over this theatre for some time, we proceeded to the Latomies, in one of which, the ear of Dionysius has been excavated from the solid rock. The Latomies are singularly beautiful. They are evidently the remains of immense quarries, from whence the stones were taken, to build the cities of Syracuse; but the natural fertility of the Sicilian soil, hav-

ing long since produced the most luxuriant vegetation, they are at this moment the most beautifully shaded romantic gardens imagination can conceive. In a corner of one of these Latomies, we immediately discovered the ear of Dionysius; it indeed far surpassed my most sanguine expectations; it is formed exactly like the human ear, and passes into the body of the rock in a serpentine shape, upwards of 250 feet. The echo is prodigious; the least sound is transmitted with wonderful force, and a small cracker, which was fired by a peasant who accompanied us, sounded like the report of a twenty-four pounder. The ground plan of this prison, is precisely that of the letter S, though probably not quite so much curved. The apartment in which Dionysius was said to have concealed himself, for the purpose of discovering the secret sentiments of his prisoners, was also pointed out; but the difficulty of getting there was so considerable, that we abandoned the attempt altogether. It is about seventy feet from the surface of the ground, hewn in the side of a perpendicular rock, and can only be ascended by means of rope ladders. The apartment, however, being much nearer the upper surface of the rock, would be more accessible from thence: even thus, however, the difficulties would be so considerable,

that we did not attempt to gain access to the tyrant's Tympanum. In the interior of the ear, along the sides of the rock, there are evidently the holes in which the chains of the unhappy prisoners were fastened; but there was nothing like an inscription in any part of the cavern. Our conductor told us there were many in the chamber above; but we thought it possible he might indulge himself a little in the marvellous, when he saw we were not likely to ascend there. The different caverns or quarries, are now appropriated by rope-makers, who are industriously spinning their cordage on the very spot, probably, where many an unfortunate wretch has spun out a miserable existence.

From thence we proceeded to the ruins of a Grecian theatre, in still better preservation than the amphitheatre we had first visited. This theatre, although very extensive, is much smaller than one at Tarominum, which we intend to visit on our passage to Naples. It is difficult to imagine how the voice could be transmitted over so considerable an unconfined space. There were some Greek inscriptions near the bottom of the theatre, which my companions read, but could not understand. After wandering over every part of this theatre, we proceeded to search for the spot where the great Archimedes might

possibly have been buried, and where Cicero was said to have discovered his tomb-stone with so much joy, during his prætorship in Sicily. In this search, we certainly fancied ourselves partly successful. At the top of the rising ground, where the theatre is built, and equi-distant from Dionysius's ear, there is a sort of sunken serpentine passage through the body of the rock, which is about five yards wide, having apartments ranged on each side of it, precisely like the inferior catacombs of Egypt. Between these cemetries, there are square compartments, which would certainly appear to have contained monumental slabs, so that we thought it possible we might at that moment be treading upon the mortal remains of the great Archimedes. The setting sun now warned us to depart, and we accordingly returned to our lodging, delighted with our excursion, and gratified beyond measure, at the wonders we had visited.

June 19*th*—Having seen every thing contained in ancient Syracuse, we sailed this morning in a sparonaro to Catania. A sparonaro is a sort of half decked boat, which plies on the coast of Sicily, and passes constantly between Malta and the southern ports of this island. They are remarkably safe, and when properly managed, are capable of sustaining very bad

weather; we had hoped to arrive at Catania in the evening, but we had hardly got clear of Syracuse when the wind changed directly against us, and we were compelled to buffet about upon the coast until one o'clock in the day, at which time the wind had increased so considerably, that our captain was compelled to take shelter in the *Capo Della Maria de St. Croce*,—which we christened *Luncheon Bay*. From Luncheon Bay we took our departure a second time, about two o'clock; but the wind still continuing violent, we were obliged again to return, and take shelter until five o'clock in the evening, at which hour we started a third time to try our fortune, against a contrary wind, and after beating about the coast until twelve o'clock at night, we obtained anchorage in a small harbour, about eight miles nearer our port. In this little creek we remained until day-light, at which time a favourable breeze carried us over to Catania, and landed us in that town about nine o'clock.

During the whole of the night we saw Etna vomiting forth lava, and throwing up flame at a prodigious rate.—In the morning when the day-light enabled me to see the outline of the mountain, I could plainly perceive the new crater had been formed at the base of the upper cone, and that the stream of lava had descended upon the northern side of the mountain, as an inter-

vening ridge concealed it suddenly from my view. This may possibly be the only bulwark between the fire and the city of Catania. The present port of Catania is formed by the stream of lava, which scaled the walls in 1669, and pursuing its destructive course to the sea, formed a sort of basin, in which small ships can take shelter. I was astonished when I landed, at the magnificence of the town. Although totally destroyed by the eruption of 1669, it is splendidly rebuilt; the houses are many of them superb mansions, and strange to say, the streets are as broad and commodious as the handsomest streets in London. This, Mr. Monson says, is rarely the case in an Italian or Sicilian town. We took up our abode at the Elephant Hotel, to which the entrance was so exceedingly filthy, that we shuddered at the horrors we were going to encounter. After wading however through a sea of dirt, and a *passage of smells*, we were agreeably surprised to find a suite of apartments tolerably comfortable, in which we immediately established our head-quarters. After breakfast we waited upon the English pro-consul, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and solicited his assistance on our projected excursion to Mount Etna. In the evening he returned our visit, and brought with him letters to different people, at the foot of the mountain, who were to furnish us

with guides, and render us every aid in their power. We accordingly ordered a respectable supply of provisions for three days, and determined to commence the journey the following evening, and sleep the first night at the monastery of Santa Maria dell'Arena, within a short distance of the Monté Rosso, the bowels of which destroyed Catania in the year 1669. We are exceedingly sorry that we shall be compelled to leave Mr. Howell behind, whose health is too delicate to permit him to venture on the mountain.

This town appears to be wonderfully populous; it is Sunday, and all the inhabitants of the city are parading the streets in their gayest attire. Carriages and laced footmen are filling the Corso, and indeed Catania appears to be a place of no small consideration. As we understand there is a play in the evening, we propose going there, although the waiter of the tavern, who is quite an original character, says we "shall not see *nothing* worth looking at."

21*st*. We went yesterday evening to the play, but the performance was so wretchedly bad, that it literally beggared description.

The place was a temporary sort of shattered stage, erected in a ruined cellar, the walls of which were as black as mud and dirt could make them. The body of this superb theatre was lighted up by three lamps, the rays from

which were just sufficient to shew us the sex of the audience, without being able to distinguish a single feature in their countenances. Every lady present was accompanied by a fat Roman priest, who appeared to consider her as his exclusive property, and thrust himself into a corner, to watch and snarl away intruders. The performance was wretchedly bad; the drop scene was tattered rotten canvas, hanging in shreds from the ceiling, and in danger every instant of taking fire from the lamps on the stage; and the principal characters were sustained by children. The Prima Donna sat herself at the door to receive the money, and about one hundred and fifty common Sicilian soldiers were brought upon the stage, in *propriâ personâ*, to heighten the effect of the scenes. After affording a superb treat to fleas and other vermin, we took leave of this magnificent theatre, with our hands on our pockets, to prevent them from being picked.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.

June 21, 1819.

I have already stated that Mount Etna had become furiously active about the end of last month, and that we had been watching its awful

convulsions during our detention at Syracuse, and on our voyage to Catania. We now considered ourselves peculiarly fortunate, in having arrived at so interesting a period, when we should be enabled to visit this volcanic sovereign, in the very zenith of its splendour, and after five years of uninterrupted tranquillity. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we were prepared for our first day's journey to the convent, near Nicolosi, with five mules, and five days provisions: our party consisted of Mr. Monson, Mr. Glover, and myself, and with feelings of lively anticipation at the pleasures before us, we left the town of Catania at about half-past four. It was rather fortuitous, but more by accident than design, that this excursion was commenced on the longest day of the year: the road to Nicolosi passed through the center of the town, and the summit of Mount Etna now involved in smoke, emitted sounds of thundering import, which only served to whet our curiosity and spur us forward upon our interesting journey. After leaving the paved streets of Catania, the road became so wretchedly bad, that it was surprising to find even mules were capable of floundering through the huge blocks of rugged lava, which every where interrupted our progress. This stream we found to be the famous torrent of destruction, which poured upon the city of Catania, in the year 1669, and

after scaling the southern walls of the town, destroyed nearly the whole of this beautiful city. This torrent was thirty miles broad, and fifteen miles long, and when it reached the sea, I believe it first formed and then capriciously destroyed a beautiful harbour, which was capable of giving shelter to a very considerable fleet of shipping. Upon the surface, and through the interstices of this lava, a soil about two inches thick has been formed, and it is almost miraculous to observe the luxuriant vegetation which every where prevails, and the groves of orange and other fruit trees which shed their perfume upon the wild and romantic scenery of the mountain. As we advanced towards Nicolosi (near which the convent of Santa Maria dell'Arena is situated), the road gradually improving, passed through a number of villages teeming with population, and exhibiting scenes of rustic happiness and festivity, to which I had been a long time a stranger. At seven o'clock we passed over a bed of the richest soil (produced by the ashes from Monté Rosso) which was studded with vineyards and fruit trees, the property of the convent, and at eight o'clock we arrived at the village of Nicolosi, to the superior of which our first letter was addressed. Mr. Gellemaro was exceedingly attentive, provided guides immediately, to conduct us to the summit of Mount Etna; and as the cold bleak rain from

the mountains bade us hasten our departure, we remounted our mules, and reached the convent, or more properly the monastery about night fall. Here we found two Dutch gentlemen had preceded us, and secured the prior's apartment, which was by far the most commodious room in the convent, we were therefore shewn into two cells, the furniture of which, soon bespoke the character of their *gloomy tenants*. In a corner of each cell there were iron bedsteads, with mattrasses and pillows, and a small recess in the wall, to contain the wardrobe of the monks: the head of the beds were embellished with crucifixes, and from the walls were suspended drawings of martyrdom and the Virgin Mary, which were just rendered visible by the dim lamp of our attendant monk. As however this sort of dusky twilight was much too romantic for plain matter of fact travellers, we solicited to have another *tripod* lamp, which enabled us to see our apartments more distinctly, and to prepare for our evening's repast. As we were about to commence operations on the cold ham and chickens, we received a visit from the two Dutch gentlemen in question, who cautioned us to be upon our guard against the imposition of the mountain guides; they told us, that if a bargain was not previously concluded with them, they would ask us a most shameful sum for their services, and we should be com-

pelled either to submit to their extortion, or subject ourselves to long and unpleasant altercation; they therefore proposed to join our party, and undertake the management of these gentlemen, to which we gladly assented, and we had soon reason to be thankful for their kind interference, as it was with the greatest difficulty a fair arrangement could be concluded, supported as they were by the cunning priests of the convent. At length, however, the business was satisfactorily settled, and they agreed to conduct us to the top of the mountain, and to the stream of running lava near Zaferena.

The Dutch gentlemen told us that they had attempted this same journey on Friday last, and had passed the forest region a considerable distance, when they were unluckily assailed by so violent a storm of snow, that it was impossible to proceed, and they were therefore compelled to return. They further told us, that the present evening foreboded the same sort of disappointment on the morrow; but we were too sanguine in our hopes to listen to their apprehensions, and after making all our arrangements for starting at daylight in the morning, we partook of the contents of our baskets, and wrapped up in our great coats, we retired to the rugged couches of the Benedictine monks. Here we reposed, until the bright beams of the morning sun aroused us from

our slumbers, and told us it was time to depart. We accordingly satisfied our stomachs with cans of excellent chocolate, and mounted our mules at five o'clock.

June 22d.—Second day's journey.—Nothing could surpass the beauty of the landscape when we first emerged from the *lonely* yet *lovely* glen in which the convent of Santa Maria is embosomed. The snowy summit of Mount Etna rising far above the fleeting clouds of the morning, seemed at once to reign, the undisputed monarch of these romantic wilds, and exhibited such varied shades of rich verdure and cultivation, stretching down to the very margin of the sea, that malgré the *natural infirmity* of my disposition, I was compelled to gaze *in silence* upon the scene before me, and continued for some minutes absorbed in wonder and admiration. The crater of Monté Rosso is certainly not more than a mile distant from the convent of Santa Maria, and it was this mountain which yielded such a torrent of fire upon the valley of Catania in the year 1669. The fertile soil round the monastery, appears therefore to have risen out of a bed of ashes, whilst the lonely convent itself, with its avenue of fir trees, its shrubberies of *woodbine*, *honeysuckle*, and *fragrant wild flowers* of the mountain, appeared to us, at the still hour of morning,

the very abode of innocence, peace, and happiness.

At about a quarter of a mile from the convent, the road passes over a torrent of lava, which appears to have swept through the woody region, on the east face of the mountain, and descending into the valley of Catania, by the south-side of Monté Rosso, produces the strangest possible mixture of barrenness and fertility. This stream of lava, we afterwards found to be the one which brought such destruction along with it in the year 1766.

In the midst of this prodigious torrent (about six miles broad) we saw islands of the richest possible cultivation, whose height above the general level of the country, had preserved them from being overwhelmed by the liquid fire, and the monks of Santa Maria, relate a curious anecdote of this same eruption, which can be easily believed by those people, who have had an opportunity of observing the progress of lava. They state, that a rich vineyard, belonging to the convent, lay directly in the way of the torrent, and that in consequence, they had no hope whatever it would be saved; but to their astonishment, when the liquid fire had reached the vineyard, the lava entered into the different caverns below the cultivation, which being also composed of the same material, became imme-

diately a part of the running body, and the whole vineyard was transported for several miles upon its surface. This famous mountain is divided into three distinct regions; the Regione Culta, or cultivated region; the Regione Sylvosa, or woody region, and the Regione Scoperta, or barren region. At the convent of Santa Maria, the Regione Culta terminates, and about half an hour after we left the monastery, we entered the Regione Sylvosa, or woody region, so famed for the beauty of its forests. Mr. Monson said, he was somewhat disappointed in the expectations he had formed, but I confess I was very much gratified. The forest consisted entirely of oak trees, which growing in the midst of fern, extended with the utmost luxuriance more than five miles up the face of the mountain. Through this forest the road passed in the most beautiful way imaginable; in some parts, nearly impervious to the rays of the sun, and although the branches are more stunted than oak trees usually are in Europe, yet the trunks are some of them of enormous magnitude; the road continued exceedingly good, and the ascent by no means so steep as I had expected; the cold was much less severe. At about eight o'clock we stopped at a shepherd's cabin, and refreshed ourselves with a draught of goat's whey, after which we proceeded upon our journey, and emerged from

the forest at about nine o'clock: at the top of the forest region the Grotto della Capri, or Grotto of Goats, is situated, which peeps from the most romantic little dell I ever saw; it is completely embosomed within a thick woody recess of the mountain, and capable with a good fire of affording very considerable comfort to those travellers who proceed thus far, with the view of reaching Mount Etna by sun-rise. Here we met the Marquis del Pucci, who had just returned from the crater, and appeared to be enraptured at the success of his expedition. We now entered the Regione Scoperta, or barren region, which we soon discovered by the diminished vegetation on the mountain. Here the road became so steep, that the muleteers requested us to halt for a few moments to bait our mules, before they proceeded on their wearisome journey; we accordingly alighted, at about three quarters of the way up the mountain, and looked down with astonishment and awe, on the wonders beneath us,—Hills and mountains, which from the town of Catania appeared towering to the clouds, were now involved in one general level, and it was only by the colour of Monté Rosso, *(three thousand feet above the level of the sea,)* that we could trace its outline upon the valley of Catania. Here we saw for the first time, the numerous offspring of this volcanic

sovereign, surrounding their exalted parent, and shrinking as it were from observation, amidst the richest possible verdure and cultivation. The city of Catania, and the picturesque villages that skirted the foot of the mountain, appeared literally but a stone's throw from our elevated platform, whilst the clouds as they rolled past us, would first reveal the distant shores on the south side of the island, and then the mountains over the city of Palermo; but the bellowing of father Etna, taught us to remember our toils were not yet concluded, and we accordingly proceeded to a sort of distant tower, which the guides told us was a land-mark to conduct them through the deep snows of the winter. The thermometer had not yet fallen below 60°, and we were agreeably surprised at the mildness of the temperature. Upon reaching this tower, we came suddenly in sight of the snowy summit of the great crater, and a most beautifully romantic little cottage, situated on the highest shoulder of the mountain at the base of the upper cone. This little cottage had been built by the English during their stay upon the island, and exhibited a very pleasing contrast to the sterile, snowy, solitary desert, by which it was surrounded. Here we passed over snow several feet deep; but such was the influence of the sulphureous smoke upon the atmosphere, that the thermometer

still remained at 60°; and I felt sorry I had even incommoded myself with a great coat. We proceeded upon this elevated ledge until about a quarter past eleven o'clock, when we reached the *Casa Inglese*, but lately buried in snow, and now most cold and comfortless. Here the ascent became too steep for mules; we therefore remained for a few minutes to collect our party, and proceeded on foot to climb the upper cone. Before we reached the Casa Inglese, the guides were desirous of taking us to the active crater, about 500 yards to our right, which was now bellowing with prodigious force, and throwing up ashes and red hot stones in the air; but as the highest summit of the mountain continued free from clouds, we determined to accomplish this object first, and visit the other wonders upon our return. The ascent of the upper cone was much more precipitous than we had supposed it to be from the Casa Inglese, and our footing upon ashes, and loose pumice stone, was so very uncertain, that at times we advanced *one* step and retired *two*. The snow was also in some parts so deceitful, that we sunk suddenly up to our middle in the bed, and we fancied ourselves exceedingly fortunate, if our shins escaped damage from the rugged edges of the lava, dispersed about the cone. At length, after a uniform pace of about

fifty yards in five minutes, we gained the summit of this gigantic elevation, and *warmly* congratulated each other upon the accomplishment of our wishes. From hence I addressed several letters to my friends, both in India and in Europe, and I then gazed upon the vast expanse below me, with feelings that are much better felt than described. I calculate the cone to be about 600 feet above the upper shoulder of the mountain, and about 800 feet above the active crater, which now shook with its explosions, the uncertain footing upon which we were perched. I shall not attempt any description of the scene before me; the subject has been so frequently handled by abler pens than mine, and I feel myself so thoroughly incapable of conveying any idea of the immensity of feeling (if I may be allowed the expression) with which I was assailed, that I shall not presume to attempt any thing like detail. I appeared to be translated into another world; my eyes dwelt upon nothing that was familiar to them; if an opening in the clouds gave me a view of the plains below me, I discovered the enormous altitude to which I had risen by the incorrectness of my vision; it was only by a speck upon the ocean or the white sails of a vessel passing, that I could be brought to acknowledge the amazing extent of this elevated horizon, which could with difficulty be

distinguished from the hemisphere above; the whole country lay like a map at our feet. The city of Catania appeared but a mile or two distant; the convent of Santa Maria, surrounded by its shrubberies and vineyards, seemed perched upon the very verge of the crater of Monté Rosso; the River Simetus, appeared winding to our right amid plains of eternal verdure, whilst the high mountains on the south of the island, seemed anxious to hide their diminished heads, amid the white clouds that environed the woody region of Etna; in short, we felt ourselves in a region of wonders, and more than half oppressed with our feelings.

At length when we had in some degree recovered from our surprise, we consulted the thermometer, and found it stood nearly as high as midsummer heat in England; this was not at all surprising to us. The crater to our left, which was issuing torrents of fire, had evidently extended its influence to the upper cone of the mountain, as the center and sides were issuing hot sulphureous smoke, which could not fail to affect the climate. When we sat upon the ashes, they were nearly as hot as they could be borne, and three inches below the surface the heat was excessive. We arrived at this fiery summit exactly at twelve o'clock,

remained there half an hour, and commenced our descent at half past twelve.

We next proceeded to the brink of a precipice, which overlooked the active crater, and from which we were separated by a valley of about 100 yards across. Here we commanded as complete a view of this convulsed mountain as it was possible to obtain—when at a considerable distance, the sounds resembled the roaring of a tremendous surf; but now that we approached the crater, within 100 or 150 yards, the concussion was much more violent and appalling; they recurred every five or six seconds, and threw red hot rocks of enormous magnitude some hundreds of feet in the air. The greatest part of these fell back into the crater, but many of them came rolling down the side of the mountain;—the place where we stood was covered with stone and rocks, that had been discharged from the crater when it first broke out, and the ground was cracked some hundreds of feet beyond the place to which we ventured, by the violence of the earthquakes, that accompanied the first eruption in this mountainous region. These earthquakes still continued, and it is rather singular that I should have first felt the phenomenon, on the top of one of the highest mountains in the world, when I had been three times at places where it occurred, but each time *fast asleep.* Some of the

fissures produced by the earthquakes were very considerable, and as the force of the explosions seemed rather to increase than otherwise, we thought it advisable to avoid the fate of Empedocles, and retire to a more respectful distance.

The guides now conducted us to another precipice, from whence we saw the lava issuing out of the cone; but the glare of the sun prevented us from discovering the very red heat. This they said was only a small aperture, but they conducted us to one a little lower down, which was so thoroughly involved in smoke, that we could *see* nothing; but we heard the lava issuing in frightful gushes from the mountain below us, and shuddered at the oceans of liquid fire, from which we were probably separated, but by a few feet of sulphur and ashes. The sound of the lava issuing through this aperture, was like the sound of a high wind rushing through a confined space, or what may probably be more familiar, if I be pardoned for an anti-climax, it was like the tearing of silk, except that it was fifty times more loud; from hence we continued our descent across this inclined plain, and passed another extinguished crater, about fifty yards to the right of the road up the mountain. This crater is only visible when you are close to the brink; my servant discovered it by accident, and if by any unfortunate change it should become active, the travellers would certainly be compelled to find ano-

ther road to the summit. From hence we proceeded by the same route, *riding on our saddle bows* to the convent of Santa Maria, whose peaceful shades we reached about sun-set, exceedingly fatigued, but greatly gratified with our excursion.

As Etna has been quiet since the year 1814, the present eruption is hailed with great joy, by those people who are beyond its destructive influence. Earthquakes are uniformly the consequences of volcanic tranquillity, which during the last twelve months have been very frequent. To-morrow we proceed to Zeferana, to see the liquid lava, which I am sorry to say, has already extended ten miles from the active crater.

The facility of mounting Etna, is greater than can well be imagined: the road through the forest would be hardly too steep for wheeled carriages, and except one or two spots of small extent, the mules have no difficulty whatever in carrying up their burthens. Lord and Lady Belmore climbed to the summit last year; and I am told, her ladyship accomplished the task without any sort of difficulty.

I think Brydone speaks of the people upon Etna as ferocious and savage, and relates an anecdote of being attacked by about fifty peasants, who fancied him going in search of hidden treasures, and who were prevailed upon with

great difficulty to permit his guide to conduct him up the mountain. In reply to this statement, I can only say, that either the people must have very much improved, or else Mr. Brydone must have judged them very harshly; as we experienced nothing but kindness, respect, and good nature. The children came running to us from every direction, and a few pence, which I distributed amongst them, made me the sovereign of every little village we passed.

June 23d.—This morning we rose at daylight, and proceeded to the village of Zeferana, on the north side of the mountain, near which the stream of lava is now running: the road was exceedingly bad, but the country was lovely beyond measure; here we passed round the base of extinguished craters, which were cultivated to the very summits, and luxuriant woods and vineyards extending as far as the eye could reach. At about half past nine, we arrived at the village of Zeferana, and were upon the point of setting off upon our excursion, five miles higher up the mountain, when we fortunately met the Marquis Lucci, who had just returned from the lava, and told us on no consideration to go there during the day; he said the sight would not repay us for our trouble, but that if we went there by night, the scene would be really sublime. We accordingly determined to bivouac at a Sicilian cot-

tage, and I sent my servant in search of one that would accommodate us: in a short time he returned, and conducted us to a romantic little cabin, concealed amongst shrubberies and fruit trees; the owner of which, a neat, clean, grey haired old woman, greeted our arrival with true christian hospitality. Here we dined upon the contents of our travelling basket, to which a most delicious dessert of cherries, pears, and strawberries, was added by our hostess.

A few minutes after we were seated in the cottage, we were aroused by a violent explosion within a short distance of us, and running to the door, we found a fresh eruption of lava had that moment escaped from the mountain, about three or four miles above the village. God help the unfortunate inhabitants of this land of fire; the black sulphureous smoke as it curled over our heads, seemed to speak a language of dreadful import, and we were not certain but the next eruption might escape from the center of the old woman's cottage. She told us she was certain it would destroy Zeferana, and that therefore she was determined to leave it the following day. Notwithstanding these awful phenomena, however, we continued to amuse ourselves until evening, when at eight o'clock we mounted our mules, and proceeded to the running lava. The road was by far the worst we had

yet traversed; the ascent was very considerable, and wound for about four miles along the sides of steep mountains, from whence the inhabitants seemed to have fled in horror of the eruption; we were lighted by torches, which were composed of a sort of resinous fir, abounding in these regions. We had proceeded in this manner about four miles from the village of Zeferana, when climbing up the side of a rocky mountain, we arrived suddenly in sight of the liquid red hot lava: never in my life shall I forget the impression produced on my mind by this beautiful spectacle, so infinitely surpassing my most sanguine expectations; we stood at the time on the ridge of the mountain to which we had climbed, and about half a mile distant from another ledge, over which the flaming torrent was rushing into the valley below. The effect of this awful destructive stream was surprisingly grand; it poured down the side of the opposite mountain a sparkling river of fire, and collected in a blazing mass below, where the declivity of the ground was considerably less, and where its rapid progress was consequently impeded. It will appear strange when I tell our determination to pass *below* this liquid fire, which was confined by the mountains on each side of it, and rolling gradually into the plain. On the side of the mountain, the stream might probably be two miles broad; but when it

rolled into the valley, it filled up the whole space between the mountains, and obtaining a general level, it presented to us a front of liquid, rolling, red hot fire, at least twenty-five feet high. To the front of this blazing rampart we accordingly approached with our mules, until within about a hundred yards, when we alighted and proceeded within a few feet of the awful torrent: nothing could be more favourable to our excursion than the state of the weather; the night was dark, the wind blew directly from us to the lava, which sweeping the sulphureous smoke from its surface, exhibited this awful spectacle in all its burning majesty. It may be supposed that a mass of fire of such enormous bulk, would emit a degree of heat almost insufferable, and that we were culpably adventurous in approaching so close to the stream, which was rolling towards us at a very considerable descent, and would infallibly overwhelm us if it received any considerable impulse from behind: it should therefore be stated, that we were at least ten miles from its source, that lava even in its most liquid state will advance but slowly, (if the descent is not very considerable,) and that it could not possibly receive any great accession of force, without being discovered rolling down the hill in front of us. With this conviction, therefore, we remained roasting in front of the fire, for at least half an

hour, the guides bringing us pieces red hot from the stream, in which we endeavoured without effect to insert small silver coins, as proofs of our having taken it in a liquid state. We therefore drank the king's health in a beverage, previously prepared, and bade a reluctant adieu, to this sublime but terrible visitor on the plains of Sicily; nothing in life could be more splendid than the sparkling torrent, rushing down the side of the mountain,—forming into huge masses of fifty and a hundred ton weight,—thundering over the precipices into the valley below, and dashing into pieces of the most sparkling beauty. Again upon the front that was opposed to us, huge masses of fire would overhang the base, until the weight could no longer be supported, when the whole ledge would come tumbling to the bottom, to form the base of another rampart to the stream. In short, our enjoyment was complete, we arrived at our little cottage about twelve o'clock at night, and after regaling ourselves with new milk and tea, we proceeded to repose. The following morning, at peep of day, we remounted our mules, and after passing through a country most abundantly supplied with every blessing of nature, we reached our inn at Catania, to a late breakfast, at about ten o'clock.

Before I take leave of Etna, I feel impelled to

state the particulars of a very melancholy event, which was related to us by several people in Catania, and which reflects indelible disgrace upon one of our countrymen. They relate, that a gentleman named A—— had arrived there during the month of May, and that notwithstanding he suffered very much from bad health, he was determined to attempt the ascent of the mountain; he accordingly proceeded with *a friend*, who accompanied him, and reached Nicolosi without difficulty. The following morning, himself and his friend continued their journey towards the summit; but the upper part of the mountain being completely covered with snow, they were compelled to abandon their mules, and proceed on foot towards the crater. This exertion was much too considerable for the unfortunate young man who attempted it; he was frequently lost in the snow, and the guides in vain represented to his companion that he would perish: the only answer they received was nonsense! nonsense! he will get on very well. In this situation he was left behind altogether, and continued, I believe, some hours in the snow, when he was at length found and brought down to Catania, where, after lingering some days, he died at the inn, *his friend* having previously taken his departure!!!

The peasants on this wonderful mountain are, in my opinion, the most truly kind and hospitable

creatures I ever recollect to have seen, and it is a source of great pride to an Englishman's feelings, that his language and country are at once a passport to their good offices. The very name of England attracts a crowd to your door, and the impudent smiling confidence, with which the little children approach you, is delightful to those people who seek to inspire regard. The woman who brought us milk from the mountains, with her two smiling little brats, were the very pictures of health and good humour: she had teeth of ivory, and eyes of jet, and a complexion that many of our Indian friends would be proud to purchase. She told us that the eruption would certainly overwhelm their village, except St. Agatha, who had been similarly kind upon a former occasion, would again be so generous as step to their assistance.

June 25th.—We this morning visited the museum of the Prince of Bescaris, in which the natural curiosities of the island, and various antiquities found in Sicily are exceedingly well arranged. My companions accused me of being as much interested in examining a child, with two heads, as they were in looking over the various antiquities of Rome and Greece, found in different parts of the island. The remains of some of the statues, to which modern limbs have been given, were exquisitely beautiful.

In the evening we visited the chapel of the convent of St. Juliano, which is neat and simple, and a very elegant structure. The pictures with which it is furnished, are principally representations of female martyrdom, which are far from pleasing subjects for contemplation. The manner in which the gates and confessionals for the nuns are disposed, are exceedingly ingenious; the church embraces one entire side of the convent, from whence I did not perceive any direct communication.—Round this church, and under every window, there are gilded grates for the nuns to pray through, which are so well contrived, that they appear to be the cornices of the building, and therefore escape observation. The galleries behind these grates are so dark, that the outlines of their figures are only visible, and the channels for confession, are grated apertures of about eight inches square, which pass from the church into the body of the convent—behind these apertures the penitent sits in gloomy concealment, and reveals her sins to the ear of a crafty priest, who sits in the aisle of the church. Whilst we were walking about, a holy father, clad in the sable garments of his order, was sitting at the aperture, and receiving the confession of some unhappy recluse. The effect of a delicate voice whispering through the tunnel, and the occasional exhortations of the confessor, did not fail to produce an extraordinary degree of interest on

our minds. From hence we went to a famous convent of Benedictine monks, one of the richest orders in Sicily, where we were fortunately in time to be present at the beginning of mass—to me, who am passionately fond of music, the heavenly peal of the second best organ in Europe, excited feelings which I am sure must have *convulsed my countenance*. I never shall forget the sounds of this divine instrument, which set me at peace with all the world, and came like "flattering unction to my soul." The voluntaries conveyed to my mind such exquisite delight, that I no longer wonder at the influence of catholic forms upon vulgar minds. On the following morning we paid the church a second visit, and were shewn into the garden of the convent, which is laid out with exquisite taste, and breathes perfume upon every gale. We were wandering among the shrubberies of this delightful spot, when a young monk, of very pleasing manners, who had noticed our attendance the day before, came to invite us again into the church to hear the organ played by one of their order. We were of course delighted with the invitation, and gratified beyond measure, to find he spoke French most fluently. Upon proceeding into the aisle, we found chairs were placed for our accommodation, and we enjoyed a renewal of sweet sounds, which can be felt, but not described. There is only one organ in

Europe, that of Haarlem, that equals it. I think it impossible there can be any superior. The outside of the church is not finished—but the internal decorations are beautifully chaste and splendid. Some of the pictures are superbly executed; and I was proud to see one by an Englishman in great repute. After our organ treat, we were conducted to the museum of the convent, and to the magnificent library of the order, all of which bespoke their wealth and grandeur. In the museum there were some Hindoo gods, Vishnu, Ganesa, and Bhood, which they had mistaken for the idols of American Indians, until I explained their error. The revenue of this convent is about £45,000 per annum. They shewed us a miraculous turn which the stream of lava had taken in 1669, when it wound completely round the convent, without touching its walls. In consequence, the building is now thirty feet below the level of the lava, upon the surface of which their beautiful garden has been formed, which is level with the upper story. On our return through the town we visited a theatre, and an amphitheatre, which remain tolerably perfect to the present day. It requires, however, the eye of a savan, like that of Mr. Monson, to discover their great beauty. We were exceedingly fortunate that we returned to Catania upon Thursday last, as a whole troop of Sicilian military had been billetted upon our inn, who were

sent to keep the unhappy slaves of the country in awe, and prevent an insurrection. This disturbance is produced by a most vexatious conscription, which the bright king of Sicily and his infamous ministers have visited upon the unfortunate people. They say, that during the war, whilst they were under the protection of the English nation, they enjoyed freedom and happiness; but now that they have again been delivered over to the uncontrolled tyranny of their detestable government, they are torn from their families, despoiled of their property, and sent to serve in eternal banishment amongst foreigners and foes. There are instances of these unfortunate wretches having sold all their property to purchase a substitute;—the officers of government falsely declaring that the substitutes had escaped; and when, at length, after repeated impositions of this nature, the poor creatures had expended all their property, they were then compelled to proceed themselves to the army, where they generally discovered the people who were said to have deserted.

Married men are exempted from the law; so that ladies are, at this moment, in such great request, that *eighteen* is frequently paired with *eighty*.

The evening before we embarked, we went to see the collection of coins and medals belonging to the Baron Recupero, which are indeed well deserving of a visit from the traveller. Here we

saw Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and Carthaginian money from the very earliest ages, and two Italios of surprising beauty, at which my companion du voyage was greatly enraptured. The subject of the one, was Hercules and Anteus, and the other was the Rape of Proserpine.

June 26th.—Having thus visited all the wonders of Catania, we embarked in a sparo-naro at eight o'clock at night, and proceeded towards Tarominum and Messina. During our nocturnal voyage, the flames of Etna were sublimely beautiful. The torrent of fire streaming down the side of the mountain, and the gushes from the top of the crater, were indeed surprisingly grand. At eight o'clock in the morning we were coasting along the shore near Tarominum, which for picturesque beauty surpasses every thing of the kind we had yet seen. The towns perched upon ledges to the very summit of the mountains, and the ruined Saracen ramparts of an old crumbling castle, could not fail to bring to our memory the descriptive flights of a Radcliffe or an Owenson. Here we landed about eleven o'clock, and visited an amphitheatre tolerably complete. The arena is perfect; but a little force of imagination is required to complete the curve. The Saracen castle and its mouldering battlements, is now a heap of ruins; its dilapidation is too great even for the haunt of

banditti. After dinner we embarked again in our sparo-naro, and coasted all night along shore. The following morning at day-light, we were in sight of the lovely harbour of Messina, and other objects the most beautiful in nature. On our right the mountains of Calabria appeared towering to the clouds, with villages and cultivation extending to their very summits; on our left, the shores of Sicily exhibited castles, crowning heights; gentlemen's seats peeping from groves of orange-trees, and villages dispersed both on hill and dale, amidst the most luxuriant cultivation;—in front the Faro of Messina, with its castle of Scylla, and its imaginary Charybdis, completed a scene by far the most beautiful I had ever in my life contemplated. During the latter part of our voyage we were dragged by oxen along the margin of this lovely lake. The wind blew directly against us, and we did not arrive at Messina until ten o'clock in the forenoon. Here, after having undergone due examination at the pratique office, we were permitted to land. The harbour of Messina may well be ranked amongst the safest and most beautiful in the world. I have endeavoured to convey some faint idea of the scenery by which it is surrounded; but I sensibly feel, that any effort is incapable of doing it justice. The peak of every mountain, except the highest summits, is crowned

with castles, convents, villages, gentlemen's seats, &c. &c.; so that no great stretch of imagination is required to fancy one's self in the very regions of enchantment.

The Greeks called the harbour Zancle, or Sickle, declaring that the sickle of Saturn had fallen on that spot; and indeed nothing can be more like the instrument of husbandry than the haven in question. In the evening, when Mr. Monson and myself had climbed to the top of one of the highest mountains in the neighbourhood, and looked down upon the harbour, the similitude was very striking. At Messina we were lodged most comfortably; indeed, it was the first time I had been free from fleas since I left the palace at Malta. There are no relics of antiquity worth seeing at Messina; but the verdant face of nature more than compensates for this want. We drove through the town every evening during our stay, and were astonished at the population of the city, which must be very considerable; and although it has suffered so severely and so frequently from earthquakes, yet they build and rebuild as if all the internal fires of Etna had been expended by the last explosion. There was a slight shock felt the morning after we arrived; but I was happily asleep, and escaped the alarm.—*I have a lucky knack at sleeping through earthquakes.* A Miss

Somebody, whose father and mother we visited the evening before our departure, pointed out the enormous thickness of one of their walls, in which she said they usually took refuge during the period of these agreeable undulations.

Mr. Monson and myself were delighted with the inhabitants of this ever-blooming island, and their myrtle-clad cottages. They spoke with the most enthusiastic attachment of our countrymen, and no sooner did they discover us to be Signors Inglese, than all were alike zealous to guide and assist us. The old women brought us spring water and professions; the young women brought us fruit, flowers, and smiles; and the young children brought us noisy confidence and laughter. From one of these elevated hamlets we commanded a most beautiful view of the Straits; the shores of Calabria; the towns skirting the mountains; the city of Messina; and the Sickle of the ancients crowded with shipping. I think it impossible that any thing can be more beautiful. Mr. Monson has even dared to say, that it is more lovely than the Bay of Naples. The famed whirlpool of Charybdis has so thoroughly vanished since the days of Virgil, that the place of its former existence is now disputed. Mr. Barker, the English Consul, told me, that it was supposed to have been on the east side of the harbour,

which is at least ten miles from the rocks of Sylla; but, for my part, I should judge the whole to be a fable, originating in the strong eddies produced by the currents and winds meeting *each other in the Straits.* Here I received a note from Sir R——— P———, informing me that the Admiral and the Glasgow, with Lady A. and her two fair daughters, had sailed for Palermo, to witness the fête of St. Rosolie.

The city of Messina, like every other part of Sicily, is crowded with priests and monks to a most intolerable degree. They appear to outnumber all the rest of the male population, and their shameful and abominable influence upon all classes of society, is matter of disgust to every liberal and enlightened mind. If their general conduct, or their individual characters, were at all suited to their sacred profession, or if they condescended to throw a veil over the enormous crimes that are daily committed by their sable crew, one would feel less insulted with their guilt, and less disposed to hold them up to infamy. But when one sees the garb of religion, but a cloak for the most detestable villany; when one hears these ruffians of sanctified guilt, boast an independence of all temporal authority or restraint, it is then that our indignation is excited to the most violent degree, and that we are disposed to worship the power that would expose

their crimes, and annihilate their influence. One half of the island of Sicily is the property of these detestable priests. The enormous wealth that is squandered by them is hardly to be conceived. They are not amenable for the gravest offences to any other courts than their own; and if a priest murders his sovereign, he can only be tried by a bishop. Such is their gigantic power in this unhappy kingdom, that I am doubtful whether, even that offence, would not pass with impunity. I would not soil my paper by detailing any of their enormities, but I shall simply state, that there is hardly a crime known to the most vicious of mankind, that is not practised by these shameless ruffians. It is computed that half the population of great towns consist of women and priests; and although they dare not openly avow the offspring of their guilty intercourse, yet they take care to introduce them at a very early age to the wealth and enjoyments of their mother church, and give them (as avowed orphans) the plundered magnificence of their parents. My pen will keep no measure when I speak of these licensed sinners—when I think of a fine population being kept in such melancholy thraldom by the very worst of mankind.—If a man has a beautiful wife or a daughter, and she unhappily engages the attention of a priest, her doom is fixed. The chances are a thousand

to one that the domestic happiness of that family is destroyed for ever. It is as vain to complain at their ill fortune as it is impossible to avoid it. Meek submission to this privileged sinner is the only means of avoiding a worse result. The shameless insolence with which they proclaim their turpitude is not less insulting to this miserable people than it is outrageous to common sense. To fifty deluded wretches, I have pointed out their hypocrisy and guilt; but strange to say, although fully sensible of the truth, yet such is the influence of Catholic habits, that they cannot shake off the yoke. But I must cease the subject---*it disturbs the natural mildness and equanimity of my disposition.*

Having learnt that the earliest period of a ship sailing for Naples, would be eight or ten days, we determined to adopt our old mode of travelling, and hire a sparo-naro to carry us across the open sea to Amantea, where we intended to land, and crossing the Appennines to Cosenza, in Calabria, proceed from thence by land to Naples. This proceeding in an English climate would be rather hazardous, but the Mediterranean sea, during the summer months, is so thoroughly tranquil, that its dangers may be braved without any sort of alarm. We accordingly embarked this morning, the 1st of July, with good store of provisions, and passed

the Faro of Messina at about eight o'clock. We had hardly emerged from these beautiful Straits when the wind subsided, and we continued in a calm until three o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the sea-breeze set in rather strong, and we coasted along the picturesque shores of Calabria, changing with every turn of the mountains, and displaying every possible variety of the most romantic scenery, and the richest possible fertility. Villages, churches, castles, and convents, are scattered by hundreds over the face of these mountains, and so far from Calabria having the appearance of a wild or inhospitable country, it appears to be one of the richest and most abundant in nature. The Mediterranean may well be called, at this season, a "glassy sea." There is hardly a breath of air "the blue wave to curl;" and if I wished to select a picture of repose and fertility, I would certainly choose the village, castle, and woods, in the neighbourhood of Tropea, which we rounded about sun-set, and thought it the very spot where nature seemed to be at rest. At times when our boat passed under romantic cliffs, on the summit of which the spire of a church, or the battlements of a castle, were seen peeping from the forest—or by moonlight, when the note of the nightingale, or the chime of a convent bell stole along the silent waters, no great force of imagination was

required to induce a belief that we were really *the children of romance.*

July 2d.—At nine o'clock this morning, we arrived at Amantea, but found to our great annoyance, there was no authority in the place competent to grant us pratique. They told us that the people at Messina had done exceedingly wrong to give us a passport to that place, and that if the passengers landed, the boat and every thing that belonged to her, would be confiscated to government. This consequence was dreadfully alarming to the poor captain of the boat, who suffered the most painful apprehension lest we should desert him in his utmost need. The port of Paolo, at which we could obtain pratique, was fifteen miles distant, and after some discussion with the people at Amantea, we proceeded along shore to Paolo, where we arrived about four o'clock in the evening. Here Mr. Monson and Mr. Howell landed to cross the mountains, being anxious to explore the celebrated Calabria; but as Mr. Glover and myself were exceedingly comfortable in the boat, and liked the sort of coasting voyage very much, we determined to continue our progress by sea in the sparo-naro. We accordingly took leave of each other at Paolo, two to journey over the mountains, and two to proceed by sea.

During our detention for a few hours at Paolo, we experienced the impertinent meddling spirit

of an audacious priest to so intolerable a degree, that I think it deserves to be recorded. The day was Friday, and my servant was employed on shore, preparing a stew for our dinner before we separated. We observed this sable monster parading round the stew-pan as if he relished the savoury smell that exuded from it, and we cautioned Joseph to keep his eye on the legs and wings, lest he should meet with *foul play*. We did not for a moment imagine what his object could be, until to our astonishment, he strode up to us, and telling us it was *fast day*, he forbade us to eat meat until we had *paid a fine to the church*. Oh!! that you had heard the roar of contemptuous derision with which we received his orders, and the scoffing reply that we gave him in return. We asked him if *we* were about to commit a sin, how *he* dared to expect the price of it; how *he* could flatter himself that his interference would have the smallest weight; and that so far from his opinion or authority influencing us in the least degree, we should now eat ten times more than we had at first intended.

If the fellow had desired us not to eat meat at all, I should have thought nothing of his interference, and I should have treated him with respect; but that he should have presumed to ask us to *pay him* for permission, was really past all endurance.

The 3d, 4th, and 5th of July, we were coasting along Calabria, and gradually approaching Naples. On the 4th our stock of provisions was all expended, and we were obliged to put into a little port upon the coast, where we received a fresh supply, and then proceeded upon our voyage. In this port, also called Paolo, we literally anchored the boat in a bower of myrtle. On the evening of the 5th, we passed between the Cape and the island of Capri; but it was too dark to see any part of the bay. Vesuvius only was visible discharging lava from the summit. The rest of this lovely landscape was involved in night. The following morning at nine o'clock, we obtained pratique, and landed at the Gran Bretagna Hotel, where we took a suite of apartments superbly furnished, for five dollars a day.

I have now, my dear Colonel, conducted you to the continent of Europe, where I shall conclude my third epistle.

And subscribe myself,

Very faithfully yours,

J. HANSON.

Lieut. Col. Blacker, C. B.

Qr. Mas. Gen. of the Madras Army.

Naples, July 8, 1819.

I must now premise to you, my dear Colonel, that from this moment forward, it

will be in vain to expect either a careful or regular detail. Sights and wonders crowd upon me so prodigiously, that it is with the greatest difficulty I can command sufficient time to note them down for this *valuable correspondence.* If therefore I should become somewhat incoherent or confused in my narrative, it must be remembered, that I am an inhabitant of one of the gayest and most fascinating cities in the world; that every object around me, seems to breathe an air of enchantment, and that nature and art here vie with each other, which shall excite the most powerful interest in the mind of a wondering Indian. On the morning of the 6th instant, we reached the pier of Naples, and obtained pratique immediately. The scenery of this lovely bay, has been so frequently described, that I shall say nothing of Vesuvius flaming in the back ground—Portici skirting the foot of the mountain—The rocky hill of Castel a Maré towering and teeming with gentlemen's seats, and the whole curve of the beautiful coast, exhibiting more rich and varied scenes of art and nature, than imagination can conceive, "or youthful poets fancy when they love." We drove to the Albergo della Gran Bretagna, and obtained a most splendid suite of apartments for five dollars a day. Our companions, who travelled through Calabria, had not yet made their appearance; we were therefore obliged to

proceed by Coxe's Guide, to see the wonders of this moving metropolis. This evening we visited the opera of St. Carlo. Although my expectations had been much excited by the vivid picture given to me of this beautiful edifice, yet *I must* say no degree of anticipation is capable of depicting to the mind's eye so prodigious a union of all that is splendid, chaste, and magnificent in architecture. It was what the Italians call *an illuminazione,* so that I saw the theatre at once to the very greatest advantage, and I am sure I shall never forget the impression produced upon my senses by the beauty and splendour of every object that surrounded me. The opera was a new piece, performed in honor of the prince's marriage. The ballet had been frequently performed. The singing was divine; the music was enchanting; and the dancing was, in my opinion, the very acmé of grace and beauty. The king was present incognito, and a fat shapeless bloated prince was also one of the audience.

7th.—After a night of sound repose, the first we had enjoyed since we left Messina, Mr. Glover and myself sallied forth upon our travelling researches. The first place we visited was the museum, or lo studio, in which are deposited a very choice collection of statues, pictures, bronze figures, and other wonders, from Herculaneum and Pompeii. The statues are so very numerous,

and there are so many equally remarkable for their beauty, that I cannot permit myself to be minute in the description of them. A very fine statue of king Pyrrhus, found at Pompeii, is in wonderful preservation, and probably a statue of Venus *aux belles fesses*, is the most exquisite piece of sculpture in the collection. There were some wounded and dying gladiators exceedingly lovely, and some amazons on horseback, that we much admired. Roman matrons, Roman consuls, and Roman warriors, each excited our admiration in their turn, and after having passed a couple of hours in their silent society, we proceeded to the galleries of paintings, which were many of them surprisingly beautiful. The subjects were principally taken from Scripture, and I was disgusted to see that our Saviour was universally painted as an infant of nine months old. In short, I am of opinion, that a vulgar Roman Catholic is any thing but a Christian. His belief in the divinity of our Saviour, is certainly secondary to his worship of the Virgin Mary, who appears, upon every occasion, to be the principal deity in the Roman church. The museum was the most interesting part of this collection, or rather that branch of the museum, set apart for the more curious relics of antiquity. Here we saw an immense collection of articles dug out of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which could not fail to excite the

most powerful interest. Pompeii, which we intend to visit, was overwhelmed by a shower of ashes, about eighty years after the birth of Christ, and was discovered about the year 1757. So that every article found there has been buried nearly 1700 years. A Roman lady's toilet, *her rouge*, the remains of medical instruments, steel-yards, dice, cooking utensils, stoves, stools, chairs, lamps, vases, &c. &c. &c. were nearly as perfect as the day they were buried. These precious remains of antiquity are exceedingly well arranged, and the Italian ciceroni did the honors of the museum remarkably well. Here were also to be seen cork models of the ruins at Pestum, the coliseum at Rome, and the Roman streets excavated out of the ashes at Pompeii. These wonders we shall visit in their natural state. After having feasted upon these remains of the Roman world until three o'clock, we returned to our inn, and at eight in the evening, repaired again to the opera of St. Carlo, which delighted us beyond measure. The representation to-night, was for the benefit of a famous violin player, who exhibited most wonderful execution on that instrument. The ballet was the same as the evening before, but the opera was different.—I regret much that my ignorance of the Italian language will not permit me to enter more fully into the plot of the piece.

8th.—We this morning proceeded, about seven

o'clock, to visit the wonders of Baiæ and the bay of Puzzoli. We passed through the grotto of Pausilippo, which is a most remarkable tunnel that runs through a very considerable mountain to the westward of Naples, and must, in my opinion, be nearly a mile in length. There is no record of the period at which this work was executed. From thence we proceeded along the coast to the town of Puzzoli, most beautifully situated on the east point of the bay, from whence the bridge of Caligula is seen stretching its ruined fragments towards the opposite coast of Baiæ. It may be here related, that towards the end of the sixteenth century, the whole of this coast was changed by a violent earthquake, which in one night threw up a volcanic mountain, nearly 200 feet high, and separated the Lucrine Bay from the sea. The bridge of Caligula was destroyed by this subterraneous convulsion; but the Lake Avernus, which was said to emit such noxious vapour, that birds could not fly across, has now opened a communication with the sea, and is perfectly sweet. The same earthquake destroyed the remains of Nero's palaces and baths, most beautifully situated upon the sea shore. But I must not anticipate our progress, but proceed regularly. Having obtained a guide, who spoke English perfectly well, we visited the ruins of the temple of Jupiter

Serapis, which stands in the town of Puzzoli, and is fast falling to decay. The columns that remain are of the Doric order, and the temple in the meridian of its splendour, must have been very beautiful. Here the ciceroni pointed out to us the remains of cold and hot baths, which were paved with marble, and were no doubt exceedingly magnificent in their day. The mineral water that supplied one bath was possibly at 140° of Fahrenheit. The ciceroni also pointed out a brass ring, to which the victims were bound to be sacrificed. I confess, however, upon examining the ring, it appeared to me to be much more modern than the building; although, I am told, an English antiquarian offered a very large sum of money to be permitted to take it away with him! A Roman amphitheatre was the next remnant we visited. In a vomitory of this theatre, is situated the cathedral of St. Januarius, who is a very sacred saint with the Roman Catholics. The vile imposition practised yearly at Naples, by liquifying the blood of St. Januarius, is another instance of abominable priestcraft, at which my blood boils with indignation. It is stated, that during the time the French occupied this country, there were some apprehensions the blood of Saint Januarius *would not liquify as usual*, and that the sins of the conquering army would prevent the miracle from being accomplished. This ap-

prehension having reached the French General, he was induced immediately to send for the head of the Neapolitan church, and express his very great sorrow at the fears that were entertained. He stated to the archbishop, that he was himself very indifferent whether the miracle was performed or not; but that as he knew the Italians viewed the subject as matter of much greater consequence, he would be under the disagreeable necessity of striking off the heads of a dozen bishops, beginning with his holiness, if the miracle did not take place as usual. This threat effectually silenced their apprehensions, and the blood of St. Januarius liquified on the day appointed, *a most bounteous stream.* The small recess in the theatre, which is dignified with the high sounding title of a cathedral, is a wretched hole, with a rude picture and a crucifix, of no sort of value. The blood and the head of the saint are deposited in a magnificent church at Naples, which is also dedicated to this holy martyr. From the amphitheatre, we proceeded to a Roman tomb, which was discovered about two years ago by a Neapolitan peasant. This tomb was rather interesting. There were two sarcophagi found there, containing skeletons, the sculpture upon which was very perfect. One of the deceased must have been a great sportsman, as the subjects represented in basso-

relievo were entirely taken from the chase. The bones were still remaining—the skulls had been removed. From this mouldering sepulchre, we proceeded to the Solfatarâ, about half a mile more distant from Puzzoli. The Solfatarâ is neither more or less than an active crater that may hourly be expected to bubble over. A great quantity of sulphur and alum is obtained here, and in many parts the heat of the ground is so considerable, that water would boil in a few minutes. During the reign of Murat there were extensive works at Solfatarâ, for procuring sulphur; but since the restoration of Ferdinand, the island of Sicily is the store from whence the government is supplied. From the Solfatarâ, we proceeded to a place which our ciceroni told us had been discovered within late years, and which he called a labyrinth. Upon entering this subterraneous building, we soon discovered it to be an ancient reservoir, of which there are a great number built in this country. The reservoir is now half full of ashes and rain water. From hence we returned to Puzzoli, and embarked in a small boat for Baiæ, landing previously at the Lucrine lake, and passing from thence to the lake of Avernus. This lake is situated at the bottom of Monte Novo, thrown up by the eruption of 1538, which destroyed the whole of this neighbourhood, and altered the appearance of

the coast. This was, indeed, an extraordinary phenomenon, as the whole mountain was thrown up in one night, and as the Lucrine bay was entirely cut off from the sea. The lake Avernus appears to me to be an old crater. On the west side are seen the ruins of the temple of Apollo, and through the mountain, on the east side, the Sybil's grotto passes. We proceeded by torch-light, and waded up to our knees in water, along a subterraneous passage to the place where the old Lady was said to have bathed and delivered her oracles. God knows, her dreary chamber was as black as midnight. After having knocked our heads against the low vaulted roof of this damp dismal dungeon, we emerged from the grotto on the opposite side of the mountain, to that at which we had entered, and re-embarking upon our boat, we proceeded to the famous baths of Nero. These are *now* upon the coast, but I fancy they were some distance from the sea, before the eruption of 1538. There are two passages to the hot bath, to which our guide offered to conduct us by torch-light. I attempted to make my way after him; but in a few minutes I found myself so suffocated by steam, that I was obliged to return. My companion, Mr. Glover, undressed himself to his lower garments, and after suffering nearly scalding heat, he reached the boiling water. From the baths we rowed along

the coast towards Baiæ, the castle of which is most beautifully and romantically built on a bold projecting cliff. The bay of Baiæ is covered with the ruins of baths and villas, destroyed and mutilated by earthquakes. These were formerly the property of the luxurious Romans, the decayed grandeur of which but serves to shew the folly of worldly magnificence, and the impotence of wealth and power, when opposed to the *iron devastating* hand of time. As we passed to the harbour of Misenus, we landed to visit the remains of the temples of Diana, Venus, and Mercury. The latter is remarkable for conveying sound so tenaciously, that the lowest whisper is communicated all round the building. This surprising echo has, however, been considerably impaired within the last year, as part of the arch has fallen in. These temples are built of brick and are much in ruins. We were next shewn the tomb of Agrippina, wife of Tiberius, and thence we proceeded to the Elysian Fields, which are now covered with vineyards and the most luxuriant cultivation. The Piscina Mirabile was pointed out to us as a reservoir to contain water for the supply of the Roman shipping, and *not as a fish-pond*. I confess, it has most the appearance of a reservoir. The Cento Camerelle, or hundred chambers, is an extraordinary sort of

gloomy subterraneous edifice, to which we descended by torch-light. Our guide told us this place had been used as a prison, and it certainly appeared to us to have been appropriated to this gloomy purpose. The apartment above, through which we passed, had the appearance of a guard-room. Having completed our researches at Baiæ, we embarked on our small boat, and returned to Puzzoli by about three o'clock. On our way to Naples, we stopped at the Grotto del Cané, to see the effect of a vapour, which rises from the earth, and cannot ascend more than six or seven inches. Any animal placed within the influence of this vapour, dies immediately, and fire is much more speedily extinguished than if it were submerged in water. The effect is indeed instantaneous. A dog, which we placed there, was senseless in about ten seconds, and would have been dead in less than a minute, if he had not been removed. The fire of a blazing torch was extinguished the very moment it came in contact with the vapour. This extraordinary phenomenon is simply occasioned by the destruction of the carbonic gas, in the atmospheric air. The grotto is also situated on the edge of an extinguished crater, which is now a most beautiful lake.

On our return to Naples, we found that our travelling companions had safely arrived at the inn, after having suffered very considerable alarm in the mountains of Calabria. They left Paolo the morning after we separated from them, and crossed the Appennines to Cosenza, without sustaining any sort of difficulty; but upon the second day after they left Cosenza, when they were passing through the most wild and romantic glen imaginable, they were suddenly attacked by banditti, who gave them the first information of their approach by firing two or three shots through the body of the carriage; fortunately, none of them took effect, and Mr. Howell's servant, Ramojer, being seated on the box with the voiturier, immediately seized the reins with great presence of mind, and pushed the horses forward to the very top of their speed. The moment the first shot was fired, the cowardly coachman dropped off his seat, and implored the banditti for mercy; but Ramojer, whose presence of mind probably saved the lives of the two gentlemen, told him if he did not cling to the carriage he should be left behind; and accordingly dashed forward, *ventre a terre* down a precipitous descent, that it was quite frightful to look upon. This descent continued for a very considerable time; and the rope-harness, which had frequently broken during the day, now held to-

gether for the first time. At this prodigious rate they proceeded; the banditti in pursuit of them, until, to their horror, they found themselves upon the very brink of a precipice some hundreds of feet high, where they expected certainly to be dashed to pieces, as the road turned at more than a right angle, and it was a million chances to one they would be thrown over the ledge; fortunately, however, Ramojer preserved his self-possession, and the horses, probably aware of the turn, twisted short round at the swiftest gallop, and continued their speed down the mountain. Here the banditti, as if aghast with astonishment, slackened their pace, and gave over the pursuit. About five minutes after this unexpected alarm, they saw four mounted armed men coming forward upon the same road, and meeting them. They now gave themselves up for lost, and were preparing to capitulate, when to their joy, the principal person riding up to the carriage, told them they were an escort, accompanying the Duke of Cassano, a few hundred yards in the rear; and that, having heard the shots fired by the banditti, they had galloped forward to their assistance. My companions immediately explained the circumstances of the attack, when the escort dashed forward in pursuit of the free-booters. They soon after met the Duke of Cassano in his carriage, to whom they related their adventure,

and his lordship having learnt that they had only seen three banditti, when they were fired upon, determined to prosecute his journey, and Monson and Howell continued their route.

Since their arrival at Naples, we understand the Duke had also been fired upon, and his escort had very nearly captured two of the robbers; but their companions, seeing their danger, had kept up so brisk a fire from the heights above them, that they wounded one of their mules, and constrained them to give up the pursuit.

Monson and myself called the following morning upon a gentleman, who told us several interesting stories of these banditti, which proved them, in many instances, remarkably fine fellows—not the sort of robbers that infest Calabria at present. He was once completely in their power, with Captain O——— of the navy, and two of his daughters, who were accompanying him during a short excursion in the environs of Naples; they came suddenly upon a large gang of these banditti, whilst walking out one evening; and as ——— was accompanied by beings so dear to him, he was, of course, very considerably alarmed. The chief of the party, however, seeing his apprehension, told him to calm his fears, as they were perfectly secure from molestation. Captain O———, in the true spirit of a British sail-

or, was not happy until he had in some degree requited them for their honor. The gentleman related a long narrative of his conversation with them, and of frequent communications he had with them afterwards, during which time they reposed the most implicit confidence in the honor of the two Englishmen. These tales are much too voluminous to be inserted here; suffice it to say, that together, they effected the escape of the whole banditti, whom they got secretly conveyed on board the Tagus frigate, and carried to Malta. I shall be happy to relate the story to those friends who may feel an interest in hearing it.

July 10*th*.—This day I devoted to the ascent of Vesuvius, but finding the heat would be very oppressive, I determined upon proceeding only as far as the Hermitage in the evening, and completing the ascent during the night. The mountain is at present active, and is discharging a stream of lava, about five yards broad. When I remember the fiery torrent of Etna, I look upon this farthing rushlight with the most thorough indifference; fortunately, the difficulties of the mountain were so much magnified, that I really thought nothing of the undertaking. I drove in a carriage as far as Portici, which is built at the base of the mountain, and immediately over Herculaneum. I arrived at this place

about seven o'clock, and very soon supplied myself with guides and mules to proceed upon my journey. I had hardly began the ascent, when I found that I was followed by a party of gentlemen, whom I at first mistook for Italians, and, therefore, pushed forward to be the first at the hermitage. My servant, however, who followed me, had spoken to them, and reported they were Germans. This information induced me to slacken my pace, and enter into conversation with them. I found they were three military men, on some mission to the Neapolitan court; and in less than five minutes we were sworn brothers. We arrived at the hermitage about half-past eight o'clock; and passed over a very considerable stream of lava, which had threatened Portici in the year 1810. It was quite dark when we arrived at this beautiful spot, but we could judge by the millions of lights below us, and the faint outline of the Bay of Naples, that the day-light would reveal to us a most lovely prospect. The hermitage is built upon the shoulder of a mountain, which is separated from Vesuvius by a deep ravine, that would effectually shield it from any eruption *near* the crater, and it is much too high to be destroyed by any eruption near the base, so that the hermitage is possibly more safe than the towns and gentlemen's seats scattered on the plains round

Vesuvius. There were two Dominican friars who did the honors of the hermitage, and shewed us into their best parlour, where we unfolded the treasures of our travelling baskets, and supped most heartily upon Bologna sausages and cold roast beef. After tasting the wine of Vesuvius, which is blasphemously called lachryma Christi, we wrapped ourselves up in our great coats, and lay down to sleep under the spreading branches of a chesnut tree, where we slumbered until one o'clock, at which hour we were called by our guides to proceed upon our journey. The moon shone beautifully bright, and Vesuvius was occasionally throwing up red hot stones to a vast height in the air. We found that our party had been augmented by an Italian general and several of his followers, so that our cavalcade, in point of numbers, was very respectable. We proceeded along the ridge of the mountain, on which the hermitage is built, and crossed the valley that separates it from Vesuvius. Here we found ourselves at the foot of the great cone, which could only be ascended *à pied*.—We therefore alighted from our mules, and commenced clambering over a bed of cinders and lava, which was by no means so precipitous as the last ascent of Etna, and the footing three times more certain. The distance, however, was considerably greater; but we had several hours to spare be-

fore day, and we therefore proceeded most leisurely, disdaining to make a toil of a pleasure. At about half-past three we had conquered the ascent of the great cone, and passed over a bed of cinders, through which the smoke was forcing its way in very considerable volumes. Here two of the gallant Italians took the alarm, and sneering at us for our temerity, returned most ingloriously to the hermitage. We had now passed the bed of cinders, and arrived at the foot of the last cone, which contains the active crater, and which was treating us every five minutes with a prodigious volley of its red hot contents. To arrive at the running lava, we were obliged to skirt the foot of this cone, which was now a mass of hot cinders, augmented (as I have already said), every five minutes, by a fresh supply from the crater. This would, therefore, be a passage of very great danger, if the discharges of the mountain were irregular; but as we perceived they succeeded each other every four or five minutes, we watched our opportunity, after the last throw, and rushing past the most dangerous part, we arrived about a quarter of an hour before day-light at the edge of the running stream; although the spectacle was by no means so magnificent as the one I had enjoyed at Zeferana, yet I saw something here that I had not seen at Etna. For example, I saw the stream as it first is-

sued from the orifice in the mountain, and observed the exact consistency of running lava in its most liquid state. Its progress was not more than a mile an hour, even in this degree of fusion. —My servant poked out several lumps, comparatively solid, from the stream, in which we inserted pieces of money, as proofs that we had obtained it in a liquid state. We were now cut off from the other part of the mountain by occasional discharges from the crater; and as they appeared to us to increase both in number and violence, we thought it prudent to return; more especially as we were half suffocated by the smoke and heat from the lava. We accordingly bent our steps towards the other side of the mountain; and had reached the dangerous passage upon our return, when the crater issued forth a most prodigious volley of stones and cinders, which threatened to overwhelm us altogether. Fortunately, the stones fell all of them on the side of the cone, and only rolled down the mountain, by which means we were enabled to escape them in their progress. I burnt my shoe upon a red hot rock; but before the next discharge we were out of danger. From thence we crossed to the opposite ridge, and looked down upon the old crater of Vesuvius, which is quite extinguished. Here we remained until the sun rose in brilliant majesty, and shed the

most vivid lustre upon the lovely Bay of Naples; on the island of Ischia and Capri; on the harbour and promontory of Misenus; on the Lucrine Bay; and on other classical wonders, too numerous to be inserted. Whilst we were contemplating this lovely scene, we heard an unusual rush from the crater, and turning suddenly round, we saw the lava had forced a passage through the mountain, but two or three yards from the spot where we had been standing; if we had been there at the time it issued, we must certainly have been overwhelmed. Having feasted upon this heavenly view for about half an hour, we descended the mountain by another route, through a bed of cinders and ashes, and reached the hermitage by about six o'clock, when we partook of a hearty breakfast, and returned to Portici.

July 11*th*.—Having engaged Mr. Monson and Mr. Glover to accompany me to Pompeii, I remained at Portici until nine o'clock, at which time they made their appearance in a post carriage and four horses, and we proceeded to these most marvellous remains of the Roman world. We entered Pompeii by the suburb, and first visited a Roman villa, that was supposed to have been the property of Arrius Diomedes. Even its ruins displayed an astonishing degree of splendour and comfort, and I almost expected to see a man of consular dignity appear at every turn of the

building. The villa was built in a square, in the center of which was a garden with a fish-pond, and the remains of a marble portico, which seventeen hundred years ago must have been very magnificent. The cellars were all under ground, and as perfect as the day the town was overwhelmed. The apartments were small but very numerous, and possessed an air of great comfort. Baths were distributed through every part of the mansion, and the brass cocks, for admitting the water, were still entire. The paintings upon the walls were surprisingly fresh, and in short, the roof only was necessary to restore this villa as it stood seventeen hundred years before. When this mansion was discovered there was a human skeleton found within a few yards of the gate, who was supposed to have been the master of the house, endeavouring to make his escape: in one of his hands were the keys of the gate, and in the other a sack of money: his skull is shewn in the museum at Portici, and is still very perfect;—from thence we proceeded along the street of Pompeii, which is paved with lava, and in much finer order than many of the streets of Naples. At the entrance of the city gate there is a marble semi-circular seat, with an inscription upon it, that is much more perfect than a modern inscription

would be, after having been exposed fifty years to the air. Here we wandered through gentlemen's dwelling-houses; houses of entertainment,—bakers' shops,—oil shops,—sepulchres,—tombs,—gardens,—guard-houses, &c. &c. until we arrived at the forum, from whence I fancied the Roman crowd had but just retired.—Hence we visited two theatres in most wonderful preservation, indeed I expected to see the dramatis personæ start forward to recite. We next went to a temple of Hercules, then to the temple of Jupiter, afterwards to one of Minerva, and lastly to the Basilica, where we expected to see some unhappy prisoner brought up for judgment. It is impossible I can describe the sort of sensation that was produced upon my mind, when I wandered through these marvellous remains of antiquity; the buildings were so wonderfully perfect, that I did not experience any thing like a feeling of desolation, when I saw myself surrounded by temples two thousand years old. On the contrary, I fancied every moment I should see some of the inhabitants start into life, to welcome a visitor so many centuries their junior. In the tomb of a gladiator, there are his ashes still contained in a vase that is perfect. In an inn there are marble slabs upon the window, with the im-

pressions of the cups, and utensils for drinking, as perfect as the day they were in use; and in short, the whole place appears as if the inhabitants had but just left it; but a very small portion of the town of Pompeii has been yet excavated. The circuit of the town wall has been dug from the ashes, which proves it to have been nearly three miles in circumference: the center of the town is still covered, and many years will yet elapse before the whole of its wonders are disclosed. In every house there are some of the paintings yet remaining, many of which give one a capital notion of the dresses, and costumes of those days; but Pompeii has been so frequently described by men more capable than myself, that having paid my twelve carlins to the Ciceroni who accompanied us, I shall return to Naples.

12*th*. To day we visited the church of St. Januarius, containing the head of that holy martyr. They told us a great many falsehoods, and preached hypocrisy at the very altar, until we were astonished and disgusted at their priestly audacity. It is in this church that the miracle is performed, of liquifying the blood of this saint four times a year. I have already related the particulars of the French general's interference, which establishes their cunning beyond all dispute.

I have already spoken of priestly thraldom, when I was writing my last letter to you from Sicily, and I had intended at that time to dismiss the subject altogether from my narrative, and not again introduce these licensed sinners to your attention; since my arrival at Naples, however, I have heard so many tales of wonder, with which they are connected, that I am induced to relate one of them, and astonish you with a tale that would appear to be a romance.

There is an English lady at present on a visit to Naples, whose servant maid is a young woman of reduced circumstances, but rather respectable family. The name of the English lady is N*****, and on her way to Naples, she passed a week or ten days at Rome. One evening that the servant maid was walking in some part of the city, she was suddenly accosted by a dominican friar, who appeared greatly shocked at discovering a face that was familiar to him, and immediately fled from her sight. The circumstance appeared to her very extraordinary; but as her mistress left Rome in a few days, she soon forgot her dominican friend—the girl, however, was again electrified at being accosted by the same friar one evening, in one of the streets of Naples, who after sundry extraordinary gestures, implored her to give him a private audience, as he said he had something to reveal to her,

which sat heavy on his mind. To this solicitation, however, she would not consent, but returned home to her mistress, to relate the particulars of the second interview. Her mistress was of opinion that she did wrong, to avoid the communication altogether, as it was possible he might have something of importance to relate to her; she therefore advised the servant maid, if she was again accosted by the friar, to hear what he had to say for himself; the maid was accordingly on the look out for her sable friend, when one evening in the gardens of the Villa Reale, he appeared suddenly before her, and urged the same request a second time; she told him, in reply, that she would hear what he had to communicate, and accordingly accompanied him to a remote part of the garden, where, to her astonishment, he told her in English that he had murdered her mother!!! "That is impossible," she said, "for my mother died in my arms." "Then," said the monk, "if it was not your mother, it must have been your grandmother, as the wonderful likeness I now see, can only exist between the nearest relations." The poor girl immediately dropped down in convulsions, having recollected that her grandmother had been murdered in the city of Naples, by a man who was supposed to have been her grandfather, and to her horror the murderer now stood revealed. The monk took advan-

tage of the disorder that prevailed to make his escape, and he has not since been heard of. Again, I am told the hermit on Vesuvius was a few weeks since detected to be a most notorious character in the early part of the French Revolution, and among the numerous murders he had committed, was one of an unfortunate loyalist, whose wife, a widow, is now in Naples, and remembered him to be the assassin; he has also fled, and is no where to be found.

16*th*.—Having arranged to proceed to Rome to-morrow evening, we proceeded this afternoon to see Capo de Monte, from which height the Bay of Naples, the city, and surrounding country, is seen to the greatest possible advantage, and literally appears a garden of ever-blooming sweets.

17*th*.—I had arranged to proceed *en courier*, with the German gentlemen, whom I had met at Vesuvius; but at twelve o'clock to-day, they waited upon me to say they could not obtain their dispatches. At their solicitation, therefore, Mr. Mohson and myself consented to remain until the morrow.

18*th*.—This morning at daylight my servant reported to me that the German gentlemen had not yet received their orders, and were uncertain when they would be dispatched. We were therefore of opinion it would be extremely idle to

delay our departure any longer, and we accordingly determined to proceed forthwith to Rome, intending to reach Mola de Gaeta before nightfall. At twelve o'clock we had arranged every thing for our departure, and after taking an affectionate leave of our excellent companion, Mr. Howell, we commenced our journey towards the North.

I had purchased a German calesh for seventy Napoleons, which had cost an hundred Louis but two months before, at Vienna—I preferred a calesh to any other sort of carriage, as it was exceedingly comfortable, and the post-boy would take it with as few horses as a cabriolet: although there were three of us in this carriage, yet we were taken over the greatest part of the journey with a pair of horses. The road in the vicinity of Naples is exceedingly bad, and the post-boy was the most lazy blackguard I ever saw; he was exactly two hours and thirty minutes, bringing us one post and a half; the next post-boy, however, made us amends,—he took us at speed to Capua, where a bribe of four shillings defeated all the orders of the Neapolitan government, and allowed us to pass through the fortified town without a single trunk being examined.—Nota-bene, the most contraband articles in the Roman states are books, that treat upon the christian religion!!!

In the neighbourhood of Naples, the whole Campagna exhibits one sheet of the richest fertility and cultivation: at Capua we crossed the Volturno, and reached Fiorcalisi about five o'clock, where the road became mountainous, and most beautifully picturesque. At sunset we reached St. Agatha, and pushed forward with all our speed, to arrive at Mola de Gaeta, as this part of the road is not superabundantly safe after night-fall, and as some of our countrymen had been pillaged but a short time previous—when quite dark we crossed the Liris on a bridge of boats, and again practised a little magic with a Spanish dollar. At about half past eight o'clock, we changed horses at Garigliano, and reached Mola de Gaeta at ten, where we slept in a most excellent inn, the Albergo de Ciceroni—at Garigliano, we passed the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, but it was too late for us to stop and examine it. Garigliano is famous for being near the site of ancient Minturnæ, where Caius Marius was defeated by Sylla, and driven to the marshes in that neighbourhood, from whence he was captured the following morning, and brought in a prisoner.

Mola de Gaeta is famous for being the burial place of Eneas's nurse, and the spot upon which one of Cicero's villas was situated;—that villa to which he fled, when pursued by the second

triumvirate, who overtook him in the woods near his house, and punished him for his shuffling deceitful treachery, to the political cause he said he had espoused.

It is indeed fortunate, I am travelling with a gentleman who is accustomed to Italian extortion. Mr. Monson makes a bargain for every thing in advance, and I find to my astonishment that he generally pays about one third of their first demand, with which they are perfectly satisfied.

July 19*th*.—This morning, at day-light, we proceeded upon our journey—after leaving Mola de Gaeta, the road assumes a more romantic appearance, and passes through a country but little cultivated. Fondi is the last town in the Neapolitan dominions; at which the Spanish dollar was as usual successful. After passing through Fondi, about two miles, we reached the barrier that separates the Roman from the Neapolitan state; this is considered the most dangerous part of the journey. The officer on duty there, told us there were seventy-two * banditti, between that place and Terracina, and advised us by all means to take an escort. As therefore the expence was very trifling, we remembered the advice Sir Henry Lushington had given us, and took a file of dragoons along with us to

* Which is, I believe, the number of the Cardinals.

Terracina. Sir Henry, the Consul General at Naples, is decidedly of opinion, that if the guards upon the road recommend an escort, the traveller should take one; he says, that nine times out of ten, they are concerned in the robbery, and if the tax is submitted to, they become security for your safety.

No part of the world can be more favorable to robbers, than the road in the neighbourhood of Terracina. The Appennines, which constitute the boundary between the two states, extend in this place to the very margin of the sea, and the road winds with frightful precipitous mountains on one side of you, and foaming surf upon the other. Although there are picquets stationed every five hundred yards, yet you might easily be robbed in one of these dells, and the banditti make their escape to the Appennines, before any force could come to your assistance. At Terracina we entered the papal territory, and found the servants of his holiness as venal as their neighbours. After leaving Terracina the road enters at once upon the Pontine marshes, over which we passed at the very top of the horses' speed, and reached Vellettri at about four o'clock. Here the road became very mountainous, but we had so much time to spare before night-fall that we determined to push forward to Albano, (more

ancient than Rome), at which place we arrived before sun-set.

Albano is Alba Longa of old, founded by Eneas's son, Ascanius, after the birth of his half-brother Sylvius, from whom Romulus and Remus were descended.

20*th*.—Before we pursued our journey this morning, we climbed to a Dominican convent above the town, and saw the lovely lake so frequently mentioned in Roman history, to which the wealthy used to retire during the summer months, and enjoy the fresh breezes from the mountains.—It is about five miles in circumference, and completely encircled by Italian villas; at 9 o'clock we passed through the famous Campagna of Rome, now an uncultivated waste, and reached the Hotel de Londres at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

The first place to which we bent our course was St. Peter's; I felt myself some inches taller when I crossed the Tiber, and passed near the tomb of Adrian; I had heard so much of St. Peter's, that its gigantic proportions did not strike me as I had expected, but I soon found that this disappointment was occasioned by its exquisite symmetry.—The church must certainly be the most beautiful structure in the world.—The enormous colossal statues distributed in every

part of St. Peter's continue this deception, and it is only when you walk up the aisle that you discover its prodigious length. The Cherubs near the door, holding vases of holy water, appear to be about three or four feet high, but upon coming close to them, you discover they are nearer eight; the church is built in a Roman cross, and in the centre of the dome is placed the principal altar, which is covered by a superb canopy, supported by four enormous pillars of bronze, the largest in the world; beneath this altar the remains of St. Peter are deposited; a flight of marble steps of the most exquisite beauty and workmanship, conducts you to the vaulted chambers below the church, which contain the mortal remains of Popes and Princes buried with St. Peter; this flight of steps is illuminated day and night by hundreds of lamps, that convey the story of Aladdin most thoroughly to your imagination; I was determined to see every thing, and accordingly proceeded with a guide to the tombs.

Over the body of St. Peter there is a lovely little chapel built, which contains a most valuable picture of the holy martyr, and a magnificent altar of marble, porphyry, lapis lazuli, and gold and silver. Along the passages are distributed a great number of sculptured monuments in basso relievo, exhibiting different stories from the Bible—by the bye I was much disgusted with

the personification of Eve coming out of the side of Adam. The subject will not bear to be thus represented.

'The different princes and potentates buried here are distributed in stone confinement round the vaults, with their several monumental slabs above them. The Queen of Spain, in a large deal box, had possession of the middle of one of the vaults, as her resting place was not yet prepared for her: the pavement of these vaults is the ancient pavement of St. Peter's church, upon which the present splendid edifice was reared. After cooling ourselves for half an hour, in the subterraneous apartments of the dead, we returned to the cathedral, to visit and admire paintings, pillars, pavements, mosaic, statues, monuments, &c. &c. the finest in the world: from thence I proceeded to visit the upper part of this superb edifice, and clamber to the ball, the height of which is said to be four hundred and seventy-five feet above the surface of the ground. The first ascent proceeds by a square tower, which conducts you to the top of the principal aisle, and to the bottom of the dome. This platform appears exactly like a paved street, and if you refrained from looking over the parapet, you would be unable to discover that you were two hundred feet in the air:—from hence you proceed to the first gallery—that sur-

rounds the dome, which answers to our whispering gallery at St. Paul's, and shews you the enormous height to which you have ascended, and the gigantic figures of the twelve apostles, painted upon the dome, who appeared from the lower pavement to be about six feet high. All the internal work of the dome is executed in mosaic. You ascend by a stair-case in the center, and reach a second gallery that looks down upon the altar. Hence you proceed to the top of the dome, and look down upon the pigmies walking about the church, until your head becomes giddy at the elevation you have attained. From this altitude you continue your ascent, until you tread upon the last stone of the arch, which your Ciceroni points out, and from which you mount to the bronze ball, first by a wooden stair-case, and next by an iron ladder, most firmly fixed in a sort of tower upon the top of the dome; the ball was much larger than I had expected; I cannot speak precisely of its diameter, but when standing up in the inside, I could just touch the top; it must therefore be between seven and eight feet high. Having thus terminated my labour, I descended to the church, and passed through some private chapels belonging to the Pope, which were only remarkable for being the places that his holiness and his cardinals assembled upon

particular occasions. Down the aisle of St. Peter's are placed confessionals for every European nation, having the names of the languages written in gilt letters upon the front of the priest's box. On Sunday next we intend to hear mass performed in the forenoon, and return after dinner to see the ladies go to confession.

From St. Peter's we proceeded to the Coliseum * which is the most stupendous and magnificent ruin in Europe. It is unnecessary to say that the Coliseum is an enormous amphitheatre, from which the half of modern Rome is built. For once during my progress through this country, I felt rejoiced at the influence of superstition. One of the Popes, I believe a Benedict, discovered that if some measure was not adopted to preserve this beautiful ruin, it would in a short time disappear altogether, and only be found in the palaces of the Roman nobility. It was in vain that he issued the strictest possible orders, and planted the most vigilant guards. In spite of every exertion the Coliseum was disappearing piecemeal, and he was at length obliged to try what he could accomplish by bigotry; he stated that as the arena of this famous amphitheatre had

* The amphitheatre of Vespasian, called Coliseum from its magnitude.

been so frequently bathed with the blood of Christians and Martyrs, he was determined to consecrate it in due form, and render it holy ground, this he accordingly did with every possible solemnity, and from that period, until the present moment, not a single stone has been stolen.

The arena of this prodigious ruin is nearly perfect, and some part of the exterior wall is almost entire—some of the corridors still remain, which are numbered, and thus distinguished from the passages appropriated to the Emperors. I was oppressed with a sort of melancholy feeling, when I found myself standing on the spot where hundreds and thousands of unhappy wretches had expired. It was usual when an unfortunate gladiator fought gallantly, and was still overpowered, to appeal to the protection of the spectators;—if they were pleased with his conduct, they generally spared him, and this compassion was simply expressed by a motion of the hand, without a single word being uttered; if they spared his life, they held their hand upright with the palm exposed: if they doomed him to death, they closed it in reply to his prayer, and the victor immediately ran his sword through his body. The Coliseum is best seen by moonlight, and I therefore intend to return to it before I leave Rome.

From the Coliseum, we proceeded to the Forum, at the foot of the capitol, which at the present day is very little elevated above the general level of the country. An excavation of about twenty-five feet will bring you to the ancient pavement, which has been covered to that depth by the ruins of the city.

In the temple of Romulus, was found a brazen wolf now in the capitol, on which a mark was shewn to us, caused by the lightning that struck it on the day of Cæsar's assassination.

From the top of the capitol, the traveller will obtain the most correct idea of ancient and modern Rome. We stood on the summit of a high tower, commanding an extensive view of this once famous city. "The forum was be-
"neath us; and, in my opinion, a scene of far
"greater interest than the capitol: a long ave-
"nue of trees, ground broken up into heaps,
"and only now used as a cow market, with
"some few pillars, half buried among the ruins,
"point out the spot which has witnessed so
"many vicissitudes, so many acts of patriotism,
"of grandeur, of cruelty, and sedition; its very
"broils have been distinguished by eloquence
"which immortalizes its language; its tumults,
"its factions, all have acquired importance in
"history. If the few pillars that remain are
"unsatisfactory, look on them only as con-

" nected with circumstance. The eight pillars
" on the right are the remains of the Temple of
" Concord, erected at the memorable era of the
" expulsion of the Gauls; and within its pre-
" cincts was the conspiracy of Catiline first un-
" folded by Cicero to the assembled senate; near
" it the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by
" Augustus to commemorate his preservation in
" Spain, when a person near him was killed by a
" thunderbolt. Three columns of excessive rich-
" ness, point out the spot of so much importance
" in Roman history, the Comitia, or senate-
" house. All those seditions of the early ages of
" the commonwealth; the struggles of the tri-
" bunes for the cause of the people; the inso-
" lence of Coriolanus; the patriotism of the
" Gracchi; and the insinuating oratory of Cæsar,
" recur to us at the sight*." Such are the most interesting remains of the Forum. Many parts of it are now buried in ruins to the depth of twenty-five feet. The Duchess of Devonshire has caused some excavations to be made, but the government hesitate to sanction too much research, lest it should recal the memory of the French. The celebrated Via Sacra, where Romulus and Tatius met, extends to the left of the Forum.

* Extract from the Journal of Mr. Monson.

We entered it by the arch of Septimus Severus; on the entablature of which an effacement is very perceptible—here once was inscribed the name of Geta, but it was eradicated after his murder by order of Caracalla. The arch of Titus, a little farther forward, is in a most ruinous condition. The Jews avoid passing under it, for the reasons already stated. We now arrive at the grandest monument of Rome—the amphitheatre of Vespasian; called, from its colossal magnitude, the Coliseum.—They were three succeeding emperors who built the three noblest amphitheatres existing. The Coliseum by Vespasian is the oldest. The one at Pola by Titus is supposed to be the most beautiful; and that at Verona by Domitian, is the most perfect.

21*st*.—We this morning visited the workshop of Canova, who is certainly the most exquisite sculptor of modern times. Lord Byron says, "Europe,—the world—has but one Canova!"—Rome abounds with the most splendid monuments of his art. In the church of St. Peter there are numerous specimens, all of which are equally wonderful. The tomb of Clement the 13th, is executed by Canova, and is, I believe, one of the most remarkable specimens of his talents. The two prominent figures are those of Religion and a mourning Angel; but the monument is guard-

ed by two lions, which are nearer nature than any effort of the kind I ever beheld. One lion is watchful: the other sleeping. The latter is repose so thoroughly personified that I could have gazed upon it for a century. The first statues we saw in passing through his workshop, were two Roman wrestlers in the act of fighting. The story of the combat is, I believe, rather obscure, but very interesting. Their names were Ceugas and Damocenus. They were opposed publicly to each other; and it is said the one boxer having discovered that his adversary was off his guard, darted his hand through his side, and tore out his heart. The artist has caught the moment of his springing forward for his statue, and no language is capable of describing the ferocious revengeful villany depicted in the one countenance, or the open, manly confidence expressed in the other. These statues are considered so very superior to any thing produced in modern times, that the present Pope, has placed them in the same gallery with the ancient statues; an honor never before granted to the works of any modern artist. Hercules strangling a centaur; a youthful Hebe; a Mars and Venus; a Venus and Cupid; each in their turn engaged our admiration. Hence we proceeded to the palace of the Prince de Borghesé, which is said to contain the finest collection of pictures in Rome: it would

be in vain for me to attempt a description of them; there are many hundreds, and all of them by the most eminent masters in the world—Raphael, Titian, Dominicino, Guacino, Julia Romano, &c. &c. struggling for pre-eminence. The palace is a princely mansion; but like fifty other palaces at Rome, it is never inhabited. In the evening, we visited the Vatican; which, in the winter months, is the residence of the Pope. I have only to say that we saw twelve thousand statues, to convince you of the impracticability of my entering into any detail of them. I must, however, note the famous Apollo of Belvidere, which I need not tell you is the most splendid production of art existing. I am bold enough however to say, that next to this famous statue, I rank the boxers of Canova. I am obliged to write this journal at intervals when my mind is much occupied.—In the Vatican, I think the hall of sculptured animals is exceedingly worthy the stranger's attention. Here all sorts of beasts are mingled together—wolves, pigs, dogs, cats, alligators, goats, deer, lizards, horses, mules, lions, tigers, &c. &c. &c. *too tedious to mention!* There is one room hung with Dutch tapestry, which is, however, much inferior to the tapestry in the palace at Malta. The gallery of paintings, I think inferior to that of the Prince Borghesé; but there are some highly extolled fresco paintings by Ra-

phael; which though the colours are much faded, are still held in great repute. The building is quite a world within its own walls, and there is a secret covert way communicating with the fort of St. Angelo (formerly Adrian's tomb), through which his holiness can make his escape in the event of any unexpected revolution.

We went to an Italian play at one of the theatres here, but St. Carlo has spoilt me for dramatic performance elsewhere.

The immense number of Egyptian obelisks scattered over this vast city, convey a strong impression to my mind of the power and magnificence of the ancient Romans. I have seen a greater number of obelisks here, than I saw in the country to which they belonged. Modern Rome is one of the most intricate towns I ever visited; if I were to live in it for half a century, I think I should be unable to find my way without a guide. There is not a straight street in the whole city; and they intersect each other at such fantastic angles, that it is almost impossible to find out where you are. The palaces of the Roman nobility are, indeed, most splendid; the suites of apartments at the Palazzo Doria are the most superbly furnished rooms I ever saw; but what renders them most interesting to strangers is, the enormous collection of paintings they all of them contain, by the first masters in

Europe. The families are all absent from them at present, residing at Florence and their summer villas, so that we can wander through them at our leisure, and feast upon the beaux arts until we are thoroughly gratified. It is impossible to specify the thousands of pictures we have seen, but the collection at the Borghesé Palace, and those at Corsini and Doria appear to us the most valuable. The Villa Albano, without the walls of Rome, is a most delightful mansion, but its lord, like hundreds of his compeers, never resides there; this Villa is probably the most famous for ancient statues.

The Pantheon is a wonderful edifice, notwithstanding that the pious popes have robbed it of its greatest ornaments, and placed bleeding, disgusting martyrs in their stead: hardly an ancient monument of any kind is to be seen in Rome, without having a cross stuck upon its summit, and the name of some ostentatious pope inscribed upon its surface; the bigotry and superstition of the people is beyond measure absurd; I went yesterday to see the church of St. John the Lateral, which is built of marble, stolen from the monuments of ancient Rome, having figures of Jupiter stuck up, as St. Peter, St. Paul, and the rest of the apostles---can any thing be more truly absurd, than to see multitudes of these pious catholics kissing the toe of Jupiter in St. Peter's, a bronze statue of

whom is stuck up between two candles, to represent the Saint; this figure had originally a thunderbolt in his hand, but they have exchanged it for the keys of heaven!—Within a few yards of the church of St. John the Lateral, there is a sacred staircase, which is said to be the flight that our Saviour mounted, when going to be judged by Pontius Pilate; these stairs are now covered with wood, and the people crawl up them on their knees—in the baptistry of St. John the Lateral, you are shewn the sarcophagus, from which Constantine was baptized.

We also heard high mass performed for the soul of a cardinal who died a few days ago, and who was exposed in his hat and robes to be gazed at by the multitude; this ceremony is indeed a most absurd one, and conveys any thing but religious devotion to my mind. The body was surrounded by about a thousand lights, and fifty fellows were chaunting like ballad singers in a market place; there was nothing in the ceremony to impress one's mind with any degree of interest; the singers were of a particular kind, disgraceful to humanity; but this inhuman practice is now confined to the *holy, merciful, beneficent* church. Theatres and public entertainments would consider their orchestra disgraced by such singers—popes and priests, however, think differently. At the head of the church, a conclave

of cardinals were collected to mutter paternosters, and practise other disgusting species of mummery: and the body was encircled by about five hundred people, not one of whom were praying. My pocket was picked on the steps of the altar by a rascal, who was possibly crossing himself with the other hand—in short, the scene altogether was more like a fair than a church.

When I looked upon this frail remnant of mortality, elevated upon a crimson cushion, and clad in the embroidered garments of his dignity, I could not help feeling a sentiment of mournful compassion, for beings who would be thus exhibited at their death, without a single sincere mourner to regret their loss. Here were no natural connexions, no tender relations, to weep over his bier; the only human beings who possibly felt a pang of sorrow, were those who clung to him for advancement in the church, and who now would crouch to some other patron.

But I shall leave the cardinal to his fate, and speak upon a subject that may be interesting to some friend who proposes travelling through Italy. I had heard that the inns were bad, the charges exorbitant, and the living the worst in Europe. I think it my duty, therefore, to state, that I never heard any thing more decidedly misrepresented; facts! facts! stubborn facts, will speak for them-

selves. At this hotel, Monson and myself have a suite of exceedingly handsome rooms, for ten shillings a day: our dinner, independently of wine, costs us five shillings each; our breakfast two shillings and sixpence, and as people judge of these things differently, I shall detail our yesterday's dinner. The first course consisted of soup, bouillet and fish; the second course consisted of roast mutton, chicken pie, and vegetables; the third course consisted of quail, roast fowls, peach tart, and French beans; and the last remove was peaches, figs, pears, and filberts. I say, my dear Colonel, if you will not acknowledge this to be a good dinner *for two people*, I shall say no more.

Sunday Evening, 25th July.

I have just returned from vespers at St. Peter's, and, upon my honor, I never witnessed any ceremony so truly irreligious. When the time of assembly arrived, a tribe of priests, two and two, took their stations in an enclosed space behind the altar, and one of them, as president of the party, repeated a line or two from the Psalms of David, which the others, about eighty in number, immediately chaunted in chorus. They were accompanied by six eunuchs, whose gestures and con-

duct were much more exceptionable than would be seen in the orchestra of a playhouse. Out of the immense number of priests engaged in the ceremony, there were only two who appeared to be at all influenced by devotion; the rest were talking, and laughing, and disputing more like the members of a convivial club, than the ministers of the christian religion. The party were surrounded by about five hundred people, who were promenading, talking, laughing, like a mixed mob round a band of music, and in short I left the church, thoroughly disgusted with these vile Pagans; they deserve no better name, they are not Christians; Christ is quite a subordinate character with them; a man who worships Jupiter, and fifty saints, cannot well be called a Christian.

From St. Peter's we proceeded to visit the tomb of Caius Cestius, which is a stone pyramid 100 feet high, and the spot round which heretics and infidels are buried. In the neighbourhood of this tomb there is a small mountain, excavated and divided into cellars for containing wine, which is thus kept remarkably cool during the summer months, and becomes a great luxury.

26*th July*.—Having determined to leave Rome on Thursday next, I this forenoon visited the baths of Dioclesian, Titus, and Caracalla; the

fountain of Egeria, to which point Hannibal arrived with his army; the tomb of Secilia Metella; the circus of Caracalla; the church of St. Paul; the arch of Janus; the palace of the Cesars; the mausoleum of Augustus; the temple of Vesta, and fifty other remains of Roman antiquity.

The excavations and research of the French during the period they had possession of the country, does them very great credit; almost all the recent discoveries have been made by them, and if they had remained a few years longer, they would have added greatly to the Roman treasures. About ten feet of the Coliseum, was cleared from earth and rubbish, by order of Bonaparte.

Florence, 2d August, 1819.

We arrived at this city yesterday evening, and established ourselves at Schneider's Hotel, on the banks of the Arno. We skirted the Appennines by the *upper route* to Florence, and may be said to have travelled through a highly cultivated garden, from the very moment we lost sight of the Campania, near Rome.—Our first day's progress concluded at the romantic and picturesque village of Narni, which is built on the side of a mountain, and surrounded by some of the wildest scenery of the Appennines. From the windows of our Locanda, we look-

ed down a precipice of a thousand feet, and our eyes wandered over a vast expanse of cultivation, studded with villages, towns, towers, and castles, on every brow, and in every valley of the smiling landscape. Behind us, and on our left, the majestic evergreen Appennines reared their summits, clothed with oak, myrtle, and mountain-ash; whilst on our right, the road meandering towards Tarni, passed through a valley of blooming fertility, watered by the river Nar—placid in the distance, but now roaring a mighty torrent at our feet.

When we first left the Papal city, we passed through a part of the Campania of Rome, which was so dreary and unfruitful a waste, that we looked forward to a most barren and wearisome day's journey. After about six hours progress, however, we passed along the foot of the Appennines, where every curve of the road displayed such rich variety, that for the first time in my life I thought Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions of Italy were *not* too flowery. As we advanced they gradually assumed a wilder and more romantic aspect, until the sweeping forests of *mountain* ash—the roaring gush of *mountain* torrents—and the huge frowning precipices overhanging the hollow *mountain* passes, told us we were immersed in the very regions of Udolpho.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon of the first day we passed through the town of Civita Castellare, which is famous for being the site of ancient Veii. We looked, in imagination, for the treacherous schoolmaster, who was punished and sent back to his city by Camillus. After passing Veii (which is surrounded by a wild precipitous glen, as if the mountain had been torn asunder) we reached a highly cultivated valley, and crossed the Tiber on its course towards Rome. Here we admired the picturesque town of Magliano, built on the summit of a chain of rocks many hundred feet above the level of the plain. Pursuing our course at a gradual but considerable ascent, we arrived about five o'clock, at the foot of a chain of mountains, which extended to the westward as far as the eye could reach, and appeared at first to offer an impenetrable barrier to our progress. Up the woody recesses of this mountain, however, the road curved amid wilds of the most picturesque beauty, until crossing the upper ridge we suddenly burst upon the waters of the Nar, confined between two enormous mountains, and tumbling, roaring, into the plains at the foot of the Appennines. The traveller will pass a rocky cavern, from whence the view is most truly magnificent; the road winds over the very highest part of this precipice; and a rent in the

mountains, through which the river foams, displays the Appennines descending towards the plain like the glacis of a huge fortification, with the champagne country beyond it clothed in every variety of hill and dale. My head became giddy when I looked down this precipice of a thousand feet, the base of which was *laved* by the waters of the Nar.

At Narni we were but badly accommodated; our beds, however, were delightfully clean, and malgré our frugal fare of bread and macaroni, our sleep was sound and refreshing. The following morning we proceeded to Terni, and reached that town about seven o'clock. From hence we hired a carriage, and climbed up the adjoining ridge to view the falls, which are said to be the most famous in Europe. The height of the principal fall is calculated at 370 feet—here an immense body of water tumbles over the ledge, and foaming amongst rocks and precipices joins the Vellino, at about a mile from the foot of the mountain; which becoming tributary to the Nar, rolls afterwards into the Tiber.

This waterfall is produced by an artificial cut in the mountain, executed by the Roman Consul Marcus Curius Dentatus, in the year of Rome 478. This was the famous Roman who defeated Pyrrhus, and was so thoroughly proof against his bribes and flattery. In those days the lake

of Vellino overflowed the whole of the table land above Terni, and rendered it uninhabitable during the greatest part of the year; but Marcus Curius Dentatus having cut the canal in question, allowed the superfluous waters to escape, and rendered this plain one of the most abundant in Italy.

After returning to our inn, we pursued our course towards Florence, and arrived, about ten o'clock at night, at the town of Perugia, which is of considerable extent, and built also on the top of a mountain. After leaving Terni, the road passes over a tolerably high range of hills, branching out from the Appennines. Here we were obliged to use bullocks for the first time, and in descending the mountain, on the northern side, we broke the shoe of our carriage wheel.—At about two o'clock we arrived at the foot of this range, and until we reached the hill, upon which Perugia is built, we galloped over a fine champagne country at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. About sun-set in the evening we met a great number of peasants, going, I fancy, to some merrymaking in the neighbourhood; they were singing the vesper hymn to the virgin with very pleasing effect. From Perugia the country appeared so very mountainous, that we expected the following day to have a tedious journey: but we were

agreeably disappointed, to find (after passing the mountains, in the bosom of which the lake of that name is situated) that the road passed over a beautifully fertile valley nearly as level as a billiard table. At about twelve o'clock we arrived suddenly in sight of the lovely lake of Perugia, than which nothing can be more beautiful. It is famous for being the scene of Hannibal's victory over the Consul Flaminius, and was thence called the lake Thrasymenus. Hannibal, after having crossed the Alps, and fought the battles of the Ticin and Trebia, was pursuing his course towards Rome, when he learnt the Consul Flaminius was following him; aware that the character of this chief was fierce and passionate, he first incensed him by laying waste the beautiful country in the neighbourhood of the lake, and then drew him, with the Roman army, into a pass between the mountains, where the state of the weather being favourable to surprise, the Consul Flaminius was totally defeated, and fifteen thousand of his army taken prisoners. We looked for the field of battle described by Polybius, and thought we could trace the scene of Roman disgrace. But since that period the face of the country must be so much changed, that a little force of imagination is essential to the discovery. The traveller will, I think, be a good deal struck with the

difference between the police of the papal and the Tuscan dominions. We entered the Archduke's territory about three posts on this side of Perugia, and were treated with more kindness and civility than we had experienced since we set out on our journey. On crossing the barrier we requested the custom master to seal our trunks, which protected us from any further search during our progress through the Tuscan dominions. This night we slept at Arezzo, a very considerable town, built in a valley of the Appennines. The following day's journey was hill and dale almost the whole way to Florence; we were amply compensated, however, for the occasional slowness of our progress, by the lovely picturesque scenery of the Appennines, which was eternally changing from cloud-capt mountains to myrtle-clad cottages—from roaring torrents to placid streams—we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, and took up our abode at Schneider's hotel, on the banks of the "silver Arno," a house of entertainment I strongly recommend to any friend of mine who may be passing through Italy. Here, for the first time, we totally lost sight of fleas, and during our day's journey through the Tuscan dominions, we only saw *two priests!*

The night of our arrival we drove through the public gardens of this metropolis, which are

beautiful beyond measure; in my opinion, far superior to the famed Corso at Naples; but people are so bigotted in their admiration of the last city, that I may as well be silent on the subject. We also visited the opera of Pergola, which in some respects, I think superior to St. Carlo. The house itself is by no means so magnificent, but the performance, I think, much more respectable. The piece represented was the Gazza Ladra—the Maid and the Magpie*; the same I saw performed at Naples; and, I think, after seeing both, the one at Florence is infinitely preferable. It is true, there is no male singer equal to David; but, with this single exception, the whole of the dramatis persona are equal, and many of them very superior. Madam Mombelli, who performs Ninetta, sings most divinely; much superior to Colebrand; and much to her credit she is *not above her business;* she condescends to act the character that is assigned to her; she does not, like Colebrand, conclude a pathetic song with a burst of horse laughter. Madame Evelina Bressa, who enacts the young villager, Pippo, sings also exceedingly well. The duet between her and Signora Mombelli is the finest thing I ever heard; and if I was here for a month, I should every night attend the

* More properly the Magpie Thief.

representation of the Maid and the Magpie. The Ballet at Pergola is wretchedly bad; the dancing ludicrous.—Here St. Carlo has the advantage, as the dresses and decorations are so much more magnificent. The house is very handsome, but much inferior to St. Carlo.

Florence is a most beautiful town, and will, I think, excite the admiration of any traveller. The streets are exceedingly clean. The houses very well built, and many of them remarkable for having the basement stories like the wall of a fortification. This precautionary measure was necessary in former days to guard against the internal riots, to which this city was subject. The River Arno runs through the city, and is connected by three very handsome bridges. One of them, the Ponte della Trinita, is remarkable for its lightness and beauty. The stream of the Arno, however, at this season of the year, is so very shallow, that they are obliged to dam it up below the town, to produce a body of water for the eye to rest upon. As we advance northward, the beauty of the female sex gradually improves. The Romans are much handsomer than the Neapolitans, and the Florentines much handsomer than the Romans. Some of the women we saw on the evening of our arrival (which chanced to be Sunday) were remarkably beautiful.

To-day, 2d of August, we visited the Florentine gallery of paintings and statues. Here I saw the famous Venus de Medici, which is surprisingly beautiful, and well deserves the rapturous encomiums bestowed upon it by the cognoscenti. The same gallery contains other specimens of exquisite sculpture. An Apollo, two wrestlers, and a slave sharpening his knife, and over-hearing a conspiracy. Next to the Venus de Medici, this last statue is my favorite.—In this gallery there are some remarkably fine paintings. An Herodiad by Leonardo di Vinci, of which Monson has a copy, and a St. John by Raphael, are both *chefs d'œuvres*; but this small apartment is allotted to the very best specimens of the arts. Passing along the first corridor, the traveller will observe a picture at the farthest end, *on his left hand*, which I am much mistaken, if he does not stop to contemplate. It is surprisingly well executed, but the colouring is bad. Two *Italian* ladies amused me at the time I was looking at it, by the aptness of their remarks. *English* ladies generally *look at it alone*. The head of a Mary Magdalen, of which Monson has also a copy, is surprisingly beautiful. Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Titian's Venus, and, in short, hundreds of paintings and statues, by the finest artists in the world, will engage the traveller's attention some hours

in the Florentine gallery. I must not omit to notice Niobe and her children, who occupy one large gallery, and are surprisingly well executed.

3*d*.—To-day we visited the mausoleum of the Medici family, which is one of the most costly monuments of modern vanity existing. It is a half-finished chapel, built of the most expensive materials, inlaid with marble and precious stones of almost every description, and intended to hand down the names of the heads of the Medici family to posterity. There are six sarcophagi of granite surrounding the chapel, only one of which is finished. In the coronet that surmounts this tomb, amongst other precious stones, there is a ruby nearly as big as a pigeon's egg. The family, however, are now extinct. The emperor of Austria has seized the property, and I fancy the mausoleum will never be finished. The style of architecture is much the same as the Pantheon at Rome.

From hence I proceeded to visit the cabinet of natural history, with which I was very much gratified. Here the stranger will see the anatomy of the human body in wax figures, which were considered so wonderfully fine, that Bonaparte took them with him to Paris. They have since been restored to the city to which they belong. I would advise any woman to avoid this gallery. To me the specimens were, in

many instances, very disgusting; but *some people* are fond of *seeing sights*. In the apartment allotted to reptiles, I saw my old friend, a Javanese ghecko. Three or four representations of pestilence in Egypt, are very disgusting. Every stage of that horrible disease appears to be well delineated from the first symptoms of the patient until the body is corruption in a cemetery, with reptiles crawling on the surface, and through interstices in the flesh. Whilst writing this journal, I was interrupted to listen to two ballad singers, who were singing a national air more sweetly than any thing of the kind I ever heard. They sang first and second, and accompanied themselves with a guitar exceedingly well. I was so delighted with the duett, that I sent immediately to procure it; and since my arrival in England, my kind friend, Lady Torrens, so remarkable for her musical talents, has done me the favor to arrange it for two voices, which I have taken the liberty to insert in this work.

I am here most reluctantly compelled to close my Journal, and take leave of my friends at the foot of the Appennines. I unfortunately commenced the labour of printing this correspondence at so late a period, that the ship upon which I have taken my passage, will certainly sail to India without me, if I remain until the whole Journal be struck off. I shall endeavour, however, to pre-

pare the remaining part of this letter for the press, if the departure of the ship should be postponed, and I shall now entreat my kind readers to be merciful. The letters have been faithfully printed from a Journal hastily written; and as authenticity will be their only pretension, I trust they will escape criticism.

London, February 22, 1820.

CANZONETTA.

Arranged for two Voices by Lady Torrens.

Uomo.

Allegro.

di - ce che mi - rendi as-

di - ce che mi - rendi as-

sai fe - li - ce per la

sai fe - li - ce per la

ra - ra tua vir-

ra - ra tua vir-

tu. Che gia

tu. Che gia

mai non tro - vo pa - ce

mai non tro - vo pa - ce

nel mi - ra - re il tuo bel

nel mi - ra - re il tuo bel

se - no di va - ghez - za

se - no di va - ghez - za

che ri - pi - eno che mi

che ri - pi - eno che mi

fa giun - ge - re a-
fa giun - ge - re a-
mor.
mor,

DONNA.

So che amore in sen non senti
E per me ti rendi ingrato
E sei tanto dispietato
A chi affetto ti portò
Dunque invano i miei sospiri
Son per te gettati al vento
Ogni lacrima, e lamento
Solo all' aure il cor versò.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page.		Line.	
13	..	9	*for* carried forward, *read* carried on.
—	..	27	*dele* other.
30	..	10	*dele* along.
36	..	25	*for* participation, *read* exertion.
44	..	10	*for* laying, *read* lying.
45	..	14	*for* blowing a S.E. gale of wind nine months of the year, *read* a S.E. gale of wind blowing nine months of the year.
54	..	16	*before* quite, *read* there was.
55	..	16	*for* geographical, *read* statistical.
84	..	22	*for* duties, *read* revenues.
89	..	25	*for* capital, *read* pediment.
100	..	3	*for* balsamed, *read* embalmed.
109	..	28	*for* was, *read* were.
181	..	15	*for* rather fortuitous, *read* rather favourable to us.
207	..	24	*for* amphitheatre, *read* theatre.
—	..	25	*for* arena, *read* scene.

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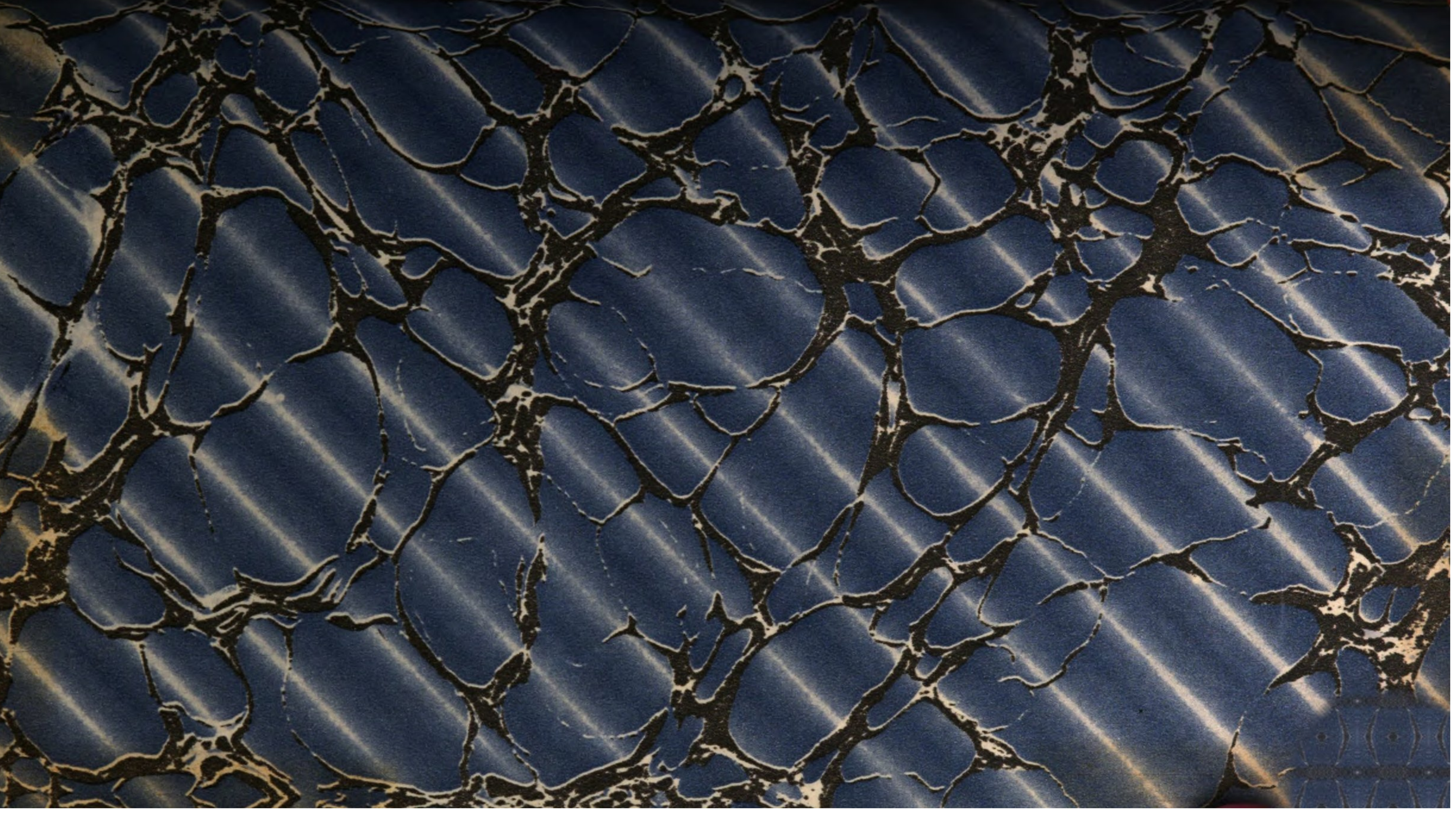

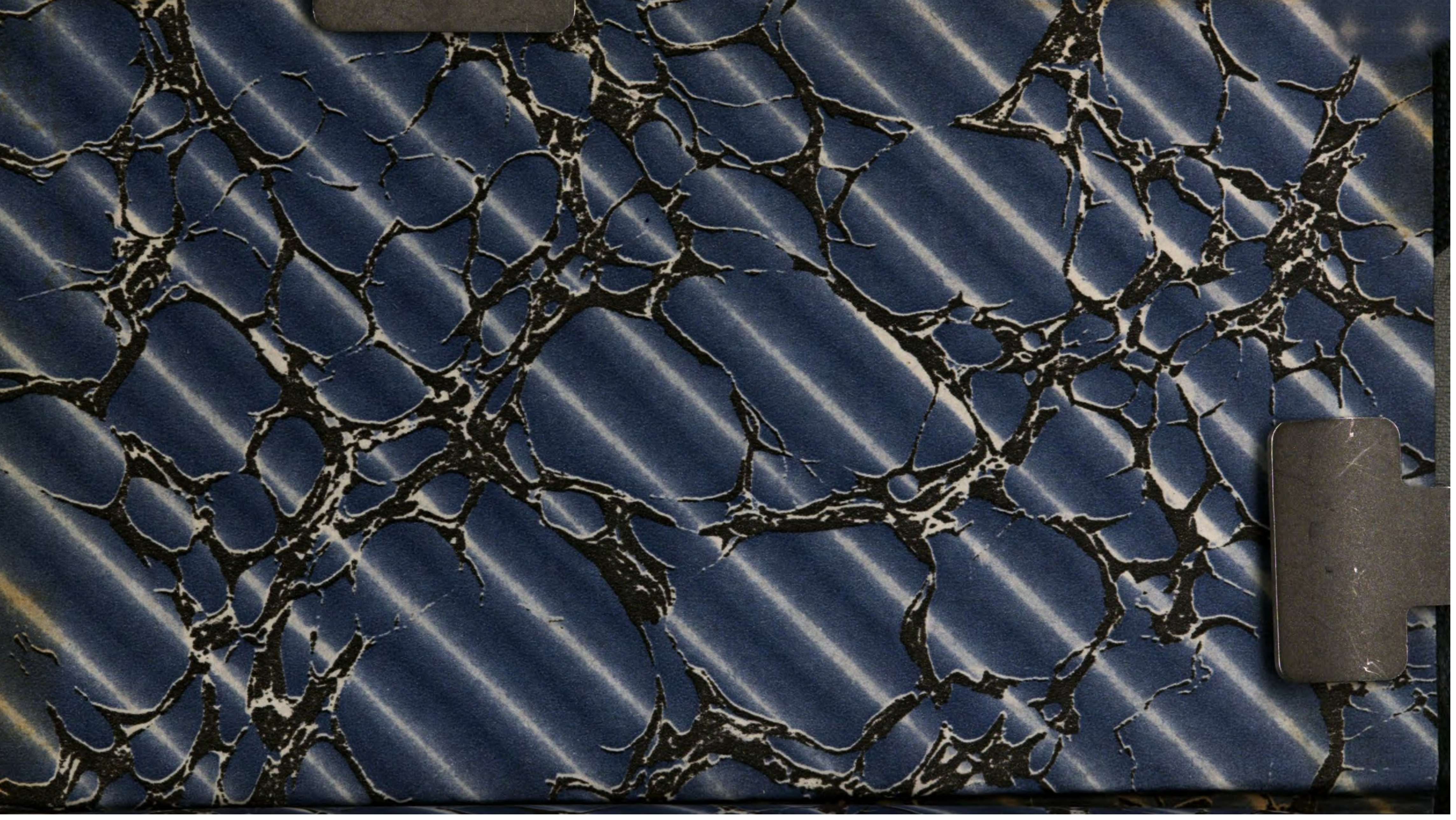

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